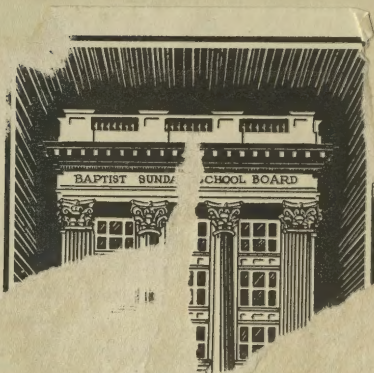




Songs
of
FAITH

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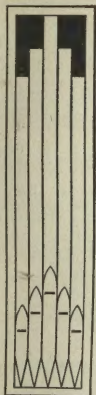
To

GARDNER-WEBB COLLEGE

By

MRS. R. C. CAMPBELL

1962



Songs of FAITH

Prepared to meet the popular demand for practical selections of the very best standard hymns and gospel songs for all religious meetings such as church, Sunday school, B. Y. P. U., Prayer Meetings, Revivals, Assemblies and other occasions.

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Foreword

SONGS OF FAITH is presented to the churches with full confidence that it will meet all needs as a compact and moderate priced book for the Sunday school and other services and, at the same time, be useful to many churches for prayer meetings and church services.

It is distinctly a selected book. We have had at our disposal the complete range of the character of music desired. As a result it contains songs chosen solely according to their availability for the various services of the churches.

J. Van Klee

A Call to Worship

GEORGE F. ROOT

The Lord is in His ho-ly tem-ple, The Lord is in His ho-ly
tem-ple, Let all the earth keep si-lence, Let all the earth keep si-lence be-
fore Him, Keep si-lence, keep si-lence be-fore Him. A-MEN.

M
2122
B7
S65

Songs of FAITH

1

My Faith Looks Up to Thee

RAY PALMER

LOWELL MASON

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
 2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
 4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream

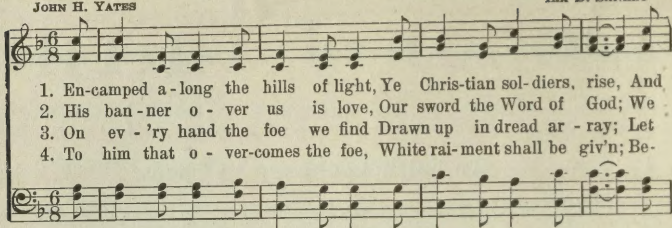
Sav - ior di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
 My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my
 Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's
 Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav - ior, then, in love, Fear and dis -

guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
 love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
 tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
 trust re - move; O bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul!

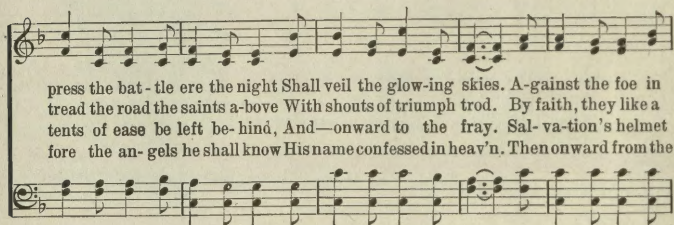
Faith Is the Victory

JOHN H. YATES

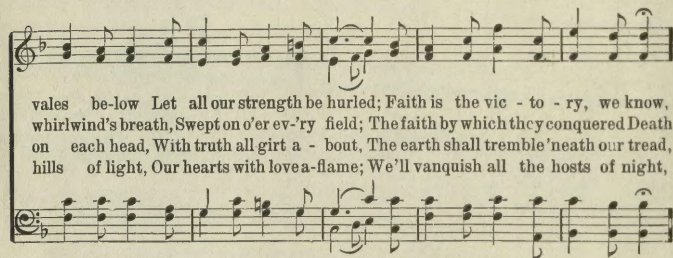
IRA D. SANKEY



1. En-camped a-long the hills of light, Ye Chris-tian sol-diers, rise, And
 2. His ban-ner o-ver us is love, Our sword the Word of God; We
 3. On ev-'ry hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread ar-ray; Let
 4. To him that o-ver-comes the foe, White rai-ment shall be giv'n; Be-

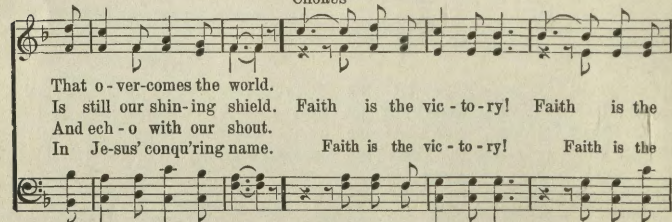


press the bat-tle ere the night Shall veil the glow-ing skies. A-gainst the foe in
 tread the road the saints a-bove With shouts of triumph trod. By faith, they like a
 tents of ease be left be-hind, And—onward to the fray. Sal-va-tion's helmet
 fore the an-gels he shall know His name confessed in heav'n. Then onward from the



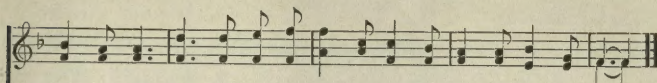
vales be-low Let all our strength be hurled; Faith is the vic-to-ry, we know,
 whirlwind's breath, Swept on o'er ev-'ry field; The faith by which they conquered Death
 on each head, With truth all girt a-bout, The earth shall tremble 'neath our tread,
 hills of light, Our hearts with love a-flame; We'll vanquish all the hosts of night,

CHORUS

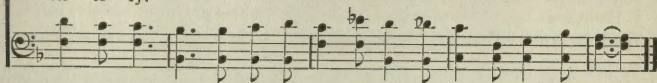


That o-ver-comes the world.
 Is still our shin-ing shield. Faith is the vic-to-ry! Faith is the
 And ech-o with our shout.
 In Je-sus' conqu'ring name. Faith is the vic-to-ry! Faith is the

Faith Is the Victory



vic - to - ry! Oh, glo - ri - ous vic - to - ry That o - ver-comes the world.
vic - to - ry!

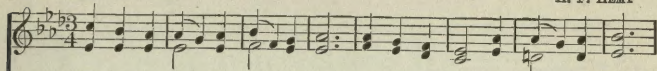


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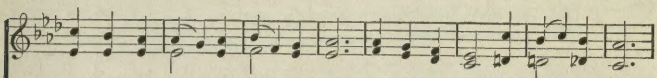
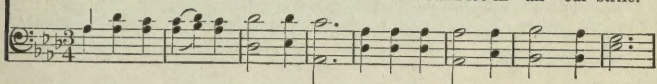
Faith of Our Fathers

FREDERICK W. FABER

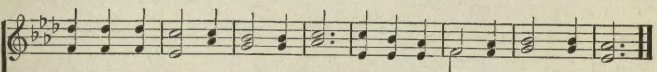
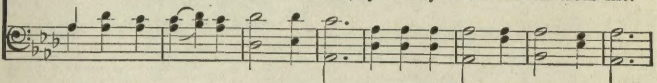
H. F. HEMY



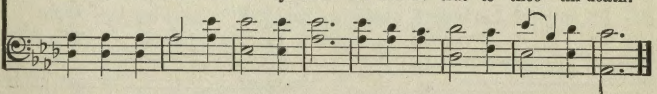
1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire and sword:
2. Our fa - thers, chained in prisons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free:
3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife:



O how our hearts beat high with joy Whene'er we hear that glo - rious word!
How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind - ly words and vir - tuous life:



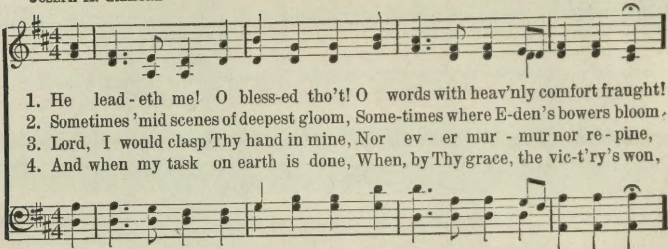
Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!



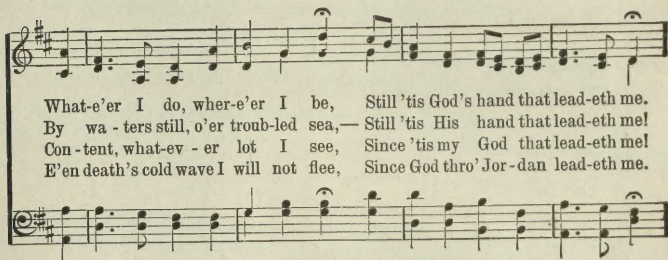
He Leadeth Me

JOSEPH H. GILMORE

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

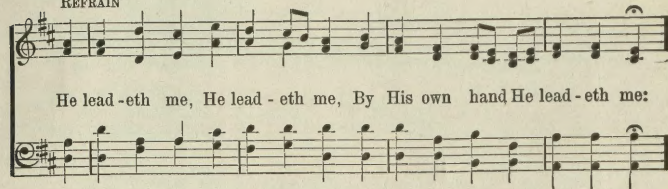


1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
 2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Some-times where E-den's bowers bloom.
 3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine,
 4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-t'ry's won,

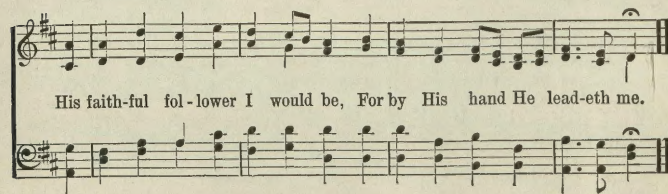


What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 By wa - ters still, o'er troub-led sea, — Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me!
 Con-tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me!
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.

REFRAIN



He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By His own hand He lead-eth me:



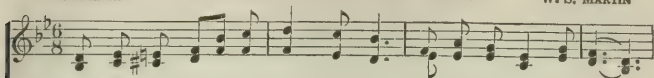
His faith-ful fol-lower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

God Will Take Care of You

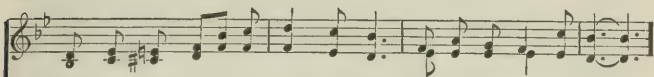
C. D. MARTIN

(Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.)

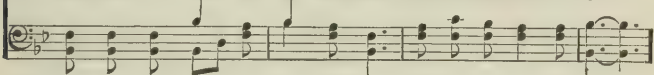
W. S. MARTIN



1. Be not dis - mayed what-e'er be - tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro - vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat - ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;



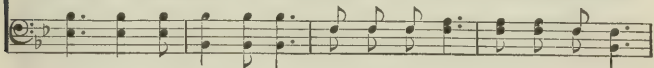
Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
 When dan - gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
 Noth - ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.
 Lean, wear - y one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.



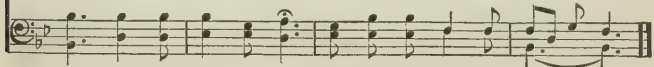
CHORUS



God will take care of you, Thro' ev - 'ry day, O'er all the way;



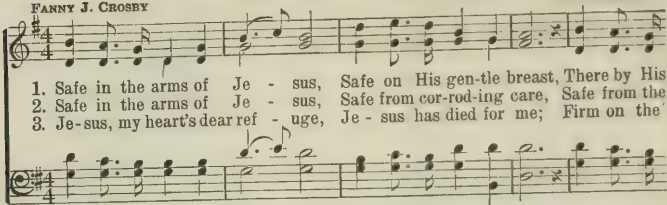
He will take care of you, God will take care of you. . .
 take care of you.



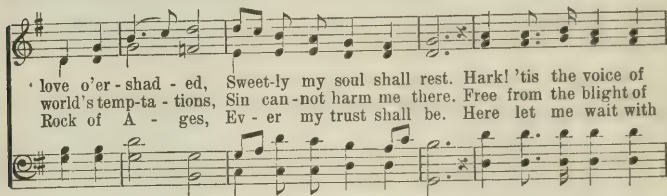
Safe in the Arms of Jesus

FANNY J. CROSBY

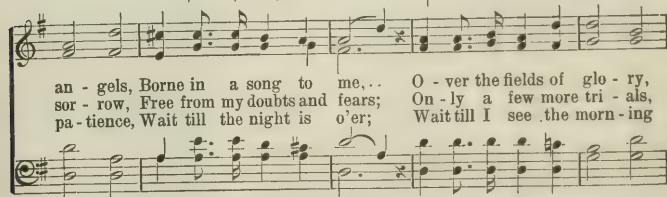
W. H. DOANE



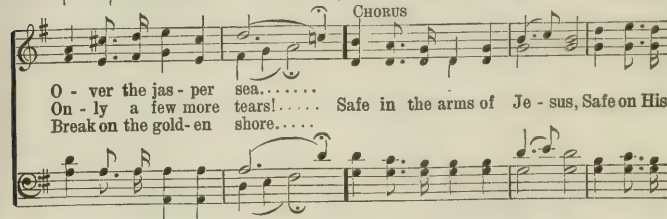
1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen-tle breast, There by His
 2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor-rod-ing care, Safe from the
 3. Je-sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me; Firm on the



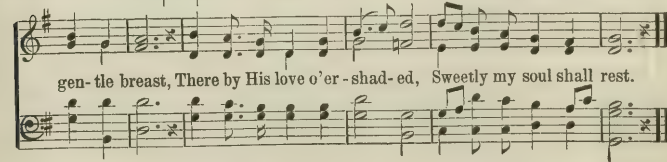
love o'er-shad-ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest. Hark! 'tis the voice of
 world's temp-ta-tions, Sin can-not harm me there. Free from the blight of
 Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be. Here let me wait with



an - gels, Borne in a song to me... O - ver the fields of glo - ry,
 sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears; On - ly a few more tri - als,
 pa-tience, Wait till the night is o'er; Wait till I see the morn - ing



CHORUS
 O - ver the jas - per sea.....
 On - ly a few more tears!..... Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His
 Break on the gold - en shore.....



gen-tle breast, There by His love o'er-shad-ed, Sweetly my soul shall rest.

He Will Hold Me Fast

ADA R. HABERSHON

ROBERT HARKNESS

1. When I fear my faith will fail, Christ will hold me fast;
 2. I could nev - er keep my hold, He will hold me fast;
 3. I am pre - cious in His sight, He will hold me fast;
 4. He'll not let my soul be lost, Christ will hold me fast;

rall.
 When the tempt - er would pre - vail, He can hold me fast. . .
 For my love is oft - en cold, He must hold me fast. . .
 Those He saves are His de - light, He will hold me fast. . .
 Bought by Him at such a cost, He will hold me fast. . .

REFRAIN *a tempo*
 He will hold me fast, hold me fast, He will hold me fast; hold me fast;

rall.
 For my Sav - ior loves me so, He will hold me fast.

The Lord is My Shepherd

JAMES MONTGOMERY

THOMAS KOSCHAT, arr. by E. O. E.

1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know; I feed in green
 2. Thro' the val-ley and shad-ow of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my
 3. In the midst of af-flic-tion my ta-ble is spread; With blessings un-
 4. Let good-ness and mer-cy, my boun-ti-ful God, Still fol-low my

pas-tures, safe-fold-ed I rest; He lead-eth my soul where the
 Guard-ian, no e-vil I fear; Thy rod shall de-fend me, Thy
 meas-ured my cup run-neth o'er; With per-fume and oil Thou a-
 steps till I meet Thee a-bove: I seek by the path which my

still wa-ters flow, Re-stores me when wan-d'ring, redeems when op-
 staff be my stay; No harm can be-fall with my Com-fort-er
 noint-est my head; O what shall I ask of Thy prov-i-dence
 fore-fa-th-ers trod, Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy king-dom of

pressed; Re-stores me when wan-d'ring, re-deems when op-pressed.
 near; No harm can be-fall with my Com-fort-er near.
 more? O what shall I ask of Thy prov-i-dence more?
 love; Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy king-dom of love.

Moment By Moment

D. W. WHITTLE

MAY WHITTLE MOODY

1. Dy - ing with Je - sus, by death reckoned mine; Liv - ing with Je - sus, a
 2. Nev - er a tri - al that He is not there, Nev - er a bur - den that
 3. Nev - er a heart - ache, and nev - er a groan, Nev - er a tear - drop and
 4. Nev - er a weak - ness that He doth not feel, Nev - er a sick - ness that

new life di - vine; Look - ing to Je - sus till glo - ry doth shine, Mo - ment by
 He doth not bear, Nev - er a sor - row that He doth not share, Mo - ment by
 nev - er a moan; Nev - er a dan - ger but there on the throne, Mo - ment by
 He can - not heal; Mo - ment by moment, in woe or in weal, Je - sus, my

CHORUS

mo - ment, O Lord, I am Thine.
 mo - ment, I'm un - der His care; Moment by mo - ment I'm kept in His love;
 mo - ment He thinks of His own.
 Sav - ior, a - bides with me still.

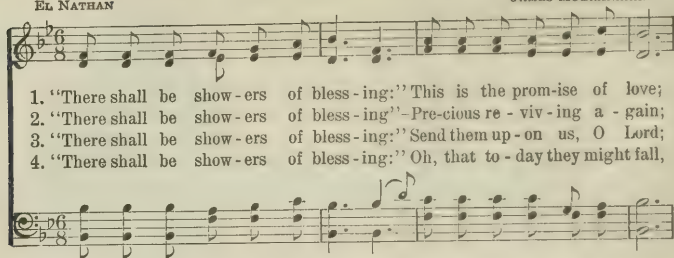
Mo - ment by mo - ment I've life from a - bove; Look - ing to Je - sus till

glo - ry doth shine; Mo - ment by mo - ment, O Lord, I am Thine.

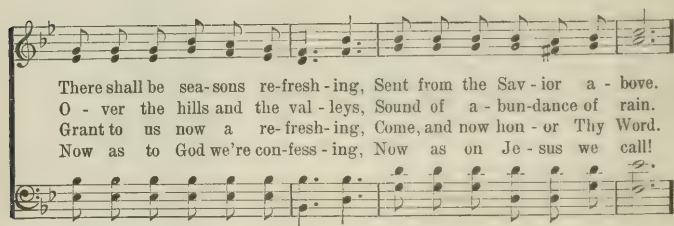
There Shall Be Showers of Blessing

EL NATHAN

JAMES McGRANAHAN

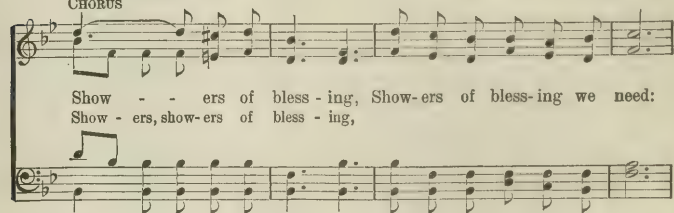


1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" This is the prom-ise of love;
 2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing" - Pre-cious re - viv-ing a - gain;
 3. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Send them up-on us, O Lord;
 4. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Oh, that to - day they might fall,

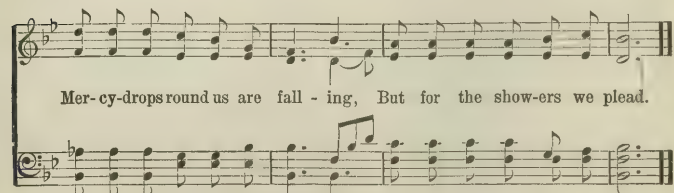


There shall be sea-sons re-fresh-ing, Sent from the Sav-ior a - bove.
 O - ver the hills and the val-leys, Sound of a - bun-dance of rain.
 Grant to us now a re-fresh-ing, Come, and now hon - or Thy Word.
 Now as to God we're con-fess-ing, Now as on Je - sus we call!

CHORUS



Show - - ers of bless-ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need:
 Show - ers, show-ers of bless-ing,



Mer-cy-drops round us are fall-ing, But for the show-ers we plead.

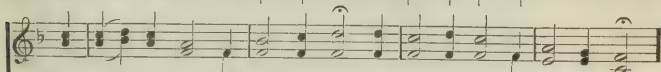
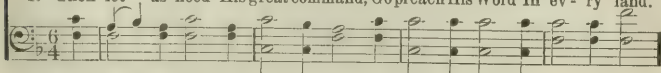
For Jesus' Sake

G. S. DOBBINS

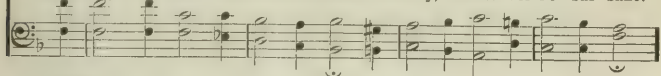
B. B. MCKINNEY



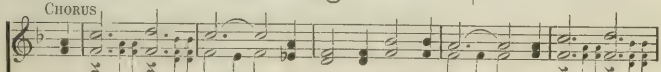
1. "Why should I give?" The ques-tion rings; "I need it all For earth-ly things."
2. "Why should I serve? My strength I need; No time have I For kind-ly deed."
3. "Why should I strive The lost to win? Why should I love The souls of men?"
4. Then let us heed His great command, Gopreach His Word In ev-'ry land.



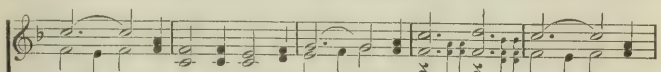
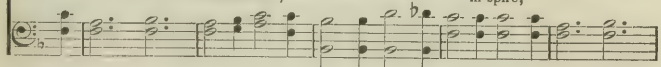
Quick to my lips The an-swers springs; "I'll glad-ly give For Je-sus' sake."
 And yet an in-ner Voice I'll heed—I'll glad-ly serve For Je-sus' sake.
 Re-mem-b'ring Him Who died for sin, I'll do my best For Je-sus' sake.
 Some day be-fore His face we'll stand And say, "It was For Je-sus' sake."



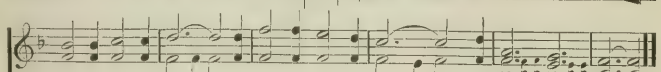
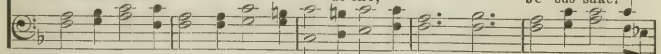
CHORUS



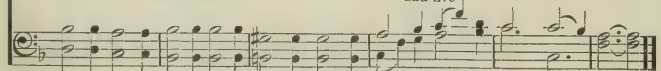
"For Je - sus' sake!" These words my soul in-spire; . . . "For Je - sus'
 Je-sus' sake, in-spire;



sake!" . . . This is my heart's de-sire; . . . "For Je - sus' sake!" . . . I
 Je - sus' sake! de-sire; Je - sus' sake!

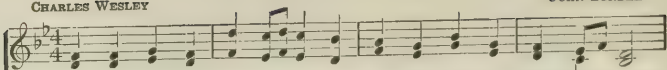


want no rich-er hire—I'll give and serve and live . . . For Je - sus' sake.
 rich-er hire— and live

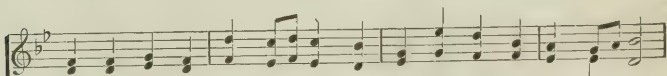


CHARLES WESLEY

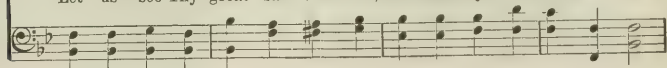
JOHN ZUNDEL



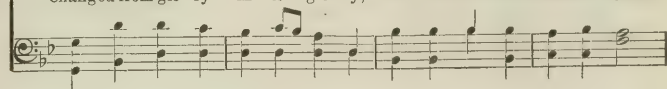
1. Love di-vine, all loves ex-cel-ling, Joy of Heav'n, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov-ing Spir-it In-to ev-'ry troub-led breast!
3. Come, Al-might-y to de-liv-er, Let us all Thy life re-ceive;
4. Fin-ish then Thy new cre-a-tion; Pure and spot-less let us be;



Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing; All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.
 Let us all in Thee in-her-it, Let us find that sec-ond rest.
 Sud-den-ly re-turn, and nev-er, Nev-er more Thy tem-ples leave:
 Let us see Thy great sal-va-tion, Per-fect-ly re-stored in Thee:



Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;
 Take a-way our bent to sin-ning, Al-pha and O-mega be;
 Thee we would be al-ways blessing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a-bove,
 Changed from glo-ry in-to glo-ry, Till in Heav'n we take our place,



Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion; En-ter ev-'ry trem-bling heart.
 End of faith, as its be-gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib-er-ty.
 Pray, and praise Thee with-out ceas-ing, Glo-ry in Thy per-fect love.
 Till we cast our crowns be-fore Thee, Lost in won-der, love, and praise.



Soldiers of the King

EDWIN MCNEELY

I. E. REYNOLDS

1. Ye sol - diers of the King, a - rise, And march forth brave and strong,
 2. The E - vil One with ar - my strong Is march - ing to the fray;
 3. Christ Je - sus is our Cap - tain brave, And leads us in the fight

To bat - tle for our Cap - tain great, And sing the vic - tor's song!
 The sons of God must face them now, And bat - tle day by day.
 A - gainst the hosts of Sa - tan's clan, And forc - es of the night.

CHORUS

Why stand ye i - dle when He calls For men to face the foe?

A - rise, a - rise, ye saints of God, And for - ward thou shalt go!

Rev. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D.D.

CHAS. H. MARSH

1. One day when heav - en was filled with His prais - es, One day when
 2. One day they led Him up Cal - va - ry's moun - tain, One day they
 3. One day they left Him a - lone in the gar - den, One day He
 4. One day the grave could con - ceal Him no lon - ger, One day the
 5. One day the trump - et will sound for His com - ing, One day the

sin was as black as could be, . . . Je - sus came forth to be
 nailed Him to die on the tree; . . . Suf - fer - ing an - guish, de -
 rest - ed, from suf - fer - ing free; . . . An - gels came down o'er His
 stone rolled a - way from the door; Then He a - rose, o - ver
 skies with His glo - ries will shine; Won - der - ful day, my be -

born of a vir - gin - Dwelt amongst men, my ex - am - ple is He! . . .
 spised and re - ject - ed: Bear - ing our sins, my Re - deem - er is He! . . .
 tomb to keep vig - il; Hope of the hope - less, my Sav - ior is He! . . .
 death He had con - quered; Now is as - cend - ed, my Lord ev - er - more!
 lov - ed ones bring - ing; Glo - ri - ous Sav - ior, this Je - sus is mine!

CHORUS

Liv - ing, He loved me; dy - ing, He saved me; Bur - ied, He

car - ried my sins far a - way; . . . Ris - ing, He jus - ti - fied

One Day!

free - ly for - ev - er: One day He's com - ing— O glo - ri - ous day!

The musical score for 'One Day!' is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody features a crescendo leading into a ritardando. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes.

15 Day By Day With Jesus

MARY ELIZABETH GOLLING

ERNEST O. SELLERS

1. I will not ques - tion, Lord, to - day, The path my feet must tread;
2. I will not mur - mur, Lord, nor fear, Tho' dark the way may be;
3. May I not fal - ter, Lord, nor shrink From roads that Thou hast trod;

The first system of the musical score for 'Day By Day With Jesus' is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It includes three verses of lyrics. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a piano accompaniment of chords.

By faith I'll rise and go the way That of - fers Liv - ing Bread.
I feel Thy love, en - fold - ing, near, Thy great - ness, shel - t'ring me.
O let them guide me to the brink Whose crossing leads to God.

The second system continues the melody and piano accompaniment for the second verse of the song.

CHORUS

I would draw clos - er, Lord, each hour, To Thy pro - tect - ing arm;

The chorus begins with a new system of music. The melody and piano accompaniment continue the hymn's theme.

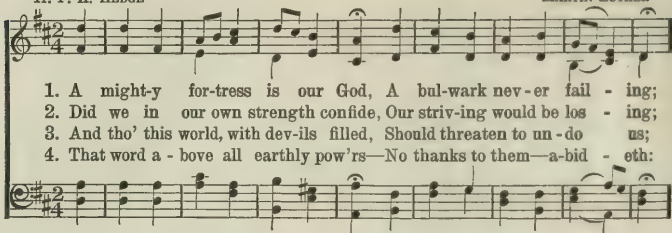
I would sing on - ly of Thy pow'r, That lifts, and saves from harm.

The final system of the musical score concludes the piece with the final verse of lyrics.

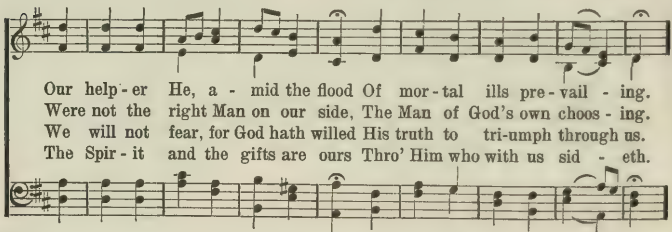
A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

MARTIN LUTHER
Tr. F. H. HEDGE

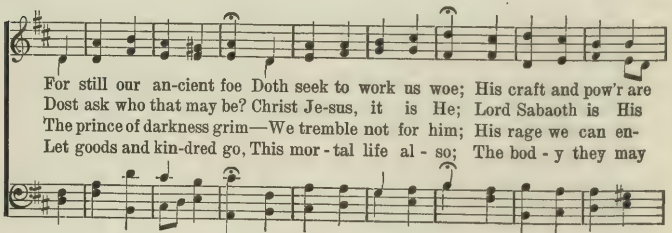
MARTIN LUTHER



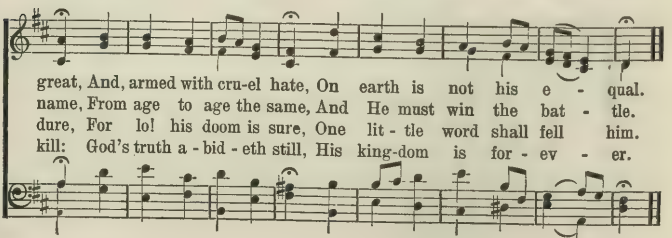
1. A might-y for-ress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail - ing;
 2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striv-ing would be los - ing;
 3. And tho' this world, with dev-ils filled, Should threaten to un-do us;
 4. That word a - bove all earthly pow'rs—No thanks to them—a-bid - eth:



Our help-er He, a - mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail - ing.
 Were not the right Man on our side, The Man of God's own choos - ing.
 We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri-umph through us.
 The Spir - it and the gifts are ours Thro' Him who with us sid - eth.



For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are
 Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je-sus, it is He; Lord Sabaoth is His
 The prince of darkness grim—We tremble not for him; His rage we can en-
 Let goods and kin-dred go, This mor-tal life al - so; The bod - y they may



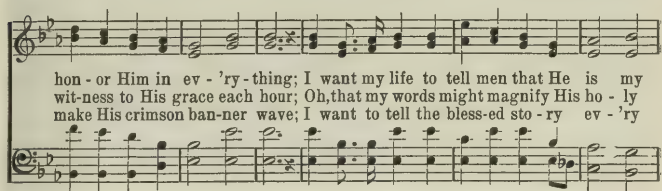
great, And, armed with cru-el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.
 name, From age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.
 dure, For lo! his doom is sure, One lit - tle word shall fell him.
 kill: God's truth a - bid - eth still, His king-dom is for - ev - er.

J. P. S.

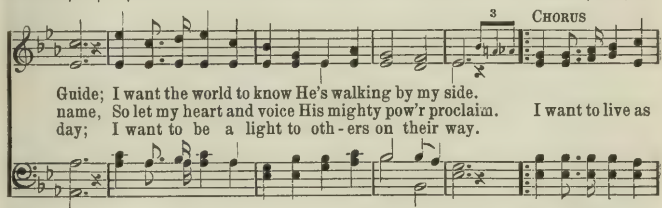
J. P. SCHOLFIELD

Spirited

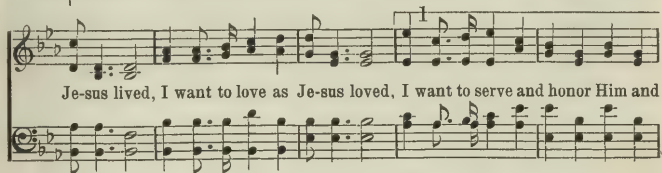

1. I want my life to glo-ri-fy my Lord and King; I want to please and
2. Oh, that my life might mag-ni-fy the Sav-ior's pow'r; Oh, that my deeds might
3. I want my life to tes-ti-fy that He can save; I want to help to



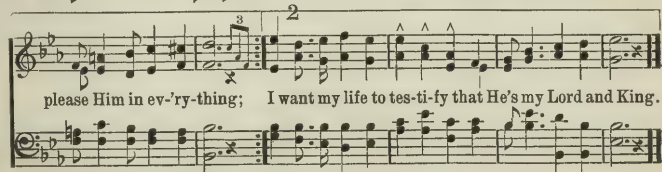
hon-or Him in ev-'ry-thing; I want my life to tell men that He is my
wit-ness to His grace each hour; Oh, that my words might magnify His ho-ly
make His crimson ban-ner wave; I want to tell the bless-ed sto-ry ev-'ry



3 CHORUS
Guide; I want the world to know He's walking by my side.
name, So let my heart and voice His mighty pow'r proclaim. I want to live as
day; I want to be a light to oth-ers on their way.



1
Je-sus lived, I want to love as Je-sus loved, I want to serve and honor Him and



2
please Him in ev-'ry-thing; I want my life to tes-ti-fy that He's my Lord and King.

LEVI MUMAW

Colossians 3

E. O. SELLERS

1. Ris - en with Christ! O bound-less joy! Seek-ing the things which are a - bove;
 2. Ris - en with Christ! O peace sublime! Wrought for the world, let saints proclaim;
 3. Ris - en with Christ! O bless-ed hope! Let all His saints with glad hearts sing

Free from the cares that would an-oy, Walk-ing in bonds of per-fect love.
 Je - sus, the Lamb of Da-vid's line, Of-fered, condemned, for sin-ners slain;
 Tri-um-phantly in won-drous note Mel - o - dies sweet for Christ our King.

We who are dead and not our own; Hid-den with Christ, who is our life;
 Raised from the dead and set on high, Peace from our God, so rich and free,
 Elect-ed of God, cre-at-ed new; Bear-ing the fruits of right-eous-ness:

Heirs of the Fa-ther at the throne, Free from all ha-tred, sin and strife.
 Rules in our hearts as we draw nigh, Bless-ing His grace e-ter-nal-ly.
 Grace doth a-bound, fears are sub-dued, Trust-ing His word in thank-ful-ness.

REFRAIN

Ris - en with Christ! O wondrous grace! Soon we shall meet Him face to face.

Risen With Christ

Ris - en with Christ! O wondrous grace! Soon we shall meet Him face to face.

19 Trust, Try and Prove Me

L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH

1. Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, All your money, talents, time and love;
2. When my wav'ring faith in trials fal-ter, When His guiding hand I can-not see,
3. I have yielded Him my life for-ev - er, All I am, or have, or hope to be;

Con - se-crate them all up-on the al - tar; While your Sav-ior from a-
Then in wondrous love and ten-der mer - cy, Thro' His word He says to
Naught on earth my hold on Him can sev - er, While I hear Him say to

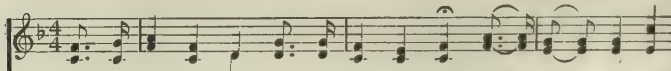
rit. REFRAIN

bovespeaks sweet-ly, Trust Me, try Me, prove Me, saith the Lord of
me, My child, just
me, My child, just Trust Me, yes, then try Me, prove Me,


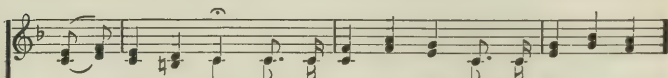
hosts, and see If a blessing, unmeasured blessing, I will not pour out on Thee.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS

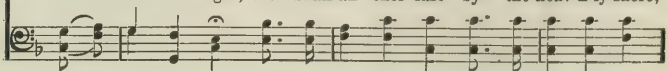
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK



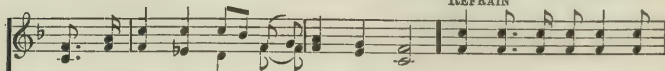
1. Will your an - chor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds un - fold
 2. It is safe - ly moored, 'twill the storm withstand, For 'tis well se - cures
 3. It will firm - ly hold in the straits of fear, When the breakers have told
 4. It will sure - ly hold in the floods of death, When the wa - ters cold
 5. When our eyes be - hold thro' the gath'ring night The cit - y of gold,

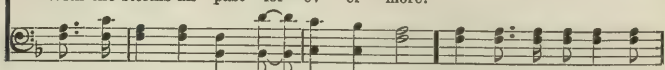
their wings of strife? When the strong tides lift, and the ca - bles strain,
 by the Sav - ior's hand; And the ca - bles, passed from His heart to mine,
 the reef is near; Tho' the tem - pest rave and the wild winds blow,
 chill our lat - est breath; On the ris - ing tide it can nev - er fail,
 our har - bor bright, We shall an - chor fast by the heav'n - ly shore,



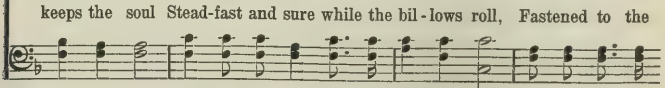
REFRAIN



Will your an - chor drift, or firm re - main?
 Can de - fy that blast, thro' strength di - vine.
 Not an an - gry wave shall our bark o'er - flow. We have an an - chor that
 While our hopes a - bide with - in the veil.
 With the storms all past for - ev - er - more.



keeps the soul Stead-fast and sure while the bil - lows roll, Fastened to the



We Have An Anchor

Rock which can - not move, Grounded firm and deep in the Sav-ior's love.

The musical score for 'We Have An Anchor' is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a single system with a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are centered under the notes.

21 Jesus Is Your Friend

Rev. ALFRED BARRATT

I. E. REYNOLDS

1. O do not be dis - cour - aged, For Je - sus is your Friend;
2. The shad - ows gath - er round you, And dark may be the way,
3. He knows the un - known fu - ture, To you so dark and drear;

The first system of the musical score for 'Jesus Is Your Friend' is in D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are centered under the notes.

Just lean up - on His mer - cy Till life on earth shall end.
The bright-ness of His pres - ence Will cheer each pass - ing day.
Just fol - low in His foot - steps And He will make it clear.

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are centered under the notes.

His lov - ing hand will guide you, What - ev - er may be - tide you,
When sor - rows o - ver - take you, He knows a - bout it all;
Then do not be dis - cour - aged In days of weal or woe,

The third system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are centered under the notes.

Each day He walks be - side you Till life on earth shall end.
He nev - er will for - sake you, Nor ev - er let you fall.
His lov - ing hand will guide you Wher - ev - er you may go.

The fourth system of the musical score concludes the piece. The lyrics are centered under the notes.

I Will Sing You a Song

ELLEN H. GATES

PHILIP PHILLIPS

1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The far-a-way home of the
 2. Oh, that home of the soul! In my visions and dreams Its bright, jasper walls I can
 3. That unchangeable home is for you and for me, Where Je-sus of Naz-a-reth
 4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau-ti-ful land, So free from all sor-row and

soul, Where no storms ev-er beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e-
 see; Till I fan-cy but thin-ly the veil in-ter-venes Be-tween the fair
 stands; The King of all kingdoms for-ev-er is He, And He hold-eth our
 pain, With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an-

ter-ni-ty roll, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll; Where no storms ev-er
 cit-y and me, Be-tween the fair cit-y and me; Till I fan-cy but
 crowns in His hands, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands; The King of all
 oth-er a-gain, To meet one an-oth-er a-gain; With songs on our

beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll.
 thin-ly the veil in-ter-venes Be-tween the fair cit-y and me.
 kingdoms for-ev-er is He, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.
 lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an-oth-er a-gain. A-MEN.

Ye Must Be Born Again

W. T. SLEEPER

GEO. C. STEBBINS

1 A ru - ler once came to Je - sus by night, To ask Him the way of sal -
 2. Ye children of men, at - tend to the word So sol - emn - ly ut - tered by
 3. Oh, ye who would en - ter that glo - ri - ous rest, And sing with the ransomed the
 4. A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns to see, At the beautiful gate may be

va - tion and light; The Mas - ter made an - swer in words true and plain,
 Je - sus the Lord; And let not this mes - sage to you be in vain,
 song of the blest; The life ev - er - last - ing if ye would ob - tain,
 watching for thee; Then list to the note of this sol - emn re - frain,

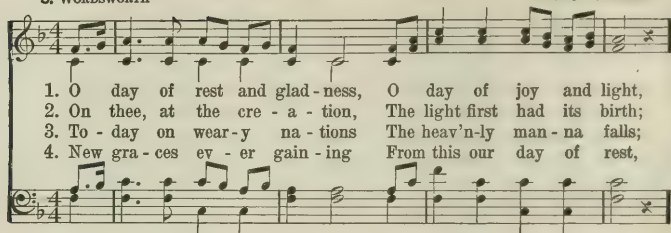
CHORUS
 "Ye must be born a - gain." a - gain. "Ye must be born a -

gain, a - gain, Ye must be born a - gain; a - gain; I ver - i - ly,

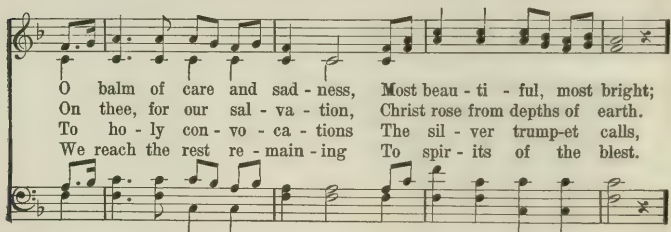
ver - i - ly say un - to thee, Ye must be born a - gain." a - gain.

C. WORDSWORTH

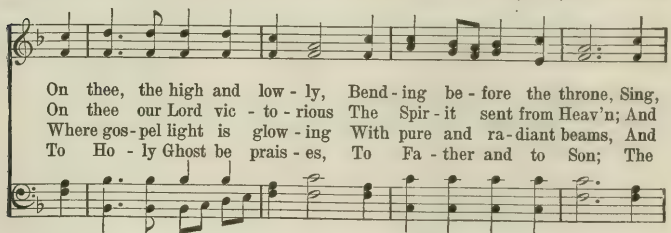
Arr. by L. MASON



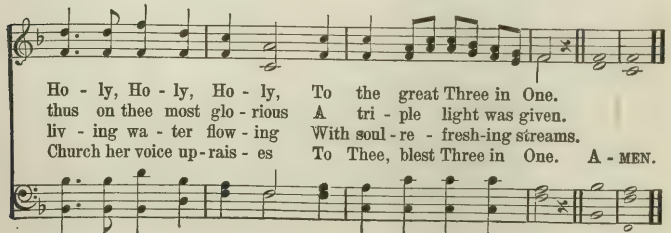
1. O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light,
 2. On thee, at the cre-a-tion, The light first had its birth;
 3. To-day on wear-y na-tions The heav'n-ly man-na falls;
 4. New gra-cies ev-er gain-ing From this our day of rest,



O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau-ti-ful, most bright;
 On thee, for our sal-va-tion, Christ rose from depths of earth.
 To ho-ly con-vo-ca-tions The sil-ver trump-et calls,
 We reach the rest re-main-ing To spir-its of the blest.



On thee, the high and low-ly, Bend-ing be-fore the throne, Sing,
 On thee our Lord vic-to-rious The Spir-it sent from Heav'n; And
 Where gos-pel light is glow-ing With pure and ra-diant beams, And
 To Ho-ly Ghost be prais-es, To Fa-ther and to Son; The



Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, To the great Three in One.
 thus on thee most glo-rious A tri-ple light was given.
 liv-ing wa-ter flow-ing With soul-re-fresh-ing streams.
 Church her voice up-rai-es To Thee, blest Three in One. A-MEN.

I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say

HORATIUS BONAR

As Sung by Gipsy Smith

Arr. by E. E. YOUNG

Slowly

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly

rest; . . . Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy
give . . . The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y one, Stoop

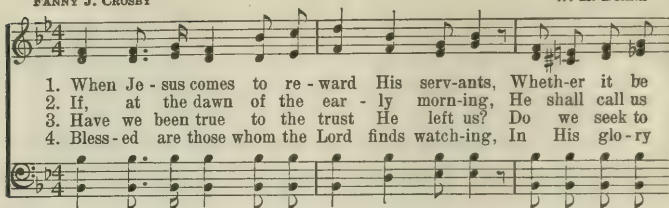
head up - on My breast." I came to Je - sus as I
down, and drink, and live!" I came to Je - sus, and I

was, Wea - ry and worn and sad; I found in Him a
drank Of that life - giv - ing stream; My thirst was quenched, my

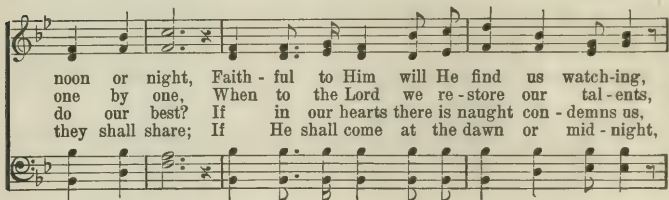
rest - ing - place, And He has made me glad. . . .
soul re - vived, And now I live in Him. . . .

FANNY J. CROSBY

W. H. DOANE

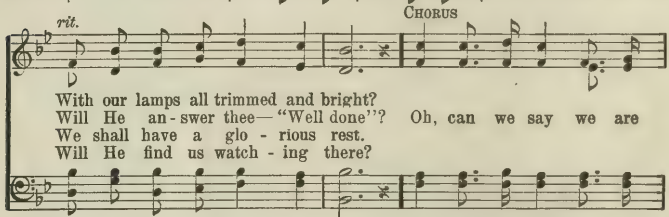


1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His serv - ants, Wheth - er it be
 2. If, at the dawn of the ear - ly morn - ing, He shall call us
 3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to
 4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watch - ing, In His glo - ry

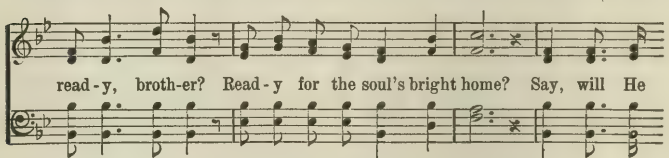


noon or night, Faith - ful to Him will He find us watch - ing,
 one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents,
 do our best? If in our hearts there is naught con - demns us,
 they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or mid - night,

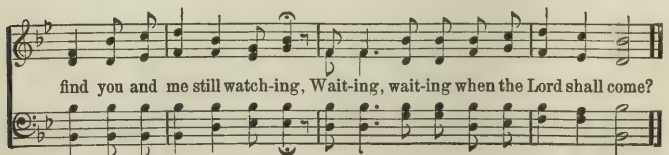
rit. CHORUS



With our lamps all trimmed and bright?
 Will He an - swer thee—“Well done?” Oh, can we say we are
 We shall have a glo - rious rest.
 Will He find us watch - ing there?



read - y, broth - er? Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say, will He

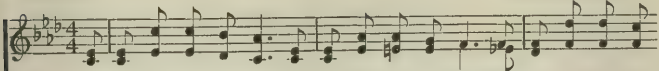


find you and me still watch - ing, Wait - ing, wait - ing when the Lord shall come?

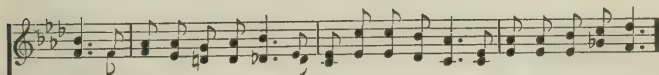
There Is No Other Name

H. D. L.

HARRY DIXON LOES



1. A name a-bove all names, by an - gel hosts a-dored, The name of Him whose
2. I love the bless-ed name of Him who died to save My soul from last-ing
3. Redeemed by love!—and tho' I know not why or how, The sound of that sweet



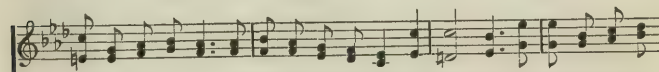
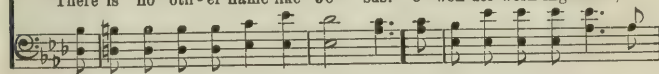
death the fall-en race restored; Such is the precious name of Jesus Christ my Lord—
doom, no more to fear the grave. My heart, my life, my all, shall He for-ev-er have—
name with joy does thrill me now; And some day at His name all men shall humbly bow—



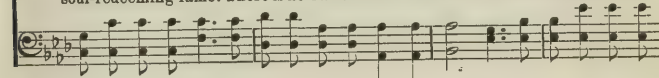
CHORUS



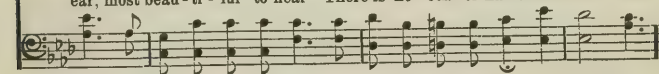
There is no oth-er name like Je - sus! O won-der-work-ing name, of



soul-redeeming fame! There is no oth-er name like Je - sus. 'Tis mu-sic to my

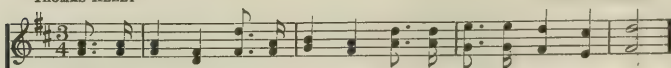


ear, most beau-ti - ful to hear—There is no oth-er name like Je - sus.



THOMAS KELLY

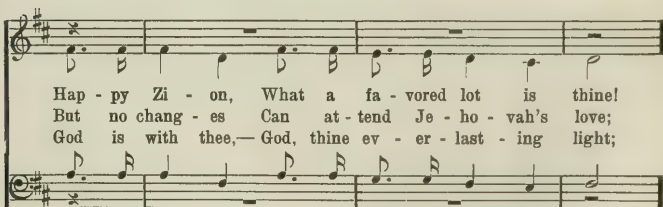
Dr. THOS. HASTINGS



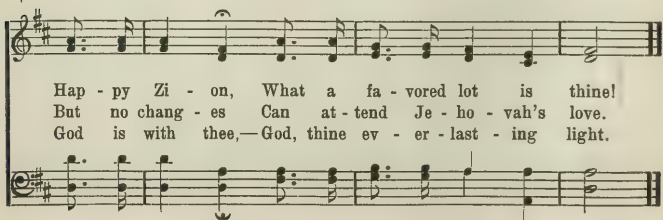
1. Zi - on stands with hills sur-round-ed—Zi - on, kept by pow'r di - vine;
 2. Ev-'ry hu - man tie may per - ish; Friend to friend un-faith-ful prove;
 3. In the fur - nace God may prove thee, Thence to bring thee forth more bright,



All her foes shall be con-found-ed, Tho' the world in arms com - bine:
 Moth-ers cease their own to cher - ish; Heav'n and earth at last re - move;
 But can nev - er cease to love thee: Thou art pre-cious in His sight:



Hap - py Zi - on, What a fa - vored lot is thine!
 But no chang - es Can at - tend Je - ho - vah's love;
 God is with thee,—God, thine ev - er - last - ing light;

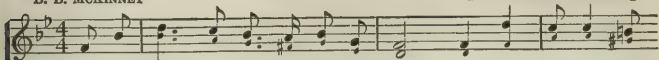


Hap - py Zi - on, What a fa - vored lot is thine!
 But no chang - es Can at - tend Je - ho - vah's love.
 God is with thee,—God, thine ev - er - last - ing light.

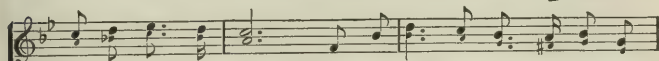
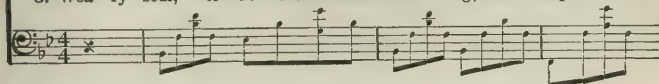
He Lives On High

Words by
B. B. McKINNEY

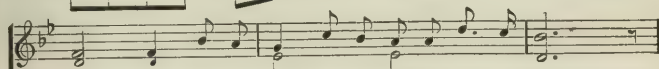
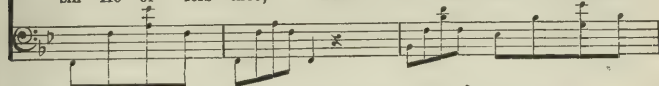
Arr. by B. B. McKINNEY
From Hawaiian Folk Song



1. Christ the Sav - ior came from heaven's glo - ry, To re - deem the
2. He a - rose from death and all its sor - row, To dwell in that
3. Wea - ry soul, to Je - sus come con - fess - ing, Re - demp-tion from



lost from sin and shame; On His brow He wore the thorn-crown
land of joy and love; He is com - ing back some glad to -
sin He of - fers thee; Look to Je - sus and re - ceive a



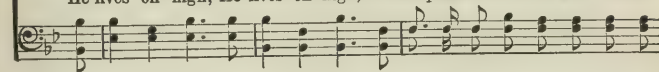
go - ry, And up - on Cal - va - ry He took my blame.
mor - row, And He'll take all His children home a - bove.
bless - ing, There is life, there is joy and vic - to - ry.



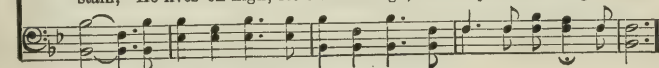
CHORUS



He lives on high, He lives on high, Tri - um - phant o - ver sin and all its




stain; He lives on high, He lives on high, Some day He's com - ing a - gain.

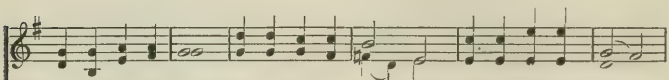


HENRY ALFORD


F. J. HAYDN



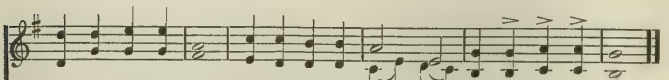
1. For-ward! be our watchword, Steps and voices joined; Seek the things before us,
 2. Far o'er yon ho - ri - zon Rise the cit - y tow'rs, Where our God a-bid - eth;
 3. Glo - ries up - on glo - ries Hath our God prepared, By the souls that love Him,



Not a look be - hind; Burns the fi - ery pil - lar At our ar-my's head;
 That fair home is ours: Flash the streets with jasper, Shine the gates with gold;
 One day to be shared: Eye hath not be - held them, Ear hath nev - er heard;



Who shall dream of shrinking, By our Cap - tain led? Forward thro' the des - ert,
 Flows the gladd'ning riv - er, Shedding joys un - told; Thith - er, onward, thith - er,
 Nor of these hath ut - tered Tho't or speech a word; Forward, marching east - ward

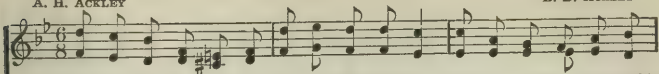


Thro' the toil and fight: Jor - dan flows be - fore us, Zi - on beams with light!
 In the Spir - it's might: Pil - grims to your coun - try, For - ward in - to light!
 Where the heav'n is bright, Till the vail be lift - ed, Till our faith be sight!

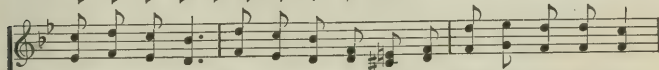
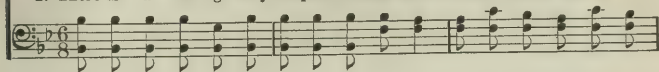
Pardoning Grace

A. H. ACKLEY

B. D. ACKLEY



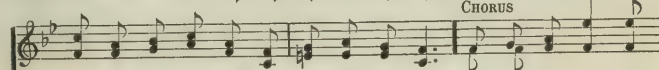
1. Sweet-er than all is the love of the Sav-ior, Dear-er by far than earth's
2. Won-der-ful tho't! how it fills me with sing-ing! Je - sus has spo-ken, His
3. I am con-tent, for I know He is near me, Keep-ing me pure by His
4. There is a ref-uge be-yond pain and sor-row! When He shall call me to



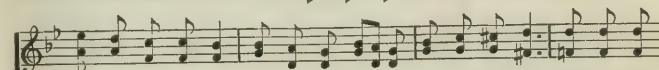
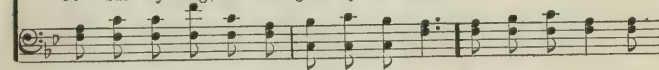
jew - els so rare, Flood-ing my soul by the grace of His fa - vor,
 word is di - vine; I can re - joice, for His mer - cy is bring-ing
 won - der - ful grace, Whis-per-ing words full of com - fort to cheer me,
 dwell with Him there I shall be - hold, in a bright-er to - mor - row,



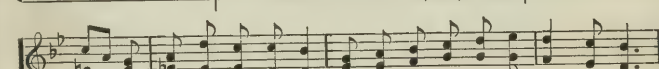
CHORUS



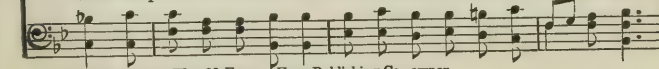
Fill - ing my heart with the spir - it of prayer.
 Life that is bless - ed and sweet in - to mine. Par - don-ing grace the
 Light-ing my soul with a glimpse of His face.
 Je - sus my King, all His glo - ry to share.



Mas - ter has spo-ken, Par - don-ing grace has now made me whole; On Cal - v'ry's



brow His poor heart was bro-ken—Par-don-ing grace for my sin - sick soul.



G. CROLY

J. BARNEY

1. Spir - it of God, de - scend up - on my heart;
 2. I ask no dream, no proph - et ec - sta - sies,
 3. Hast Thou not bid us love Thee, God and King?
 4. Teach me to feel that Thou art al - ways nigh;

Wean it from earth, through all its puls - es move;
 No sud - den rend - ing of the veil of clay,
 All, all Thine own, soul, heart, and strength, and mind;
 Teach me the strug - gles of the soul to bear,

Stoop to my weak - ness, might - y as Thou art,
 No an - gel vis - i - tant, no ope - ning skies;
 I see Thy cross—there teach my heart to cling;
 To check the ris - ing doubt, the reb - el sigh;

And make me love Thee as I ought to love.
 But take the dim - ness of my soul a - way.
 Oh, let me seek Thee, and oh, let me find.
 Teach me the pa - tience of un - an - swered prayer.

The Nearer, the Sweeter

JESSE P. TOMPKINS
DUET

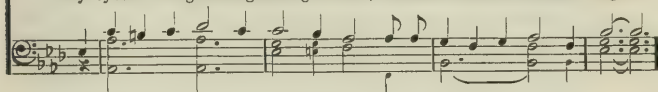
B. D. ACKLEY



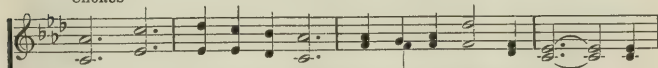
1. The near-er I reach the end of life, The sweet-er is Home to me;
2. The near-er the fad-ing of the leaf, The brighter the col-ors grow;
3. The near-er I reach the banks of bloom, The fair-er the breez-es blow;
4. The near-er I reach the Morning Land, The fair-er the gold-en light;



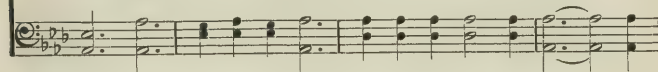
I long for the fragrant flow'rs that grow On the banks of the Crys-tal Sea.
 I sigh, when the eve-ning shad-ows fall, For the light of the morning glow.
 The near-er I reach the Fount of Love, Then the sweet-er the wa-ters flow.
 My eyes in the gath'ring mists grow dim, Then the clear-er im-mor-tal light.



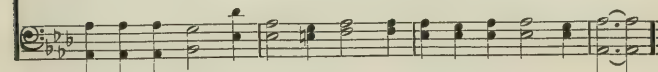
CHORUS



Home, Home, Heav-en-ly Home, Fair are my dreams of thee; The



near-er I reach the end of time, The sweet-er thou art to me.



C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. More like the Mas-ter I would ev-er be, More of His meek-ness,
 2. More like the Mas-ter is my dai-ly prayer; More strength to car-ry
 3. More like the Mas-ter I would live and grow; More of His love to

more hu-mil-i - ty; More zeal to la-bor, more cour-age to be true,
 cross-es I must bear; More ear-nest ef-fort to bring His kingdom in;
 oth - ers I would show; More self-de - ni - al, like His in Gal - i - lee,

CHORUS.

More con-se-cra-tion for work He bids me do. Take Thou my
 More of His Spir-it, the wan-der-er to win.
 More like the Mas-ter I long to ev-er be. Take my heart, O

heart, . . I would be Thine a-lone; . . Take Thou my heart . . and
 take my heart, I would be Thine a-lone; Take my heart, O take my heart and

make it all Thine own; . . Purge me from sin, . . . O Lord, I now im-
 make it all Thine own; Purge Thou me from ev'ry sin, O Lord, I

More Like the Master

plore, . . . Wash me and keep . . . me Thine for-ev - er - more.
now im-plore, Wash and keep, O wash and keep me Thine for - ev - er - more.

35 By Faith in Christ I Walk with God

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

E. O. SELLERS

1. By faith in Christ I walk with God, With heav'n my journey's end in view;
2. Tho' snares and dangers throng my path, And earth and hell my course withstand,
3. The wild-er-ness af-fords no food, But God for my sup-port pre-pares,

Sup-port - ed by His staff and rod, My road is safe and pleas-ant too.
I tri-umph o-ver all by faith, Guard-ed by His al-might-y hand.
Pro-vides me ev-'ry need-ful good, And frees my soul from wants and cares.

CHORUS

With Him sweet converse I main-tain; Great as He is I dare be free:

rit.
I tell Him all my grief and pain, And He re-veals His love to me.

1. It may be in the val-ley, where countless dangers hide; It may be in the
2. It may be I must car - ry the bless - ed word of life A-cross the burning
3. But if it be my por-tion to bear my cross at home, While others bear their
4. It is not mine to ques-tion the judg-ments of my Lord, It is but mine to

sun - shine that I, in peace, a - bide; But this one thing I know—if
des - erts to those in sin - ful strife; And tho' it be my lot to
bur - dens be - yond the bil - low's foam, I'll prove my faith in Him—con-
fol - low the lead-ings of His Word; But if to go or stay, or

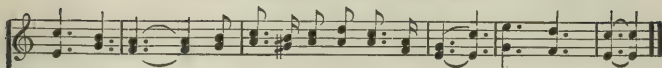
it be dark or fair, If Je - sus is with me, I'll go an - y - where!
bear my col - ors there, If Je - sus goes with me, I'll go an - y - where!
fess His judgments fair, And, if He stays with me, I'll stay an - y - where!
wheth-er here or there, I'll be, with my Sav - ior, Con - tent an - y - where!

CHORUS

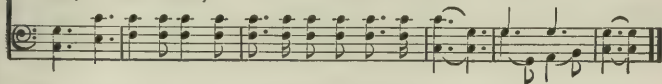
If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go An - y - where! 'Tis heaven to me, Where-
I'll go

e'er I may be, If He is there! I count it a priv - i - lege here . . His
His cross, His

If Jesus Goes With Me



cross to bear;... If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go... An - y - where!
cross, His cross to bear;



37

At Calvary

WM. R. NEWELL

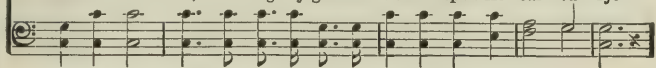
D. B. TOWNER



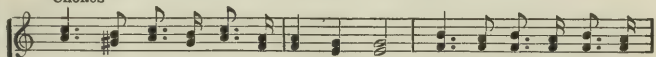
1. Years I spent in van - i - ty and pride, Car - ing not my Lord was
2. By God's Word at last my sin I learned; Then I trem-bled at the
3. Now I've giv'n to Je - sus ev - 'ry - thing, Now I glad - ly own Him
4. Oh, the love that drew sal - va - tion's plan! Oh, the grace that bro't it



cru - ci - fied, Know - ing not it was for me He died On Cal - va - ry.
law I'd spurned, Till my guilt - y soul im - plor - ing turned To Cal - va - ry.
as my King, Now my raptured soul can on - ly sing Of Cal - va - ry.
down to man! Oh, the might - y gulf that God did span At Cal - va - ry!



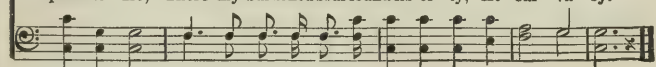
CHORUS



Mer - cy there was great, and grace was free; Par - don there was mul - ti -

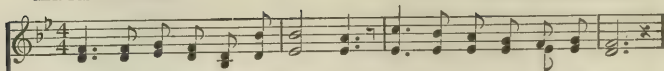


plied to me; There my burdened soul found lib - er - ty, At Cal - va - ry.

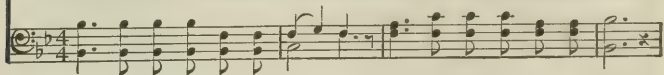


Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK

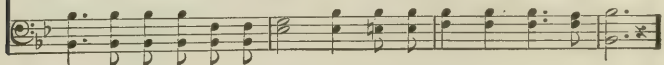
GRANT COLFAX TULLAR



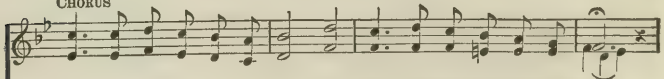
1. Face to face with Christ, my Sav - ior, Face to face—what will it be?
2. On - ly faint - ly now, I see Him, With the dark - ling veil be - tween,
3. What re - joic - ing in His pres - ence, When are ban - ished grief and pain;
4. Face to face! O bliss - ful mo - ment! Face to face—to see and know;



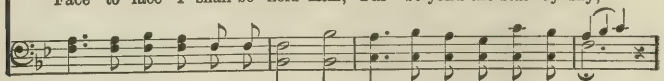
When with rap - ture I be - hold Him, Je - sus Christ who died for me.
 But a bless - ed day is com - ing, When His glo - ry shall be seen.
 When the crook - ed ways are straightened, And the dark things shall be plain.
 Face to face with my Re - deem - er, Je - sus Christ who loves me so.



CHORUS



Face to face I shall be - hold Him, Far be - yond the star - ry sky;



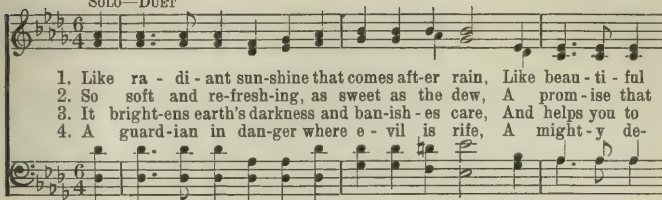
Face to face in all His glo - ry, I shall see Him by and by!



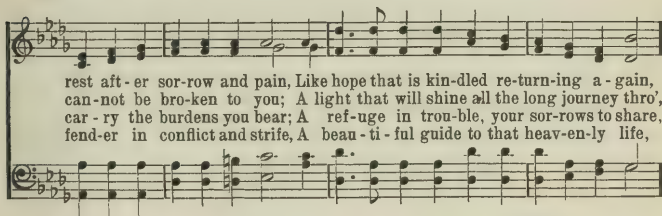
Wonderful Peace of My Savior

Rev. ALFRED BARRATT
SOLO—DUET

I. E. REYNOLDS

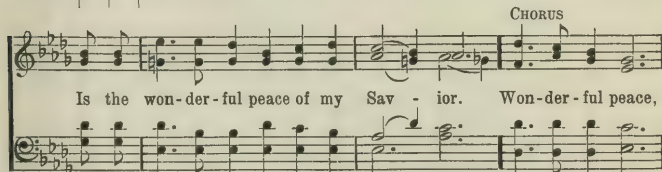


1. Like ra - di - ant sun-shine that comes aft-er rain, Like beau - ti - ful
 2. So soft and re-fresh-ing, as sweet as the dew, A prom-ise that
 3. It bright-ens earth's darkness and ban-ish-es care, And helps you to
 4. A guard-ian in dan-ger where e - vil is rife, A might-y de-

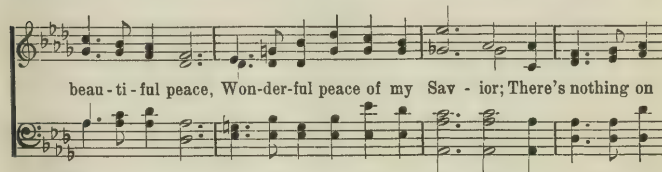


rest aft-er sor-row and pain, Like hope that is kin-dled re-turn-ing a - gain,
 can-not be bro-ken to you; A light that will shine all the long journey thro',
 car - ry the burdens you bear; A ref-uge in trou-ble, your sor-rows to share,
 fend-er in conflict and strife, A beau - ti - ful guide to that heav-en-ly life,

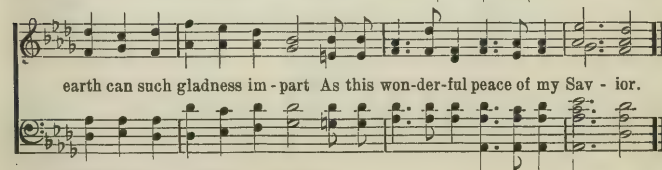
CHORUS



Is the won-der-ful peace of my Sav - ior. Won-der-ful peace,



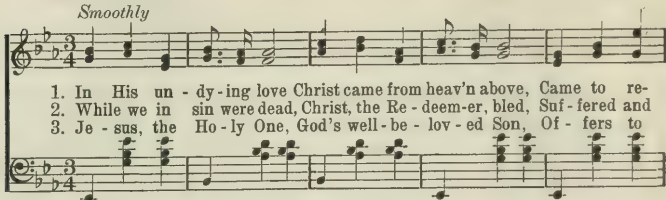
beau - ti - ful peace, Won-der-ful peace of my Sav - ior; There's nothing on



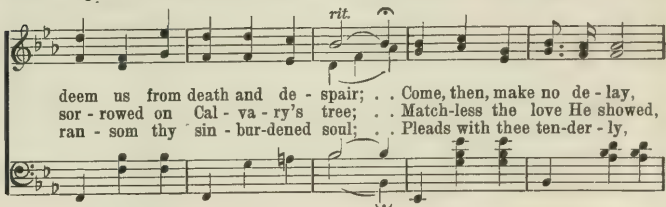
earth can such gladness im - part As this won-der-ful peace of my Sav - ior.

MABEL J. ROSEMON

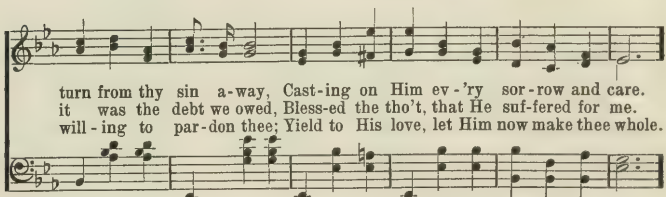
GRANT COLFAX TULLAR

Smoothly


1. In His un - dy - ing love Christ came from heav'n above, Came to re-
 2. While we in sin were dead, Christ, the Re - deem - er, bled, Suf - fered and
 3. Je - sus, the Ho - ly One, God's well - be - lov - ed Son, Of - fers to

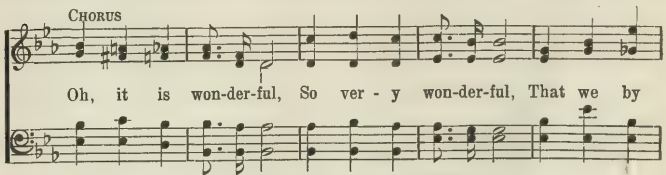


deem us from death and de - spair; . . Come, then, make no de - lay,
 sor - rowed on Cal - va - ry's tree; . . Match - less the love He showed,
 ran - som thy sin - bur - dened soul; . . Pleads with thee ten - der - ly,

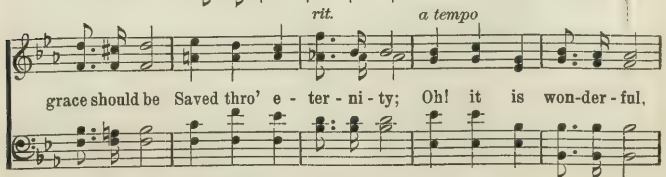


turn from thy sin a - way, Cast - ing on Him ev - 'ry sor - row and care.
 it was the debt we owed, Bless - ed the tho't, that He suf - fered for me.
 will - ing to par - don thee; Yield to His love, let Him now make thee whole.

CHORUS



Oh, it is won - der - ful, So ver - y won - der - ful, That we by



grace should be Saved thro' e - ter - ni - ty; Oh! it is won - der - ful,

Oh! It Is Wonderful

So ver - y won - der - ful, That He should suf - fer On Cal - v'ry for me.

41 I Cannot Drift Beyond Thy Love

JDA L. REED

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

1. I can - not drift be - yond Thy love, Be - yond Thy ten - der care;
 2. I can - not drift be - yond Thy sight, Dear Lord, the tho't is sweet;
 3. I can - not drift a - way from Thee, No mat - ter where I go;

Wher - e'er I stray, still from a - bove Thine eye be - holds me there.
 Thy lov - ing hand will guide a - right My wea - ry, wan - d'ring feet.
 Still Thy dear love doth glad - den me, Thou all my way dost know.

I can - not drift so far a - way But what Thy love di - vine
 When rough and dark my lone - ly way, I shall not be for - got;
 Wher - e'er I jour - ney Thou art there, In wind and wave I hear

Up - on my path, by night and day, In mer - cy sweet doth shine.
 Thro' all life's changeful, shad - owed day Thou wilt for - sake me not.
 Thy voice, in tones of mu - sic rare, And know that Thou art near.

Arr. from NEUMASTER, 1671

JAMES McGRANAHAN

1. Sin - ners Je - sus will re - ceive; Sound this word of grace to all
 2. Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him, for His word is plain;
 3. Now my heart con - demns me not, Pure be - fore the law I stand;
 4. Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;

Who the heav'n - ly path - way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
 He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
 He who cleansed me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de - mand.
 Purged from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I en - ter in.

REFRAIN

Sing it o'er. and o'er a - gain; Christ re -
 Sing it o'er a - gain, Sing it o'er a - gain; Christ re -

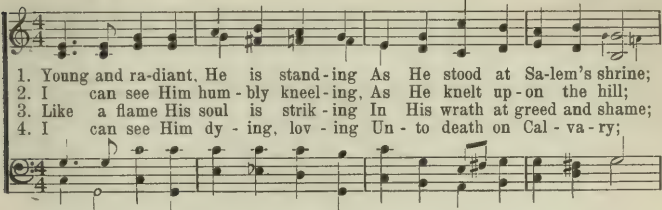
ceiv - - - eth sin - ful men; Make the mes - - - sage
 ceiv - eth sin - ful men, Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men; Make the message plain,

clear and plain: Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
 Make the mes - sage plain:

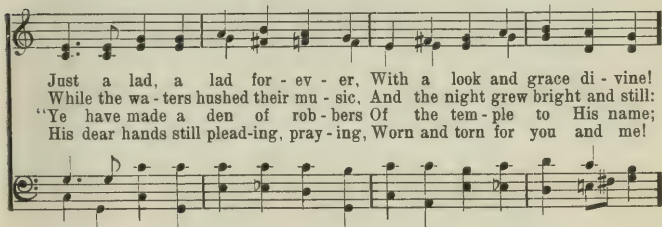
A Psalm of the Son of Man

ALLEN EASTMAN CROSS

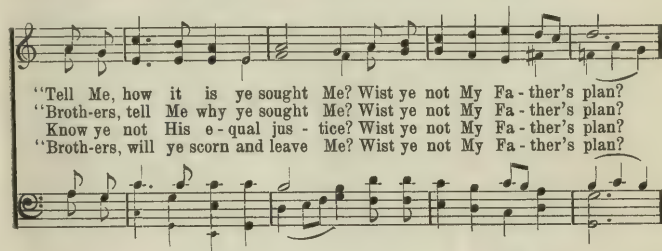
LOUIS ADOLPHE COERNE



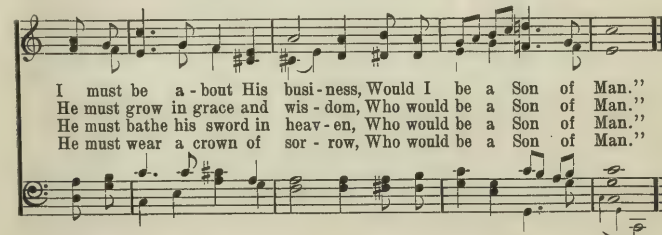
1. Young and ra-diant, He is stand-ing As He stood at Sa-lem's shrine;
 2. I can see Him hum-bly kneel-ing, As He knelt up-on the hill;
 3. Like a flame His soul is strik-ing In His wrath at greed and shame;
 4. I can see Him dy-ing, lov-ing Un-to death on Cal-va-ry;



Just a lad, a lad for-ev-er, With a look and grace di-vine!
 While the wa-ters hushed their mu-sic, And the night grew bright and still:
 "Ye have made a den of rob-bers Of the tem-ple to His name;
 His dear hands still plead-ing, pray-ing, Worn and torn for you and me!



"Tell Me, how it is ye sought Me? Wist ye not My Fa-ther's plan?
 "Broth-ers, tell Me why ye sought Me? Wist ye not My Fa-ther's plan?
 Know ye not His e-equal jus-tice? Wist ye not My Fa-ther's plan?
 "Broth-ers, will ye scorn and leave Me? Wist ye not My Fa-ther's plan?



I must be a-bout His busi-ness, Would I be a Son of Man."
 He must grow in grace and wis-dom, Who would be a Son of Man."
 He must bathe his sword in heav-en, Who would be a Son of Man."
 He must wear a crown of sor-row, Who would be a Son of Man."

FANNY J. CROSBY

CHESTER G. ALLEN

1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Sing, O Earth, His
 2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! For our sins He
 3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Heav'nly por-tals

won-der-ful love pro-claim! Hail Him! hail Him! highest archangels in glo-ry;
 suffered, and bled, and died; He our Rock, our hope of e-ter-nal sal-va-tion,
 loud with ho-san-nas ring! Je-sus, Sav-ior, reigneth for-ev-er and ev-er;

Strength and hon-or give to His ho-ly name! Like a shep-herd, Je-sus will
 Hail Him! hail Him! Je-sus the Cru-ci-fied. Sound His Praises! Je-sus who
 Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is com-ing! o-ver the

REFRAIN

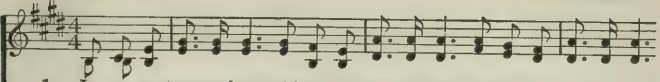
guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long:
 bore our sorrows, Love unbounded, wonderful, deep and strong: Praise Him! praise Him!
 world vic-to-rious, Pow'r and glo-ry un-to the Lord be-long:

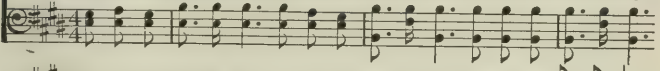
tell of His ex-cel-lent greatness; Praise Him! praise Him! ev-er in joy-ful song!

The King's Business

DR. E. T. CASSEL

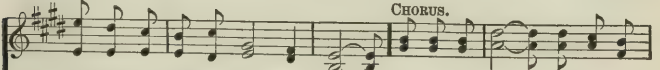
FLORA H. CASSEL

- 
1. I am a stranger here, with-in a foreign land; My home is far a-way,
 2. This is the King's command: that all men, ev'rywhere, Repent and turn a-way
 3. My home is bright-er far than Sharon's ro-sy plain, E-ter-nal life and joy

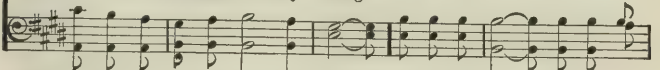


up - on a gold-en strand; Am-bas-sa-dor to be of realms be-yond the sea,
from sin's seductive snare; That all who will o-bey, with Him shall reign for aye,
thro'-out its vast domain; My Sov'reign bids me tell how mortals there may dwell,

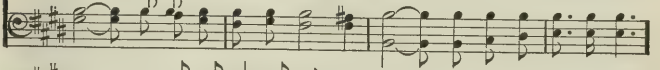
CHORUS.



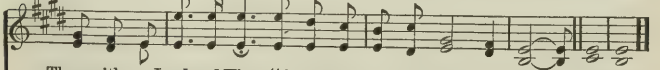
I'm here on business for my King.
And that's my business for my King. This is the mes-sage that I
And that's my business for my King.



bring, A mes-sage an-gels fain would sing: "Oh, be ye rec-on-ciled,"

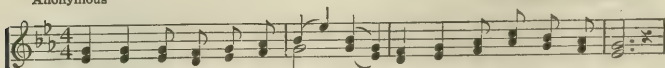


Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye rec-on-ciled to God." A-MEN.

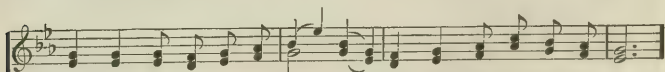
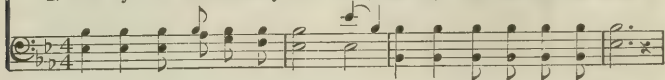


Anonymous

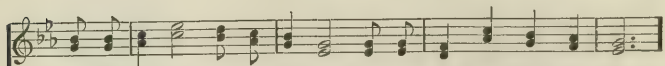
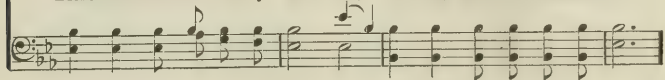
WILLIAM B. BRADBURY



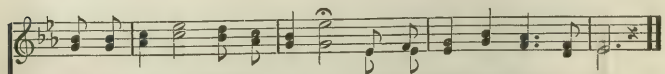
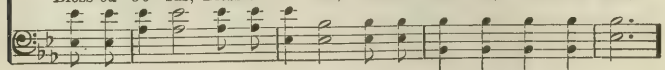
1. Sav - ior, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten - der care;
2. We are Thine; do Thou be - friend us, Be the Guardian of our way;
3. Thou hast promised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin - ful though we be;
4. Ear - ly let us seek Thy fa - vor; Ear - ly let us do Thy will;



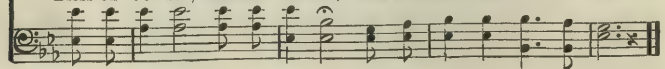
In Thy pleas - ant pas - tures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre - pare:
 Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray:
 Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free:
 Bless - ed Lord and on - ly Sav - ior, With Thy love our bos - oms fill:



Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
 Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Hear Thy chil - dren when they pray;
 Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Ear - ly let us turn to Thee;
 Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still;



Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
 Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Hear Thy chil - dren when they pray.
 Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Ear - ly let us turn to Thee.
 Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still.



Jesus My Lord Is Real to Me

I. E. R.

I. E. REYNOLDS

1. Je - sus my Lord is real to me, Day - time or when the
 2. Je - sus my Lord is real to me, Com - fort - er true in
 3. Je - sus my Lord is real to me, When I am tempt - ed

night-shades fall, Wheth - er on land or storm - y sea -
 sor - row's hour, Shares in my joys, what - e'er they be -
 He is there, Helps me to live, my du - ty see -

CHORUS

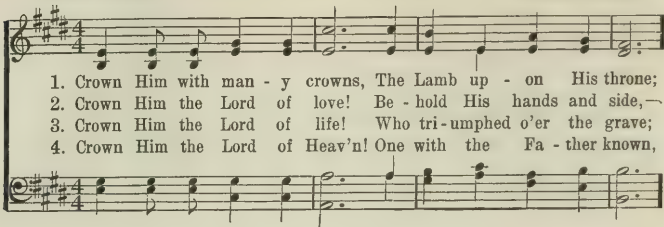
He is my Friend, my All in all.
 He is my Friend, to Him I bow. Je - sus my Lord is
 He is my Friend, His cross I'll bear.

real to me, Con-stant and true, lov - ing is He; Al-ways He's

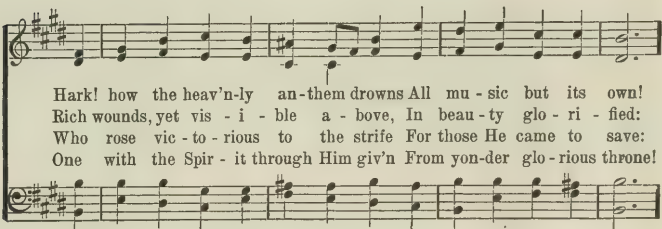
near with words of good cheer, Je - sus my Lord is real to me.

MATTHEW BRIDGES

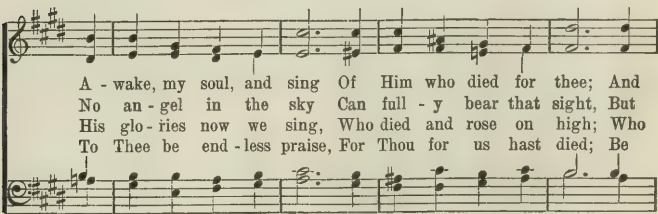
GEORGE J. ELVEY



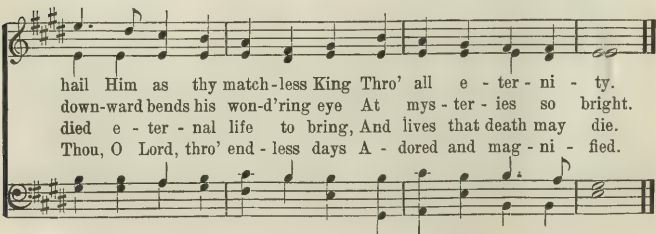
1. Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
 2. Crown Him the Lord of love! Be - hold His hands and side,—
 3. Crown Him the Lord of life! Who tri - umphed o'er the grave;
 4. Crown Him the Lord of Heav'n! One with the Fa - ther known,



Hark! how the heav'n-ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own!
 Rich wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, In beau - ty glo - ri - fied:
 Who rose vic - to - rious to the strife For those He came to save:
 One with the Spir - it through Him giv'n From yon - der glo - rious throne!



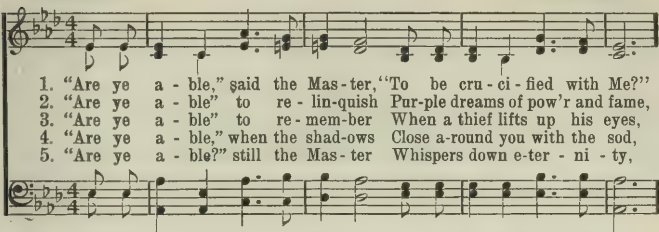
A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee; And
 No an - gel in the sky Can full - y bear that sight, But
 His glo - ries now we sing, Who died and rose on high; Who
 To Thee be end - less praise, For Thou for us hast died; Be



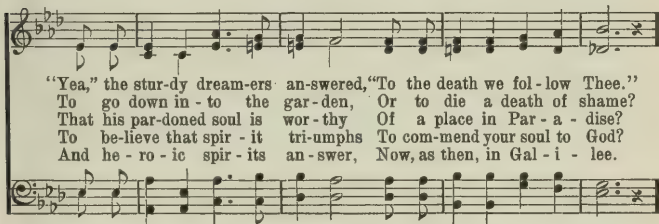
hail Him as thy match-less King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
 down-ward bends his won-d'ring eye At mys - ter - ies so bright.
 died e - ter - nal life to bring, And lives that death may die.
 Thou, O Lord, thro' end - less days A - dored and mag - ni - fied.

EARL MARLATT

HARRY S. MASON



1. "Are ye a - ble," said the Mas - ter, "To be cru - ci - fied with Me?"
 2. "Are ye a - ble" to re - lin - quish Pur - ple dreams of pow'r and fame,
 3. "Are ye a - ble" to re - mem - ber When a thief lifts up his eyes,
 4. "Are ye a - ble," when the shad - ows Close a - round you with the sod,
 5. "Are ye a - ble?" still the Mas - ter Whispers down e - ter - ni - ty,



"Yea," the stur - dy dream - ers an - swered, "To the death we fol - low Thee."
 To go down in - to the gar - den, Or to die a death of shame?
 That his par - doned soul is wor - thy Of a place in Par - a - dise?
 To be - lieve that spir - it tri - umphs To com - mend your soul to God?
 And he - ro - ic spir - its an - swer, Now, as then, in Gal - i - lee.

CHORUS

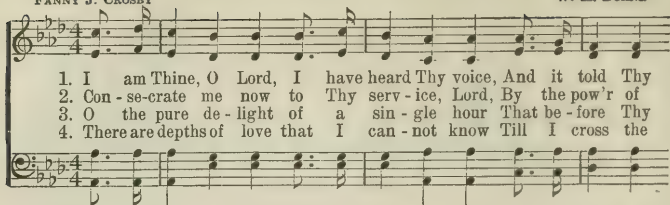


Lord, we are a - ble, Our spir - its are Thine. Re - mould them,
 make us, Like Thee, di - vine. Thy guid - ing ra - diance A -
 bove us shall be A bea - con to God, To faith and loy - al - ty.

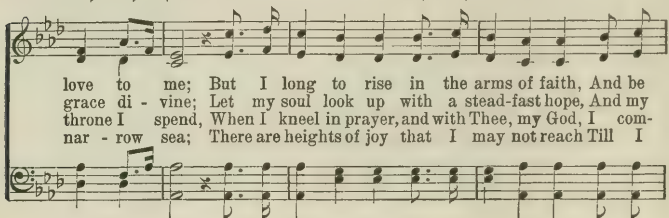
Copyright, 1926, by Earl Marlatt. Used by per.

FANNY J. CROSBY

W. H. DOANE

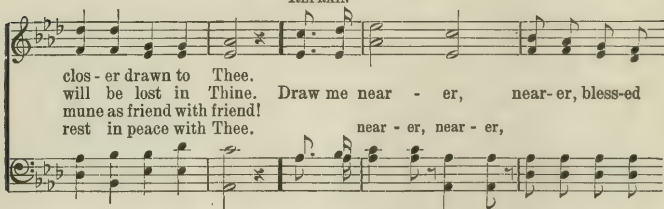


1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
 2. Con - se - crate me now to Thy serv - ice, Lord, By the pow'r of
 3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be - fore Thy
 4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the

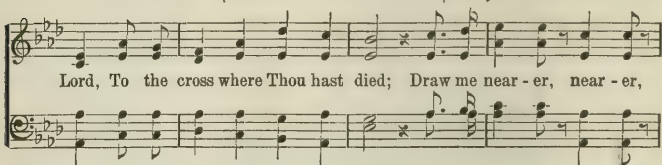


love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be
 grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a stead - fast hope, And my
 throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God, I com -
 nar - row sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I

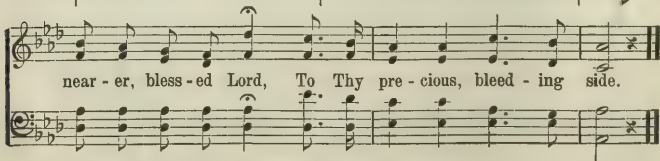
REFRAIN



clos - er drawn to Thee.
 will be lost in Thine. Draw me near - er, near - er, bless - ed
 mune as friend with friend!
 rest in peace with Thee. near - er, near - er,



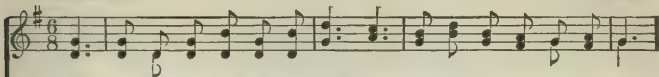
Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me near - er, near - er,



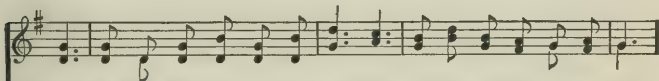
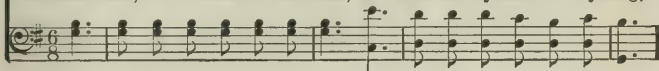
near - er, bless - ed Lord, To Thy pre - cious, bleed - ing side.

JOHN NEWTON

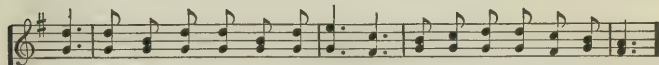
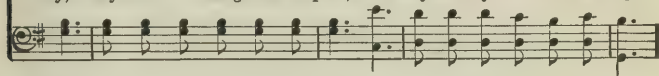
LEWIS EDSON



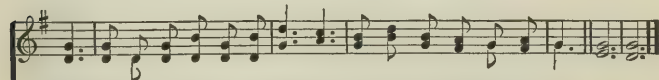
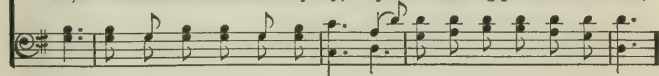
1. How te-dious and taste-less the hours When Je-sus no lon-ger I see!
2. His name yields the rich-est per-fume, And sweet-er than mu-sic His voice;
3. Con-tent with be-hold-ing His face, My all to His pleas-ure re-signed,
4. Dear Lord, if in-deed I am Thine, If Thou art my sun and my song,



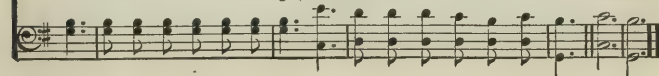
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness for me.
His pres-ence dis-pers-es my gloom, And makes all with-in me re-joice:
No chang-es of sea-son or place Would make an-y change in my mind:
Say, why do I lan-guish and pine, And why are my win-ters so long?



The mid-summer sun shines but dim; The fields strive in vain to look gay;
I should, were He al-ways thus nigh, Have noth-ing to wish or to fear;
While blest with a sense of His love, A pal-ace a toy would ap-pear;
Oh, drive these dark clouds from my sky; Thy soul-cheer-ing pres-ence re-store;

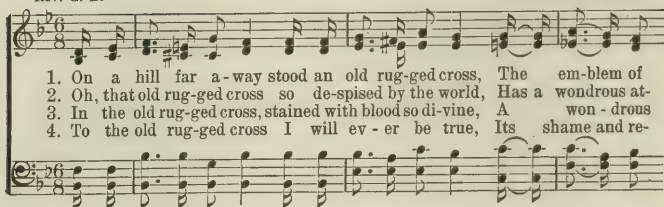


But when I am hap-py in Him, De-cem-ber's as pleas-ant as May.
No mor-tal so hap-py as I; My sum-mer would last all the year.
And prisons would pal-a-ces prove, If Je-sus would dwell with me there.
Or take me un-to Thee on high, Where winter and clouds are no more. A-MEN.

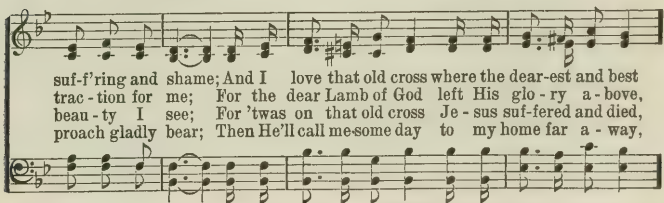


Rev. G. B.

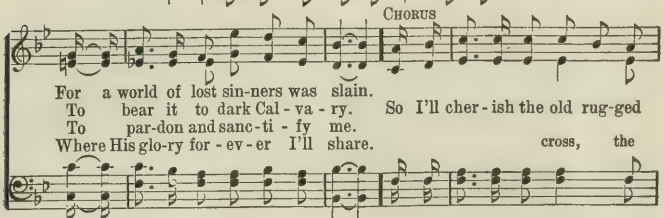
Rev. GEO. BENNARD



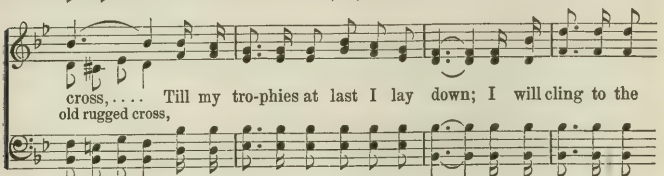
1. On a hill far a-way stood an old rug-ged cross, The em-blem of
 2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross so de-spised by the world, Has a wondrous at-
 3. In the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so di-vine, A won-drous
 4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev-er be true, Its shame and re-



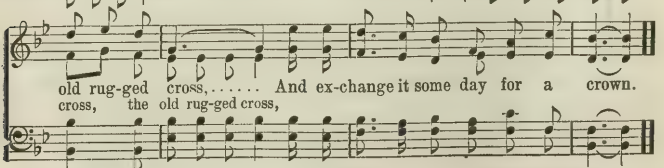
suf-f'ring and shame; And I love that old cross where the dear-est and best
 trac-tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glo-ry a-bove,
 beau-ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je-sus suf-fered and died,
 proach gladly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far a-way,



CHORUS
 For a world of lost sin-ners was slain.
 To bear it to dark Cal-va-ry. So I'll cher-ish the old rug-ged
 To par-don and sanc-ti-fy me.
 Where His glo-ry for-ev-er I'll share. cross, the



cross,.... Till my tro-phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the
 old rugged cross,

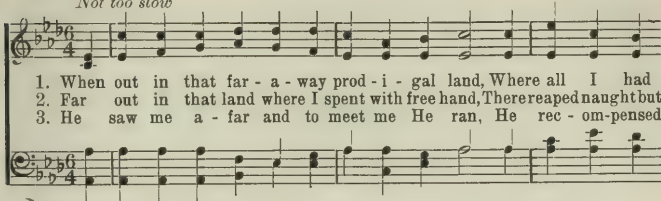


old rug-ged cross,..... And ex-change it some day for a crown.
 cross, the old rug-ged cross,

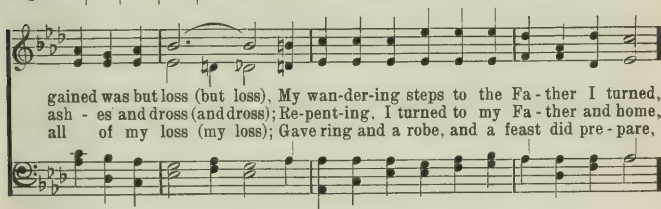
By the Uplifted Cross

JAMES H. THAYER

ERNEST O. SELLERS

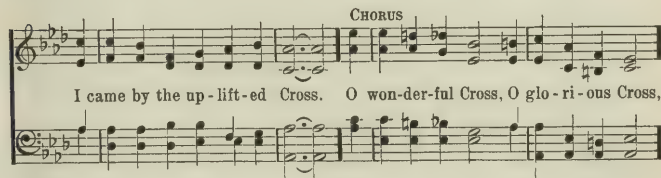
Not too slow


1. When out in that far - a - way prod - i - gal land, Where all I had
 2. Far out in that land where I spent with free hand, There reaped naught but
 3. He saw me a - far and to meet me He ran, He rec - om - pensed

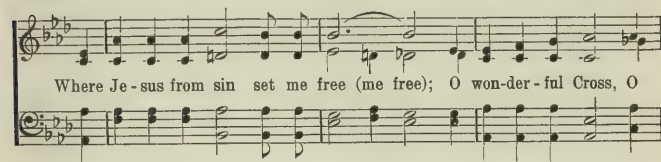


gained was but loss (but loss), My wan - der - ing steps to the Fa - ther I turned,
 ash - es and dross (and dross); Re - pent - ing, I turned to my Fa - ther and home,
 all of my loss (my loss); Gave ring and a robe, and a feast did pre - pare,

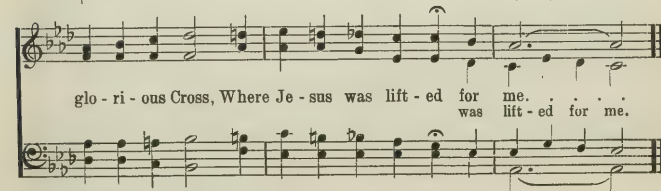
CHORUS



I came by the up - lift - ed Cross. O won - der - ful Cross, O glo - ri - ous Cross,



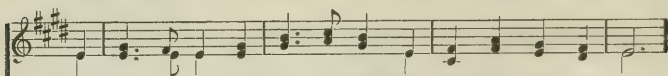
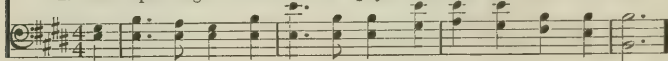
Where Je - sus from sin set me free (me free); O won - der - ful Cross, O



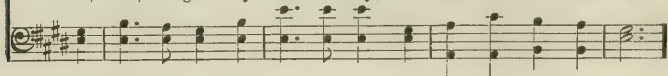
glo - ri - ous Cross, Where Je - sus was lift - ed for me. for me.
 was lift - ed for me.



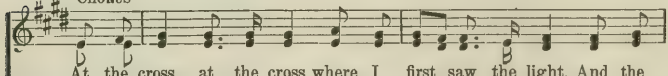
1. A - las, and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov'-reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:



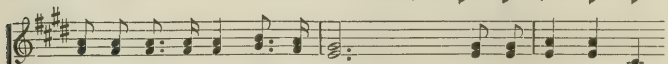
Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree!
 When Christ, the might-y Mak - er, died For man the crea-ture's sin.
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!



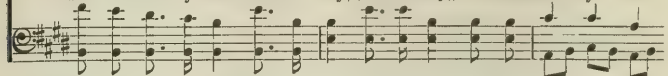
CHORUS



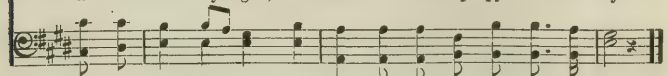
At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light, And the



bur - den of my heart rolled a - way, (rolled a-way,) It was there by faith



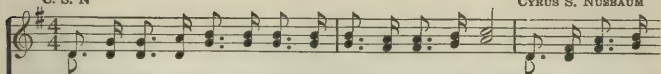
I re - ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day!



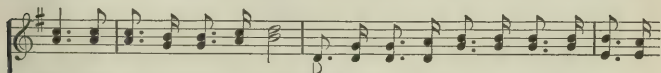
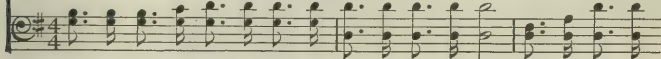
His Way With Thee

C. S. N

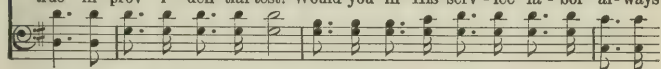
CYRUS S. NUSBAUM



1. Would you live for Je - sus, and be al - ways pure and good? Would you walk with
2. Would you have Him make you free, and fol - low at His call? Would you know the
3. Would you in His king - dom find a place of con - stant rest? Would you prove Him



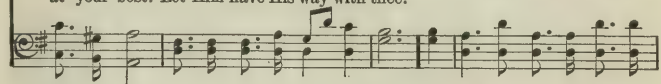
Him with - in the nar - row road? Would you have Him bear your burden, car - ry
peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that you need
true in prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in His serv - ice la - bor al - ways



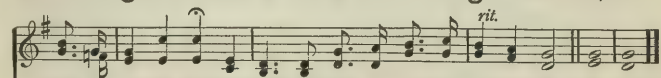
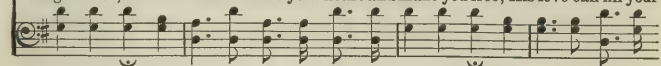
CHORUS.



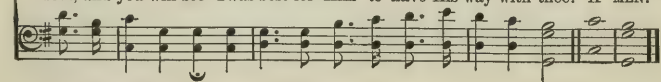
all your load? Let Him have His way with thee.
nev - er fall? Let Him have His way with thee. His pow'r can make you what you
at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.

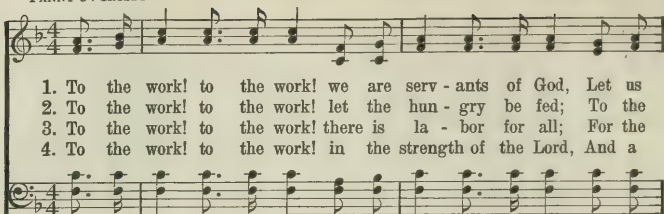


ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can fill your

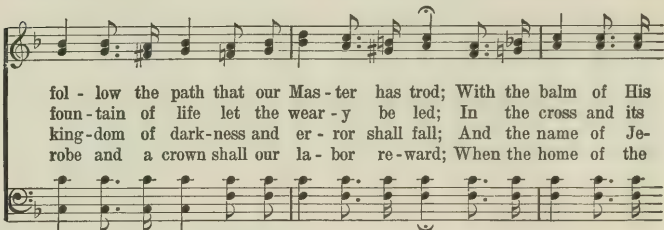


soul, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee. A - MEN.

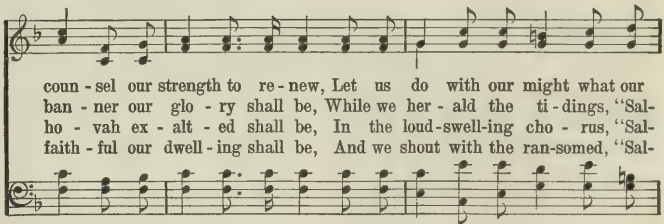




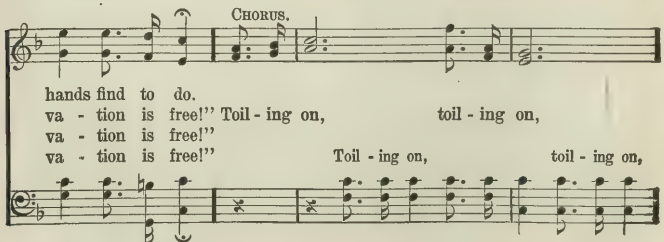
1. To the work! to the work! we are serv - ants of God, Let us
 2. To the work! to the work! let the hun - gry be fed; To the
 3. To the work! to the work! there is la - bor for all; For the
 4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a



fol - low the path that our Mas - ter has trod; With the balm of His
 foun - tain of life let the wear - y be led; In the cross and its
 king - dom of dark - ness and er - ror shall fall; And the name of Je -
 robe and a crown shall our la - bor re - ward; When the home of the



coun - sel our strength to re - new, Let us do with our might what our
 ban - ner our glo - ry shall be, While we her - ald the ti - dings, "Sal -
 ho - vah ex - alt - ed shall be, In the loud - swell - ing cho - rus, "Sal -
 faith - ful our dwell - ing shall be, And we shout with the ran - somed, "Sal -



CHORUS.
 hands find to do.
 va - tion is free!" Toil - ing on, toil - ing on,
 va - tion is free!"
 va - tion is free!" Toil - ing on, toil - ing on,

To the Work

Let us hope, let us watch, And la-bor till the Mas-ter comes.
And trust, and pray,

57

Must I Go, and Empty-Handed?

C. C. LUTHER

GEORGE C. STEBBINS

1. "Must I go, and emp - ty-hand - ed," Thus my dear Re-deem - er meet?
2. Not at death I shrink nor fal - ter, For my Sav - ior saves me now;
3. O the years in sin - ning wast - ed, Could I but re - call them now,
4. O ye saints, a-rouse, be ear - nest, Up and work while yet 'tis day;

Not one day of serv - ice give Him, Lay no tro - phy at His feet?
But to meet Him emp - ty-hand - ed, Tho't of that now clouds my brow.
I would give them to my Sav - ior, To His will I'd glad - ly bow.
Ere the night of death o'er-take thee, Strive for souls while still you may.

CHORUS

"Must I go, and emp - ty-hand-ed?" Must I meet my Sav - ior so?

Not one soul with which to greet Him: Must I emp - ty-hand - ed go?

My Hope is Built

EDWARD MOTE

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness;
 2. When dark-ness veils His love-ly face, I rest on His un-chang-ing grace;
 3. His oath, His cov-e-nant, His blood, Sup-port me in the whelm-ing flood;
 4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, Oh, may I then in Him be found;

I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.
 In ev-'ry high and storm-y gale, My an-chor holds with-in the veil.
 When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
 Dressed in His right-eous-ness a-lone, Fault-less to stand be-fore the throne.

REFRAIN.

On Christ, the sol-id Rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is

sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand. A-MEN.

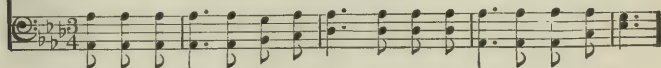
Higher Ground

JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL



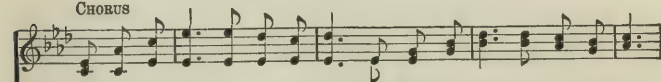
1. I'm press-ing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gain-ing ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;



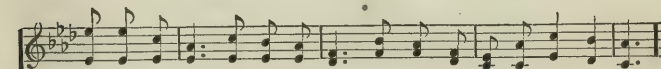
Still pray-ing as I on-ward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."
 Tho' some may dwell where these a-bound, My prayer, my aim, is high-er ground.
 For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.
 But still I'll pray till Heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground."



CHORUS



Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on Heav-en's ta-ble-land,



A high-er plane than I have found; Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground.



FANNY J. CROSBY
Allegretto

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

1. A won - der - ful Sav - ior is Je - sus my Lord, A won - der - ful
 2. A won - der - ful Sav - ior is Je - sus my Lord, He tak - eth my
 3. With num - ber - less bless - ings each mo - ment He crowns, And filled with His
 4. When clothed in His brightness, transport - ed I rise To meet Him in

Sav - ior to me, He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where
 bur - den a - way, He hold - eth me up, and I shall not be moved, He
 full - ness di - vine, I sing in my rap - ture, oh, glo - ry to God For
 clouds of the sky, His per - fect sal - va - tion, His won - der - ful love, I'll

CHORUS

riv - ers of pleas - ure I see.
 giv - eth me strength as my day. He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock
 such a Re - deem - er as mine!
 shout with the mil - lions on high.

That shadows a dry, thirst - y land; He hid - eth my life in the depths of His love,

And cov - ers me there with His hand, And cov - ers me there with His hand.

Saved, Saved!

J. P. S.

J. P. SCHOLFIELD

1. I've found a friend who is all to me,... His
 2. He saves me from ev-'ry sin and harm,. Se-
 3. When poor and need-y and all a-lone,... In

love is ev-er true;..... I love to tell how He
 cures my soul each day;..... I'm lean-ing strong on His
 love He said to me,..... "Come un-to me and I'll

lift-ed me... And what His grace can do for you...
 might-y arm;.. I know He'll guide me all the way...
 lead you home, To live with me e-ter-nal-ly,...

CHORUS.

Saved by His pow'r di-vine, Saved to new life sub-lime!
 Saved by His pow'r, Saved to new life,

rit.
 Life now is sweet and my joy is com-plete, For I'm Saved, saved, saved!

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY

THOMAS HASTINGS

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
 2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan - guor know,
 3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,
 Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,
 These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone:
 When I rise to worlds un - known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,
 Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and inake me pure.
 In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul

*Martyn tune*SIMEON B. MARSH
FINE.

1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly, }
 { While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high! }
 D.C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.
 Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

Jesus, Lover of My Soul

CHARLES WESLEY

Refuge tune

JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find:
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me:
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make me, keep me pure with - in.

Hide me, O my Sav-ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un-right-eous-ness;
Thou of life the foun-tain art, Free-ly let me take of Thee;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.
 Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
 False, and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
 Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

JOHN KEBLE

PETER RITTER

1. Sun of my soul! Thou Sav-ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
 2. When the soft dew of kind-ly sleep My wear-y eye-lids gen-tly steep,
 3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can-not live;
 4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take;

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!
 Be my last tho't-ho-sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast!
 A-bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
 A-bide with me till in Thy love I lose my-self in Heav'n a-bove.

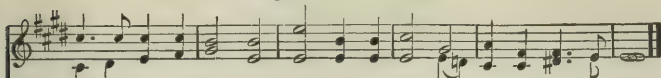
REGINALD HEBER

Rev. JOHN B. DYKES

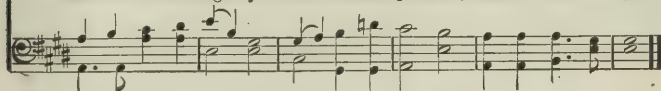
1. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the
 2. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! All the saints a-dore Thee, Cast-ing down their
 3. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! Tho' the dark-ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
 4. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! All Thy works shall

morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly!
 gold-en crowns a-round the glass-y sea; Cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim
 sin-ful man Thy glo-ry may not see, On-ly Thou art ho-ly;
 praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly!

Holy, Holy, Holy



Mer-ci-ful and Might-y! God in Three per-sons, bless-ed Trin-i-ty!
 fall-ing down be-fore Thee, Who wert, and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
 there is none be-side Thee Per-fect in pow'r, in love, and pu-ri-ty.
 Mer-ci-ful and Might-y! God in Three per-sons, bless-ed Trin-i-ty!

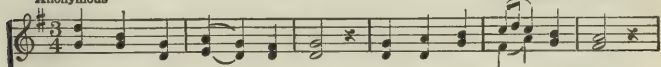


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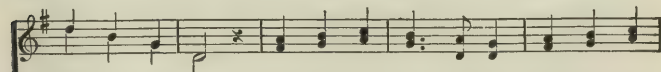
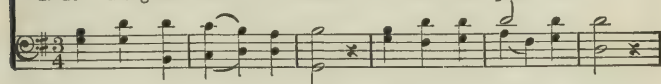
Come, Thou Almighty King

Anonymous

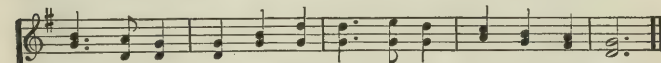
FELICE DE GIARDINI



1. Come, Thou Al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
 2. Come, Thou In-car-nate Word, Gird on Thy might-y sword,
 3. Come, Ho-ly Com-fort-er, Thy sa-cred wit-ness bear
 4. To the great One in Three E-ter-nal prais-es be



Help us to praise: Fa-ther, all-glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-
 Our prayer at-tend: Come, and Thy peo-ple bless, And give Thy
 In this glad hour: Thou who al-might-y art, Now rule in
 Hence ev-er-more. His sov'-reign maj-es-ty May we in



to-ri-ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, An-cient of Days.
 word suc-cess: Spir-it of ho-li-ness, On us de-scend.
 ev-'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir-it of pow'r.
 glo-ry see, And to e-ter-ni-ty Love and a-dore.

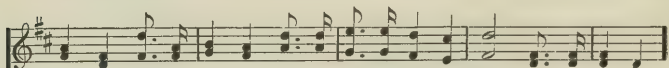


WILLIAM WILLIAMS

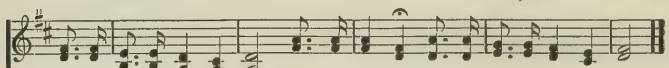
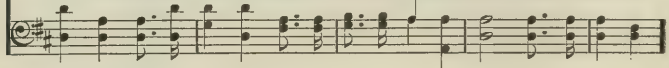
THOMAS HASTINGS



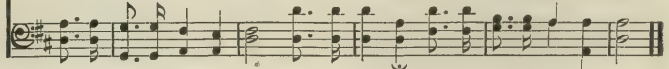
1. Guide me, O Thou great Je-ho - vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar-ren land; I am
2. O - pen now the crys-tal foun-tain Whence the healing waters flow; Let the
3. When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid my anx-ious fears sub-side; Bear me



weak, but Thou art might-y, Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand; Bread of heav-en,
fi - ery, cloud-y pil - lar Lead me all my jour-ney thro'; Strong De-liv'-rer,
thro' the swell-ing cur-rent, Land me safe on Ca-naan's side: Songs of prais-es



Feed me till I want no more; Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more.
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield; Strong De-liv'-rer, Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.
I will ev - er give to Thee; Songs of prais-es I will ev - er give to Thee.



ISAAC WATTS

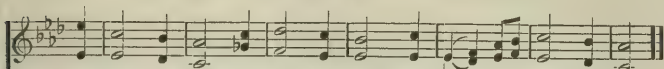
HUGH WILSON



1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov-'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;



Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed



Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
A-maz-ing pit-y! grace un-known! And love be-yond de-gree!
When Christ, the might-y Mak-er, died For man the crea-ture's sin.
Here, Lord, I give my-self to Thee,—'Tis all that I can do.

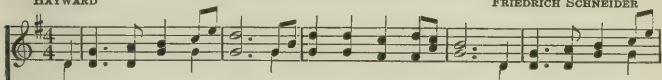


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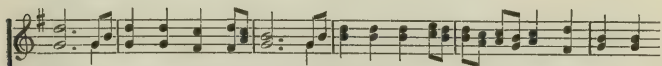
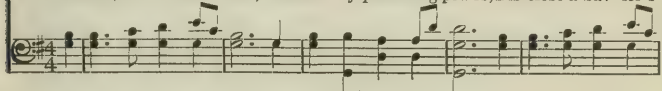
Welcome, Delightful Morn

HAYWARD

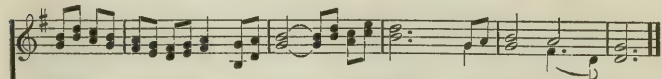
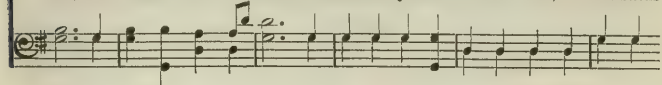
FRIEDRICH SCHNEIDER



1. Wel-come, de-light-ful morn, Thou day of sa-cred rest! I hail thy kind re-
2. Now may the King de-scend, And fill His throne with grace; Thy scepter, Lord, ex-
3. De-scend, ce-les-tial Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs; Dis-close a Sav-ior's

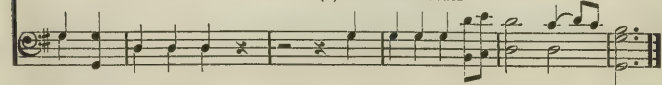


turn; Lord, make these moments blest: From the low train of mor-tal toys, I soar to
tend; While saints address Thy face: Let sinners feel Thy quick'ning word, And learn to
love, And bless the sa-cred hours: Then shall my soul new life obtain, Nor Sabbaths



reach im-mor-tal joys, I soar to reach im-mor-tal joys.
know and fear the Lord, And learn to know and fear the Lord.
be en-joyed in vain, Nor Sab-baths be en-joyed in vain.

(1) I soar to reach



Leave It There

C. ALBERT TINDLEY

Arr. by CHAS. A. TINDLEY, JR.

Moderato

1. If the world from you with-hold of its sil-ver and its gold, And you
2. If your bod-y suf-fers pain and your health you can't re-gain, And your
3. When your en-e-mies as-sail and your heart be-gins to fail, Don't for-
4. When your youthful days are gone and old age is steal-ing on, And your

have to get a-long with mea-ger fare, Just re-mem-ber, in His word, how He
soul is al-most sink-ing in de-spair, Je-sus knows the pain you feel, He can
get that God in heav-en answers prayer; He will make a way for you and will
bod-y bends beneath the weight of care; He will nev-er leave you then, He'll go

feeds the lit-tle bird; Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there.
save and He can heal; Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there.
lead you safe-ly thro'; Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there.
with you to the end; Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there.

CHORUS

Leave it there, . . . leave it there, . . . Take your bur-den to the
Leave it there, leave it there,

Lord and leave it there; . . . If you trust and nev-er doubt, He will
leave it there;

Leave It There

sure - ly bring you out; Take your burden to the Lord and leave it there.
leave it there.

72

Nothing But the Blood

R. L.

ROBERT LOWRY

1. What can wash a - way my sin? Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus;
2. For my par - don this I see— Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus;
3. Noth - ing can for sin a - tone— Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus;
4. This is all my hope and peace— Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus;

What can make me whole a - gain? Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.
For my cleans - ing, this my plea— Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.
Naught of good that I have done— Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.
This is all my right - eous - ness— Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.

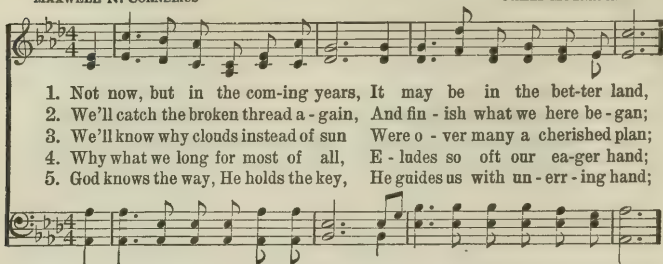
REFRAIN

Oh! pre - cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;

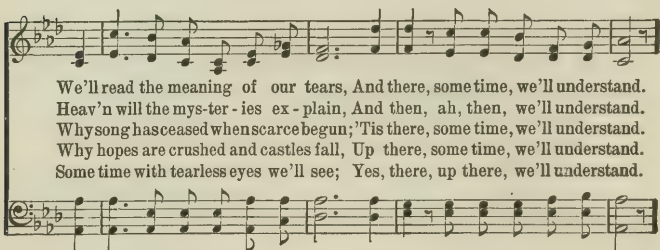
No oth - er fount I know, Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.

MAXWELL N. CORNELIUS

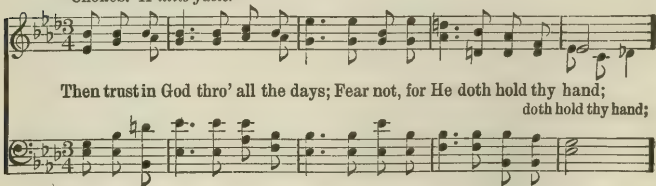
JAMES McGRANAHAN



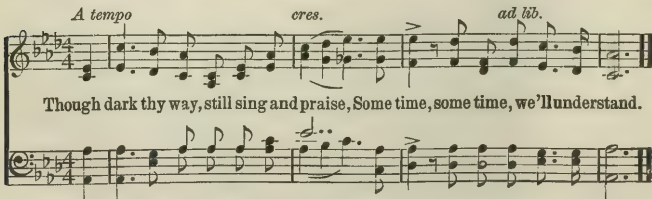
1. Not now, but in the com-ing years, It may be in the bet-ter land,
 2. We'll catch the broken thread a - gain, And fin - ish what we here be - gan;
 3. We'll know why clouds instead of sun Were o - ver many a cherished plan;
 4. Why what we long for most of all, E - ludes so oft our ea - ger hand;
 5. God knows the way, He holds the key, He guides us with un - err - ing hand;



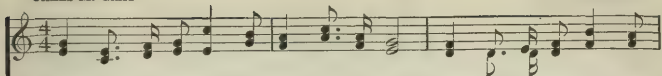
We'll read the meaning of our tears, And there, sometime, we'll understand.
 Heav'n will the mys-ter - ies ex - plain, And then, ah, then, we'll understand.
 Why song has ceased when scarce begun; 'Tis there, some time, we'll understand.
 Why hopes are crushed and castles fall, Up there, some time, we'll understand.
 Some time with tearless eyes we'll see; Yes, there, up there, we'll understand.

CHORUS. *A little faster*


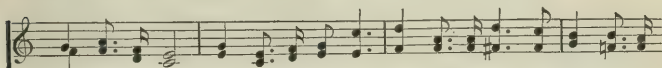
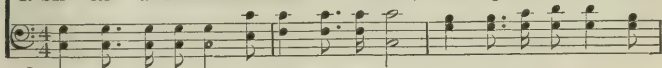
Then trust in God thro' all the days; Fear not, for He doth hold thy hand;
 doth hold thy hand;



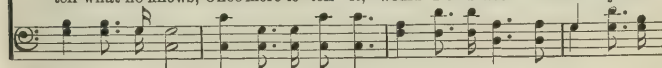
A tempo *cres.* *ad lib.*
 Though dark thy way, still sing and praise, Some time, some time, we'll understand.



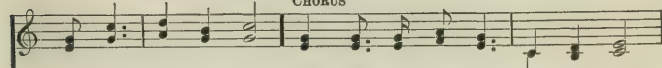
1. Naught have I got-ten but what I re-ceived; Grace hath bestowed it since
 2. Once I was fool-ish, and sin ruled my heart, Caus-ing my foot-steps from
 3. Tears un-a-vail-ing, no mer-it had I; Mer-cy had saved me, or
 4. Suf-fer a sin-ner whose heart o-ver-flows, Lov-ing his Sav-ior to



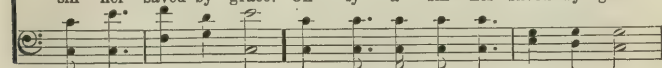
I have be-lieved; Boast-ing ex-clud-ed, pride I a-base; I'm on-ly a
 God to de-part; Je-sus hath found me, hap-py my case; I now am a
 else I must die; Sin had a-larmed me, fearing God's face; But now I'm a
 tell what he knows; Once more to tell it, would I embrace—I'm on-ly a



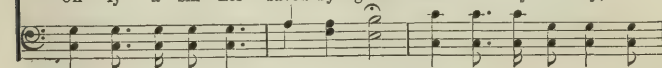
CHORUS



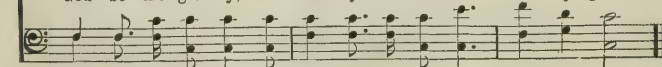
sin-ner saved by grace! On-ly a sin-ner saved by grace!

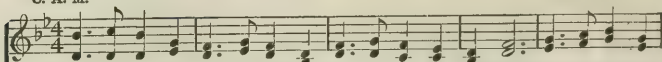


On-ly a sin-ner saved by grace! This is my sto-ry, to

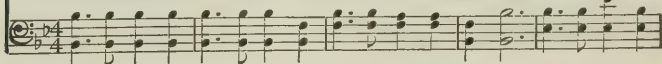
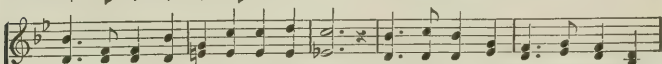


God be the glo-ry,—I'm on-ly a sin-ner saved by grace!

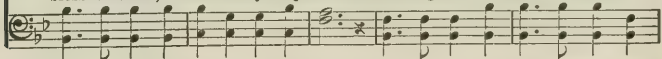
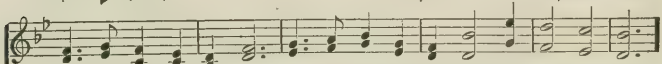




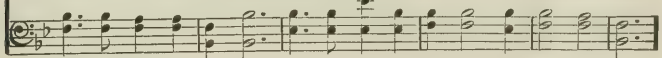
1. Far a-way the noise of strife up-on my ear is fall-ing, Then I know the
 2. Far be-low the storm of doubt up-on the world is beat-ing, Sons of men in
 3. Let the storm-y breez-es blow, their cry can-not a-larm me; I am safe-ly
 4. Viewing here the works of God, I sink in con-tem-pla-tion, Hearing now His


sins of earth be-set on ev-'ry hand: Doubt and fear and things of earth in
 bat-tle long the en-e-my with-stand: Safe am I with-in the cas-tle
 sheltered here, pro-ject-ed by God's hand: Here the sun is al-ways shin-ing,
 bless-ed voice, I see the way He planned: Dwell-ing in the Spir-it, here I

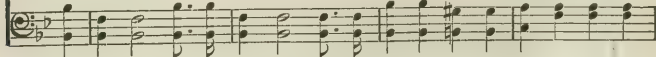
vain to me are call-ing, None of these shall move me from Beau-lah Land.
 of God's word re-treat-ing, Nothing then can reach me—'tis Beau-lah Land.
 here there's naught can harm me, I am safe for-ev-er in Beau-lah Land.
 learn of full sal-va-tion, Glad-ly will I tar-ry in Beau-lah Land.



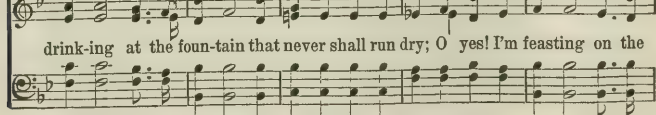
CHORUS



I'm liv-ing on the moun-tain, un-der-neath a cloud-less sky, I'm
 Praise God!



drink-ing at the foun-tain that never shall run dry; O yes! I'm feasting on the



Dwelling in Beulah Land

man-na from a boun-ti - ful sup-ply, For I am dwell-ing in Beu-lah Land.

76

Does Jesus Care?

FRANK E. GRAEFF

J. LINCOLN HALL

1. Does Je - sus care when my heart is pained Too deep-ly for mirth and song;
2. Does Je - sus care when my way is dark With a name-less dread and fear?
3. Does Je - sus care when I've tried and failed To re-sist some temp-ta - tion strong;
4. Does Je - sus care when I've said "good-by" To the dear-est on earth to me,

As the burdens press, and the cares distress, And the way grows wea-ry and long?
 As the daylight fades into deep night shades, Does He care e-nough to be near?
 When for my deep grief I find no re-lief, Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
 And my sad heart aches till it nearly breaks - Is it aught to Him? Does He see?

CHORUS

O yes, He cares; I know He cares, His heart is touched with my grief;

ad lib. When the days are wea-ry, the long nights dreary, I know my Sav-ior *rit.* cares.
 He cares.

From Every Stormy Wind

HUGH STOWELL

THOMAS HASTINGS

1. From ev-'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swell-ing tide of woes, There
 2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads; A
 3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend; Tho'
 4. Ah! whith-er could we flee for aid, When tempted, des-o-late, dis-mayed; Or

is a calm, a sure re-treat: 'Tis found beneath the mer-cy - seat.
 place than all besides more sweet: It is the blood-bo't mer-cy - seat.
 sundered far, by faith they meet Around one common mer-cy - seat.
 how the hosts of hell de-feat, Had suff'ring saints no mer-cy - seat? A - MEN.

Come, Thou Fount

ROBERT ROBINSON

JOHN WYETH

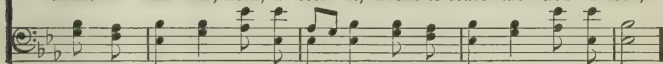
1. Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
 2. Here I raise mine Eb-en-e-zer; Hith-er by Thy help I'm come;
 3. O to grace how great a debt-or Dai-ly I'm constrained to be!

Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.
 And I hope, by Thy good pleas-ure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home.
 Let Thy good-ness, like a fet-ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee:

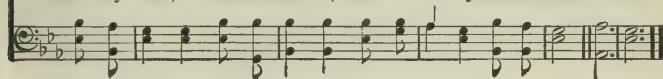
Come, Thou Fount



Teach me some mel - o - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;
Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;



Praise the mount—I'm fixed up-on it—Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.
He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed His precious blood.
Here's my heart, O take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a - bove. A - MEN.

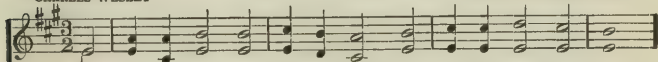


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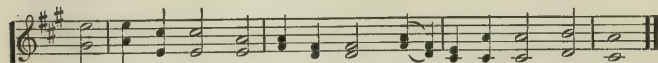
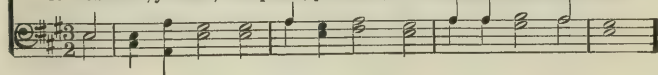
O For a Thousand Tongues

CHARLES WESLEY

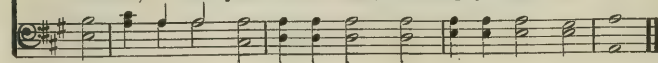
CARL G. GLASER
Arr. by LOWELL MASON



1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing My great Re-deem - er's praise,
2. My gra-cious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim,
3. Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor - rows cease;
4. He breaks the pow'r of can-celled sin, He sets the pris - 'ner free;
5. Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb, Your loosened tongues em - ploy;



The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace.
To spread thro' all the earth a - broad The hon - ors of Thy name.
'Tis mu - sic in the sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
His blood can make the foul - est clean; His blood a - vailed for me.
Ye blind, be - hold your Sav - ior come; And leap, ye lame, for joy.

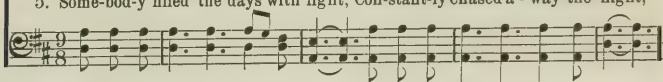


JOHN R. CLEMENTS

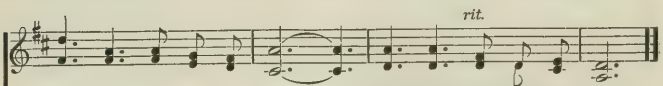
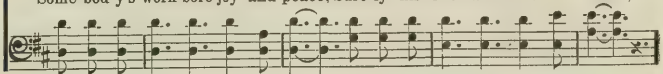
W. S. WEEDEN



1. Some-bod-y did a gold-en deed, Prov-ing him-self a friend in need;
2. Some-bod-y tho't 'tis sweet to live, Will-ing-ly said, "I'm glad to give;"
3. Some-bod-y made a lov-ing gift, Cheer-ful-ly tried a load to lift;
4. Some-bod-y i-dled all the hours, Care-less-ly crushed life's fairest flow'rs;
5. Some-bod-y filled the days with light, Con-stant-ly chased a-way the night;



Some-bod-y sang a cheer-ful song, Bright'ning the sky the whole day long,—
 Some-bod-y fought a val-iant fight, Brave-ly he lived to shield the right,—
 Some-bod-y told the love of Christ, Told how His will was sac-ri-ficed,—
 Some-bod-y made life loss, not gain, Tho't-less-ly seemed to live in vain,—
 Some-bod-y's work bore joy and peace, Sure-ly his life will nev-er cease,—



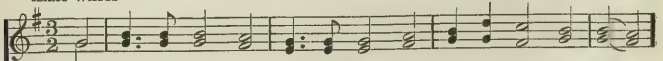
Was that some-bod-y you? . . . Was that some-bod-y you?



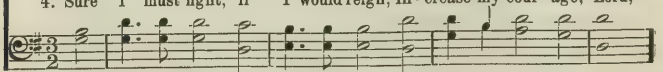
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ISAAC WATTS

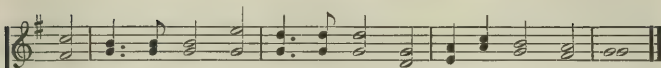
THOMAS A. ARNE



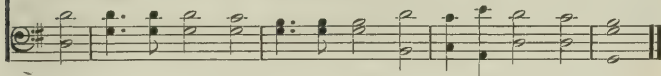
1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-low'r of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In-crease my cour-age, Lord;



Am I a Soldier of the Cross?



And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood-y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.



82

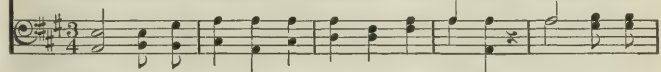
Hail to the Brightness

THOMAS HASTINGS

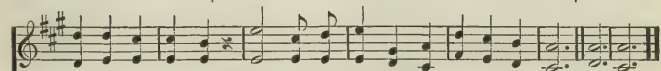
LOWELL MASON



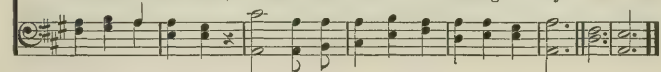
1. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn-ing! Joy to the
2. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn-ing, Long by the
3. Lo, in the des - ert rich flow - ers are spring-ing, Streams ev - er
4. See, from all lands, from the isles of the o - cean, Praise to Je -



lands that in dark-ness have lain! Hushed be the ac - cents of
proph - ets of Is - rael fore - told! Hail to the mil - lions from
co - pious are glid - ing a - long; Loud from the moun - tain-tops
ho - vah as - cend - ing on high; Fall'n are the en - gines of

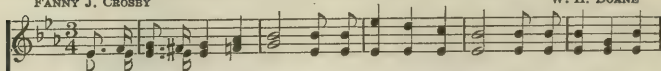


sor-row and mourning, Zi - on in tri-umph be-gins her mild reign.
bondage re-turn - ing! Gen-tiles and Jews the blest vi-sion be - hold.
ech-oes are ring - ing, Wastes rise in ver-dure and min-gle in song.
war and com-mo - tion, Shouts of sal - va - tion are rending the sky. A - MEN.

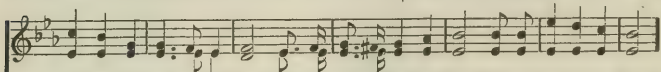
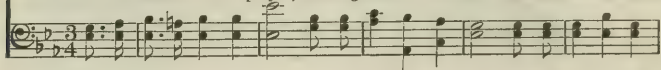


FANNY J. CROSBY

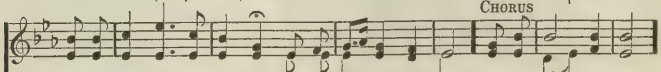
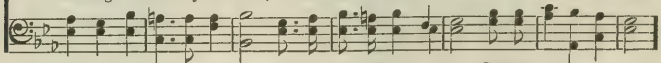
W. H. DOANE



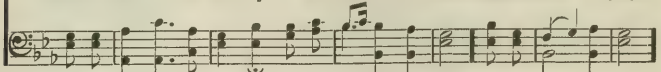
1. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when our hearts low-ly bend, And we gath-er ' to
2. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the Sav-ior draws near, With a ten-der com-
3. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the tempt-ed and tried To the Sav-ior who
4. At the bless-ed hour of prayer, trust-ing Him we be-lieve That the blessings we're



Je - sus, our Savior and Friend; If we come to Him in faith, His pro-tec-tion to share;
pas-sion His chil-dren to hear; When He tells us we may cast at His feet ev-'ry care;
loves them their sorrow con-fide; With a sym-pa-thiz-ing heart He re-moves ev-'ry care;
need-ing we'll sure-ly re-ceive, In the full-ness of this trust we shall lose ev-'ry care;



What a balm for the wea-ry! O how sweet to be there! Bless-ed hour of prayer,

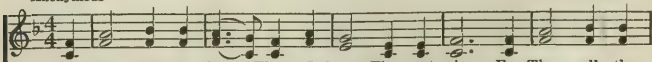


Bless-ed hour of prayer; What a balm for the wea-ry! O how sweet to be there!

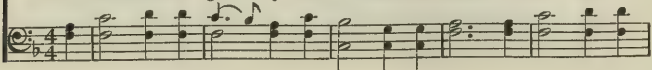


Anonymous

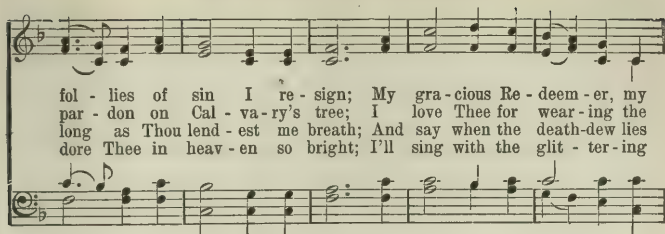
A. J. GORDON



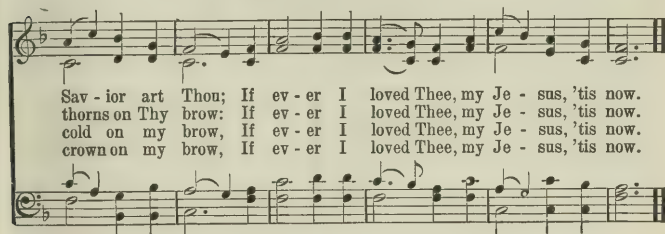
1. My Je - sus, I love Thee. I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And pur-chased my
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee in
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end-less de-light, I'll ev - er a-



My Jesus, I Love Thee



fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing



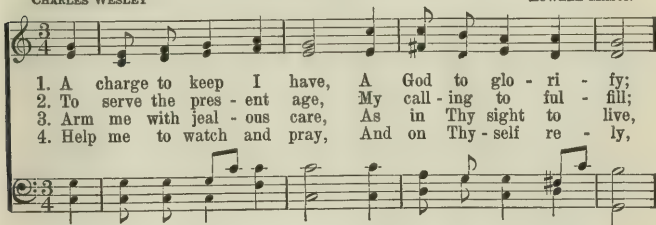
Sav - ior art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow: If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

85

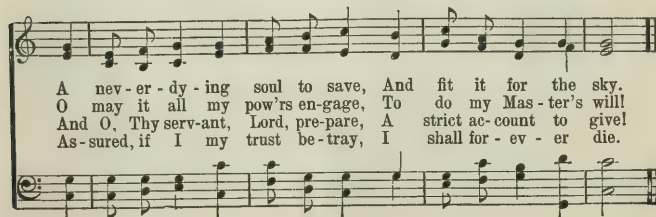
A Charge to Keep

CHARLES WESLEY

LOWELL MASON



1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy;
2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill;
3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in Thy sight to live,
4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy - self re - ly,

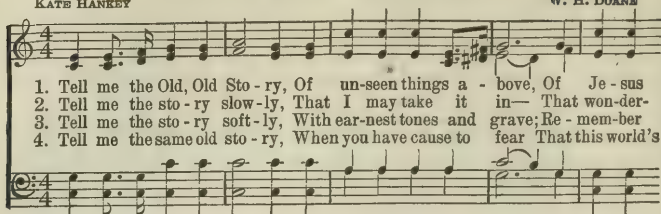


A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
O may it all my pow'rs en - gage, To do my Mas - ter's will!
And O, Thy serv - ant, Lord, pre - pare, A strict ac - count to give!
As - sured, if I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

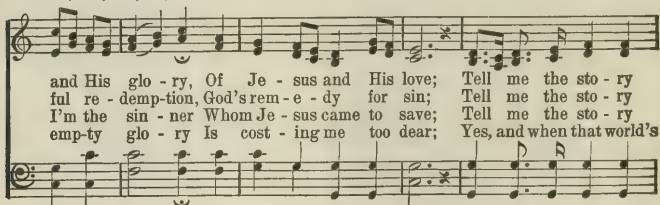
Tell Me the Old, Old Story

KATE HANKEY

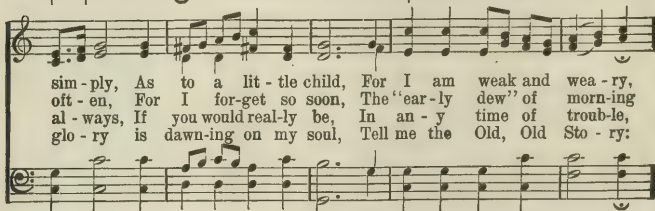
W. H. DOANE



1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in - That won - der -
3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With ear - nest tones and grave; Re - mem - ber
4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That this world's

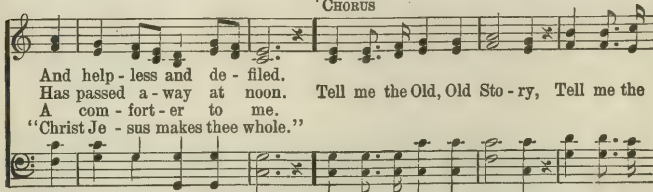


and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love; Tell me the sto - ry
ful re - demp - tion, God's rem - e - dy for sin; Tell me the sto - ry
I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save; Tell me the sto - ry
emp - ty glo - ry is cost - ing me too dear; Yes, and when that world's

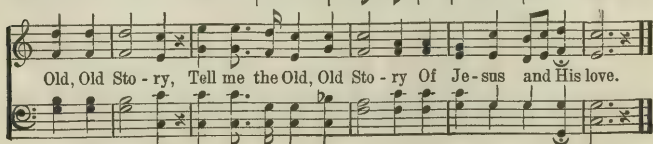


sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry,
oft - en, For I for - get so soon, The "ear - ly dew" of morn - ing
al - ways, If you would real - ly be, In an - y time of troub - le,
glo - ry is dawn - ing on my soul, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry:

CHORUS



And help - less and de - filed.
Has passed a - way at noon. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the
A com - fort - er to me.
"Christ Je - sus makes thee whole."

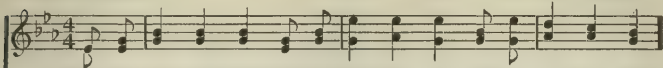


Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

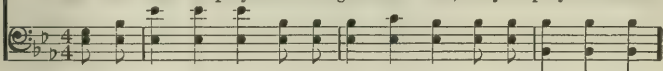
Have You Prayed It Through?

Rev. W. C. POOLE

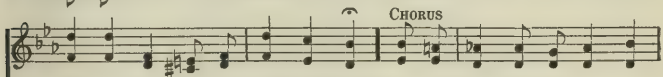
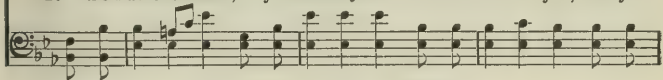
B. D. ACKLEY



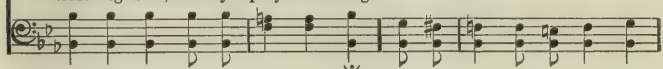
1. Have you prayed all night, Till the break of day, And the morn-ing light
2. Did you pray it through Till the an - swer came? There's a prom-ise true
3. As the Mas - ter prayed In the gar - den lone, Let your prayer be made



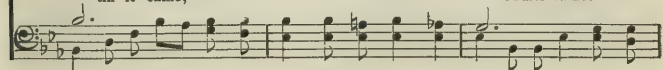
Drove the dark a - way? Did you lin-ger there, Till the morn-ing dew, In pre-
For your faith to claim; At the place of prayer Je - sus waits for you, Did you
To the Father's throne; If you seek His will He will an - swer you; Are you



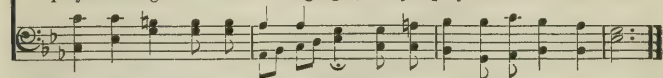
vail - ing prayer - Did you pray it through?
meet Him there, Did you pray it through? Did you pray till the an - swer
trust - ing still, Have you prayed it through?




came, Did you plead in the Sav - ior's name? Have you
till it came, in His name?

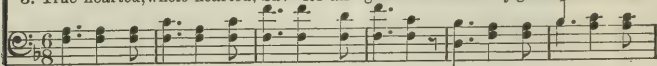



prayed all night till the morn-ing light, Did you pray till the an - swer came?

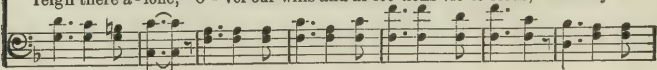




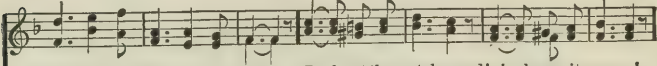
1. True-hearted, whole-hearted, faith-ful and loy-al, King of our lives, by Thy
 2. True-hearted, whole-hearted, full-est al-le-giance Yielding henceforth to our
 3. True-hearted, whole-hearted, Sav-ior all-glo-rious! Take Thy great pow-er and

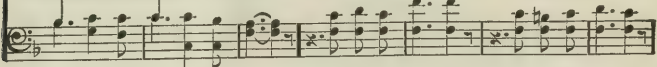
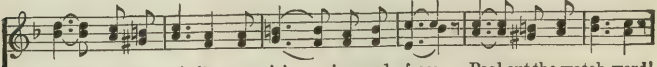
grace we will be; Un-der the standard ex-alt-ed and roy-al, Strong in Thy
 glo-ri-ous King; Val-iant en-deav-or and lov-ing o-be-dience, Free-ly and
 reign there a-lone, O-ver our wills and af-fec-tions vic-to-rious, Free-ly sur-



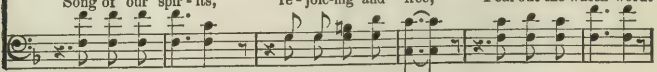
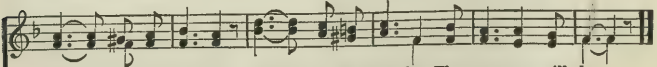
CHORUS



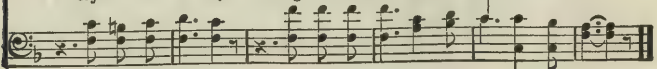
strength we will bat-tle for Thee. Peal out the watch-word! si-lence it nev-er!
 joy-ous-ly now would we bring. Peal out the watch-word! si-lence it nev-er!
 ren-dered and whol-ly Thine own. Peal out the watch-word! si-lence it nev-er!

Song of our spir-its, re-joic-ing and free; Peal out the watch-word!
 Song of our spir-its, re-joic-ing and free; Peal out the watch-word!

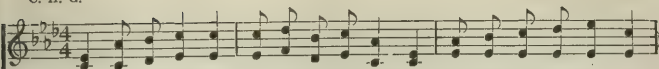
loy-al for-ev-er, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be.
 loy-al for-ev-er, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be.



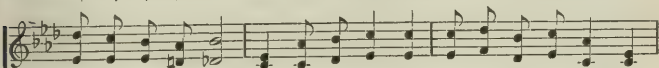
I Will Not Forget Thee

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL



1. Sweet is the promise—"I will not for-get thee," Noth-ing can mo-lest or
2. Trusting the promise—"I will not for-get thee," On-ward will I go with
3. When at the gold-en por-tals I am stand-ing, All my trib-u-la-tions,



turn my soul a-way; E'en tho' the night be dark with-in the val-ley,
songs of joy and love; Tho' earth de-spise me, tho' my friends for-sake me,
all my sor-rows past, How sweet to hear the bless-ed proc-la-ma-tion,

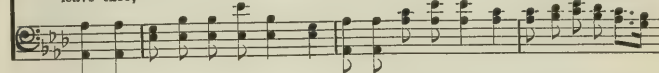


Just be-yond is shin-ing one e-ter-nal day. I . . . will not for-get thee or
I shall be re-mem-bered in my home a-bove.

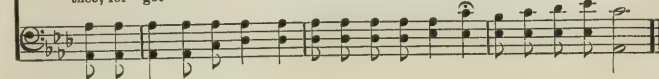
"En-ter, faithful servant, welcome home at last!" I will not forget thee, I will never



leave thee; In My hands I'll hold thee, in My arms I'll fold thee; I will
leave thee; I will not for-get



not for-get thee or leave thee; I am thy Re-deem-er, I will care for thee.
thee, for-get



SAMUEL STENNETT

Arr. by R. M. MCINTOSH

1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
 2. All o'er those wide-ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day;
 3. No chill-ing winds, nor pois-'nous breath, Can reach that health-ful shore;
 4. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest?

To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
 There God the Son for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.
 Sick-ness and sor-row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
 When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bos-om rest?

REFRAIN

I am bound for the prom-ised land, . . . I am bound for the promised land;
 prom-ised land,

O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the prom-ised land.

On Jordan's Stormy Banks

Rev. SAMUEL STENNETT

T. C. O'KANE

1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
 2. O'er all those wide-ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day;
 3. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest?
 4. Filled with de-light, my rap-tured soul Would here no lon-ger stay;

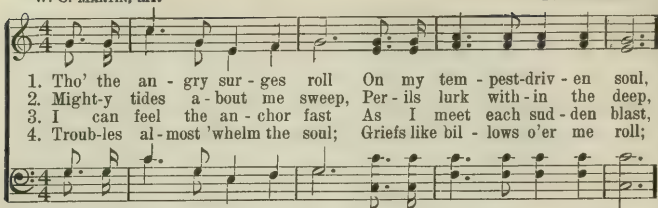
To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
 There God the Son for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.
 When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bos-om rest?
 Tho' Jor-dan's waves a-round me roll, Fear-less I'd launch a-way.

CHORUS

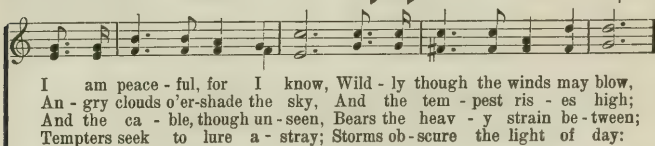
We will rest in the fair and hap-py land, Just a-
 by and by,

cross on the ev-er-green shore, . . . Sing the song of Mo-ses and the
 ev-er-green shore,

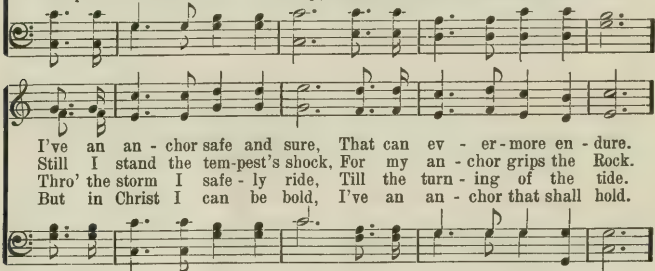
Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je-sus ev-er-more.



1. Tho' the an - gry sur - ges roll On my tem - pest - driv - en soul,
 2. Might-y tides a - bout me sweep, Per - ils lurk with - in the deep,
 3. I can feel the an - chor fast As I meet each sud - den blast,
 4. Troub - les al - most 'whelm the soul; Grievs like bil - lows o'er me roll;

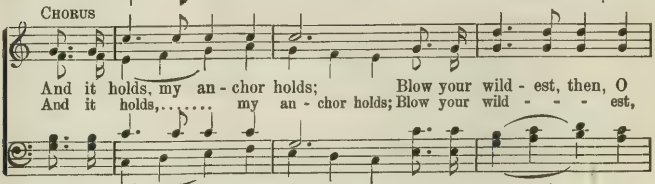


I am peace - ful, for I know, Wild - ly though the winds may blow,
 An - gry clouds o'er-shade the sky, And the tem - pest ris - es high;
 And the ca - ble, though un - seen, Bears the heav - y strain be - tween;
 Tempters seek to lure a - stray; Storms ob - scure the light of day:

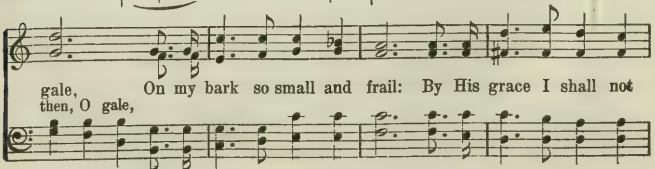


I've an an - chor safe and sure, That can ev - er - more en - dure.
 Still I stand the tem - pest's shock, For my an - chor grips the Rock.
 Thro' the storm I safe - ly ride, Till the turn - ing of the tide.
 But in Christ I can be bold, I've an an - chor that shall hold.

CHORUS



And it holds, my an - chor holds; Blow your wild - est, then, O
 And it holds, my an - chor holds; Blow your wild - - - est,



gale, On my bark so small and frail: By His grace I shall not
 then, O gale,

My Anchor Holds

fail, For my an - chor holds, my an - chor holds.
For my an - chor holds, it firm - ly holds,

93

Sweet Hour of Prayer

W. W. WALFORD

WM. B. BRADBURY

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear,
3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! May I thy con - so - la - tion share,

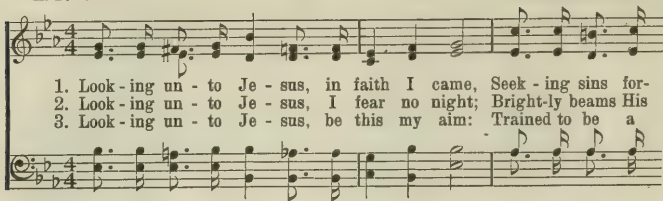
And bids me at my Fa - ther's throne Make all my wants and wish - es known;
To Him whose truth and faith - ful - ness En - gage the wait - ing soul to bless;
Till, from Mount Pisgah's loft - y height, I view my home, and take my flight:

In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be - lieve His word and trust His grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize;

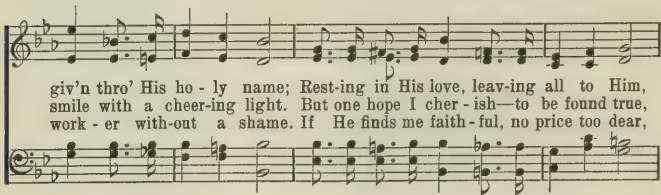
And oft es - caped the tempter's snare By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer.
I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

H. D. L.

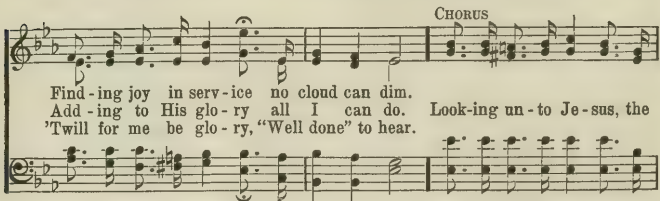
HARRY DIXON LOES



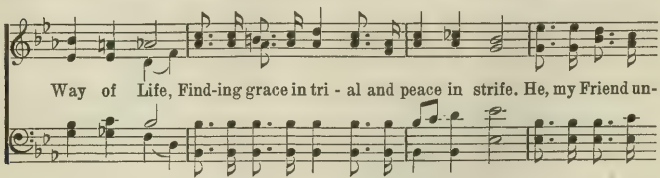
1. Look - ing un - to Je - sus, in faith I came, Seek - ing sins for -
 2. Look - ing un - to Je - sus, I fear no night; Bright - ly beams His
 3. Look - ing un - to Je - sus, be this my aim: Trained to be a



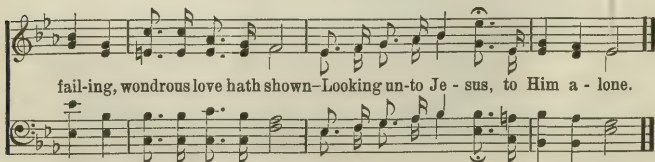
giv'n thro' His ho - ly name; Rest - ing in His love, leav - ing all to Him,
 smile with a cheer - ing light. But one hope I cher - ish—to be found true,
 work - er with - out a shame. If He finds me faith - ful, no price too dear,



CHORUS
 Find - ing joy in serv - ice no cloud can dim.
 Add - ing to His glo - ry all I can do. Look - ing un - to Je - sus, the
 'Twill for me be glo - ry, "Well done" to hear.



Way of Life, Find - ing grace in tri - al and peace in strife. He, my Friend un -



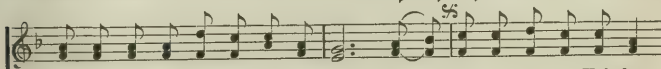
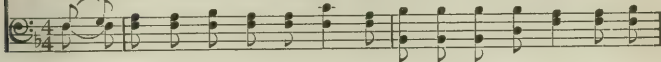
fail - ing, wondrous love hath shown—Looking un - to Je - sus, to Him a - lone.

The Lily of the Valley

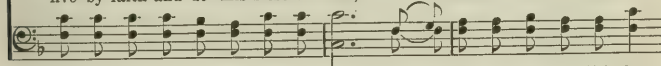
English Melody



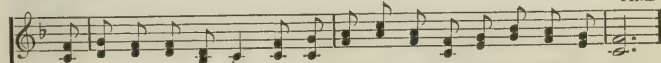
1. I have found a friend in Je - sus, He's ev - 'ry - thing to me, He's the
2. He all my griefs has tak - en, and all my sor - rows borne; In temp -
3. He will nev - er, nev - er leave me, nor yet for - sake me here, While I



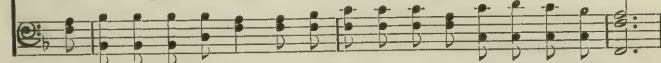
fair - est of ten thou - sand to my soul; The Lil - y of the Val - ley,
 ta - tion He's my strong and mighty tow'r; I have all for Him for - sak - en,
 live by faith and do His bless - ed will; A wall of fire a - bout me,



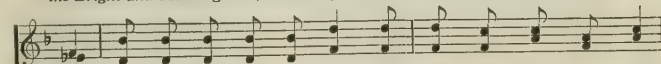
D. S. — Lil - y of the Val - ley,
 FINE.



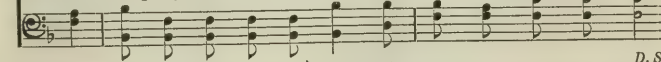
in Him a - lone I see All I need to cleanse and make me ful - ly whole.
 and all my i - dols torn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His pow'r.
 I've noth - ing now to fear, With His man - na He my hun - gry soul shall fill.



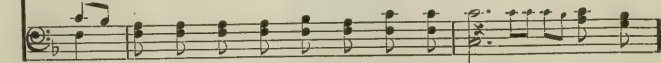
the Bright and Morning Star, He's the fair - est of ten thou - sand to my soul.



In sor - row He's my com - fort, in troub - le He's my stay,
 Though all the world for - sake me, and Sa - tan tempt me sore,
 Then sweep - ing up to glo - ry to see His bless - ed face,



He tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll. He's the
 Through Je - sus I shall safe - ly reach the goal. He's the
 Where riv - ers of de - light shall ev - er roll. He's the



H. G. S.

H. G. SMYTH

1. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Is the love of God
 2. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Are you bur-dened for
 3. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Is it dai-ly
 4. We can-not be chan-nels of bless-ing If our lives are not

flow-ing thro' you? Are you tell-ing the lost of the Sav-ior? Are you
 those that are lost? Have you urged up-on those who are stray-ing, The
 tell-ing for Him? Have you spo-ken the word of sal-va-tion To
 free from all sin; We will bar-ri-ers be and a hin-drance To

CHORUS

read-y His serv-ice to do?
 Sav-ior who died on the cross? Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to-day,
 those who are dy-ing in sin?
 those we are try-ing to win.

Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing, I pray; My life pos-sess-ing,

my serv-ice bless-ing, Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to-day.

Our Best

S. C. KIRK

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR

With dignity

1. Hear ye the Mas-ter's call, "Give Me thy best!" For, be it great or small,
 2. Wait not for men to laud, Heed not their slight; Win-ning the smile of God
 3. Night soon comes on a - pace, Day has-tens by; Workman and work must face

That is His test. Do then the best you can, Not for re - ward, Not for the
 Brings its de-light! Aid - ing the good and true Ne'er goes un-blest, All that we
 Test - ing on high. Oh, may we in that day Find rest, sweet rest, Which God has

CHORUS

praise of man, But for the Lord.
 think or do, Be it the best. Ev - 'ry work for Je - sus will be blest,
 promised those Who do their best.

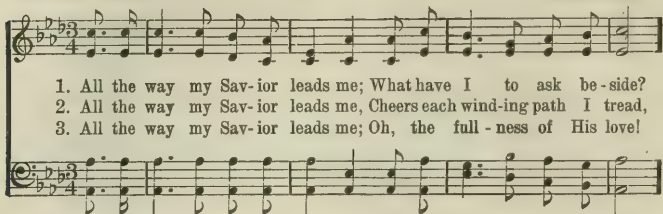
But He asks from ev - 'ry - one his best. Our tal - ents may be few,

These may be small, But un - to Him is due Our best, our all.

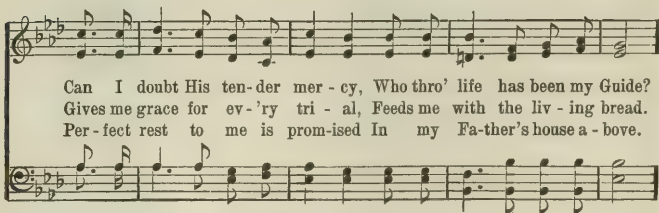
All the Way My Savior Leads Me

FANNY J. CROSBY

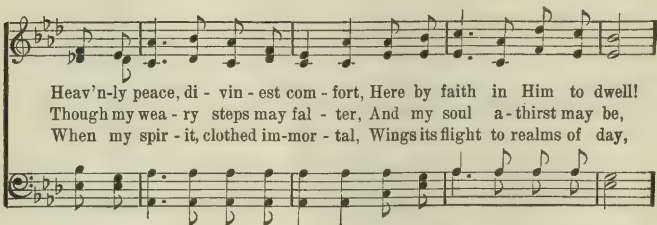
ROBERT LOWRY



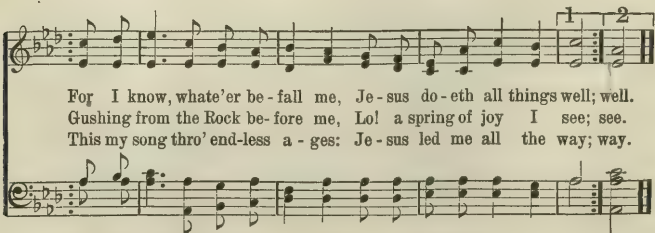
1. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; What have I to ask be-side?
 2. All the way my Sav-ior leads me, Cheers each wind-ing path I tread,
 3. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; Oh, the full-ness of His love!



Can I doubt His ten-der mer-cy, Who thro' life has been my Guide?
 Gives me grace for ev-'ry tri-al, Feeds me with the liv-ing bread.
 Per-fect rest to me is prom-ised In my Fa-ther's house a-bove.



Heav'n-ly peace, di-vin-est com-fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
 Though my wea-ry steps may fal-ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
 When my spir-it, clothed im-mor-tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,

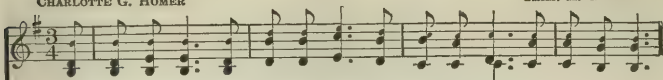


For I know, whate'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well; well.
 Gushing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see; see.
 This my song thro' end-less a-ges: Je-sus led me all the way; way.

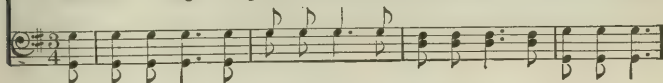
He Lifted Me

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER

CHAS. H. GABRIEL

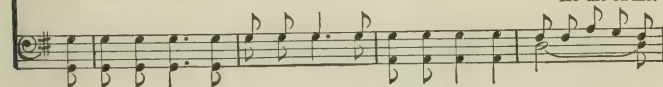


1. In lov-ing-kind-ness Je-sus came My soul in mer-cy to re-claim,
2. He called me long be-fore I heard, Be-fore my sin-ful heart was stirred,
3. His brow was pierced with many a thorn, His hands by cru-el nails were torn,
4. Now on a high-er plane I dwell, And with my soul I know 'tis well;



And from the depths of sin and shame Thro' grace He lift-ed me.
 But when I took Him at His word, For-giv'n He lift-ed me.
 When from my guilt and grief, forlorn, In love He lift-ed me.
 Yet how or why, I can-not tell, He should have lift-ed me.

He lift-ed me.



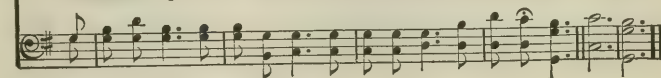
CHORUS.



From sink-ing sand He lift-ed me, With ten-der hand He lift-ed me,



From shades of night to plains of light, O praise His name, He lifted me! A-MEN.



ANNIE L. COGHILL

LOWELL MASON

1. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the dew is
 2. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the sun-ny noon; Fill brightest hours with
 3. Work, for the night is coming, Under the sunset skies; While their bright tints are

sparkling, Work mid springing flow'rs; Work when the day grows brighter, Work in the
 la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon. Give ev-'ry fly - ing min-ute Something to
 glow-ing, Work, for daylight flies. Work till the last beam fad-eth, Fad-eth to

glow - ing sun; Work, for the night is com-ing, When man's work is done.
 keep in store: Work, for the night is com-ing, When man works no more.
 shine no more; Work while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er. A-MEN.

THOS. SHEPHERD

GEO. N. ALLEN

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?—
 2. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free,
 3. Up - on the crys - tal pave - ment, down At Je - sus' pierc - ed feet,
 4. O pre - cious cross! O glo - rious crown! O res - ur - rec - tion day!

Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

No; there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
 And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
 Joy - ful, I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.
 Ye an - gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.

102

Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide

MARCUS M. WELLS

MARCUS M. WELLS

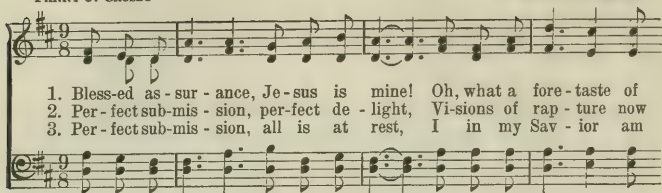
1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Chris - tian's side; }
 { Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land; }
 2. { Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend; }
 { Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop - ing on in dark - ness drear; }
 3. { When our days of toil shall cease, Wait - ing still for sweet re - lease; }
 { Noth - ing left but heav'n and prayer, Wond'ring if our names were there; }

Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice,
 When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
 Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing naught but Je - sus' blood,

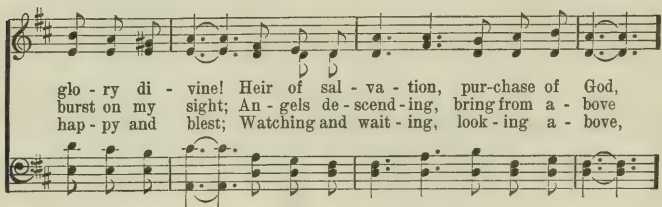
Whis - p'ring soft - ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home."
 Whis - per soft - ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home."
 Whis - per soft - ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home."

FANNY J. CROSBY

Mrs. J. F. KNAFF

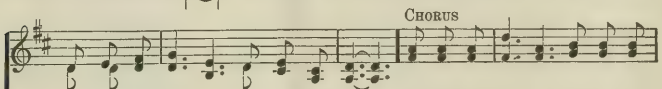


1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vi-sions of rap-ture now
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-ior am

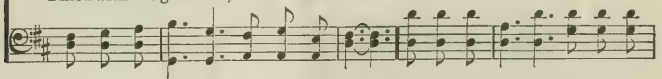
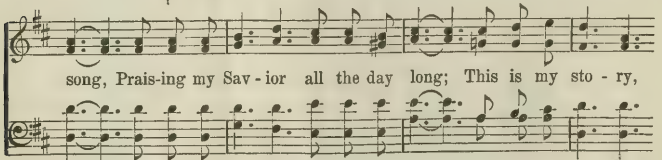


glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of God,
 burst on my sight; An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove
 hap-py and blest; Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove,

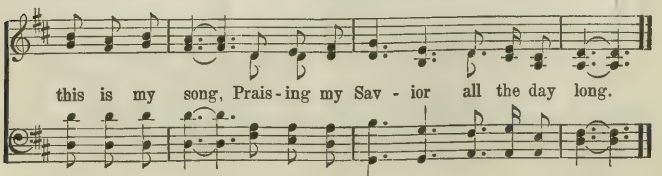
CHORUS



Born of His Spir-it, washed in His blood.
 Ech-oes of mer-cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto-ry, this is my
 Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my sto-ry,



this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long.

Memories of Galilee

ROBERT MORRIS

H. R. PALMER

1. Each coo-ing dove..... and sigh-ing bough..... That makes the
 2. Each flow'-ry glen..... and moss-y dell,..... Where hap-py
 3. And when I read..... the thrill-ing lore..... Of Him who

eye..... so blest to me,..... Has something far..... di-vin-er
 birds..... in song a-gree,..... Thro' sunny morn..... the prais-es
 walked.... up-on the sea,..... I long, oh, how..... I long once

now,..... It bears me back..... to Gal-i-lee.....
 tell..... Of sights and sounds..... in Gal-i-lee.....
 more..... To fol-low Him..... in Gal-i-lee.....

CHORUS

O Gal-i-lee! sweet Gal-i-lee! Where Je-sus loved so much to be;

O Gal-i-lee! blue Gal-i-lee! Come, sing thy song a-gain to me!

J. MONTGOMERY

Alt. Mrs. HUTTON and G. THRING

S. LANE

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me, Lest by base de-
 2. With for-bid-den pleas-ures Would this vain world charm; Or its sor-did
 3. Should Thy mer-cy send me Sor-row, toil, and woe, Or should pain at-
 4. When my last hour com-eth, Fraught with strife and pain, When my dust re-

ni - al I de-part from Thee; When Thou see'st me wa-ver, With a
 treas-ures Spread to work me harm; Bring to my re-mem-brance Sad Geth-
 tend me On my path be-low; Grant that I may nev - er Fail Thy
 turn-eth To the dust a-gain; On Thy truth re-ly - ing, Thro' that

look re-call, Nor for fear or fa-vor Suf-fer me to fall.
 sem-a-ne, Or, in dark-er sem-blance, Cross-crowned Calvary.
 hand to see; Grant that I may ev-er Cast my care on Thee.
 mor-tal strife, Je-sus, take me, dy-ing, To e-ter-nal life.

WILLIAM COWPER

R. SIMPSON

1. O for a clos-er walk with God, A calm and heav'n-ly frame,
 2. Where is the bless-ed-ness I knew When first I saw the Lord?
 3. What peaceful hours I then en-joyed! How sweet their mem'-ry still!
 4. Re-turn, O Ho-ly Dove, re-turn, Sweet mes-sen-ger of rest;

O For a Closer Walk With God

A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
Where is the soul - re - fresh - ing view Of Je - sus and His word?
But they have left an ach - ing void The world can nev - er fill.
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast.

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Lead On, O King Eternal

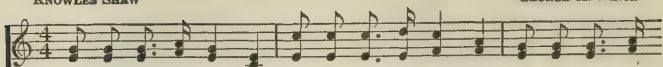
ERNEST W. SHURTLEFF

HENRY SMART

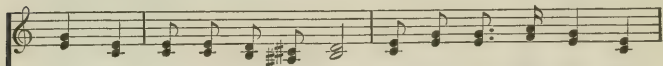
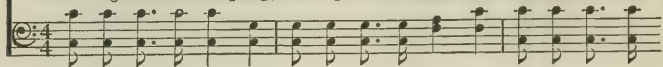
1. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, The day of march has come; Henceforth in fields of
2. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, Tillsin's fierce war shall cease, And holiness shall
3. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, We fol - low, not with fears; For gladness breaks like

con - quest Thy tent shall be our home. Thro' days of pre - pa - ra - tion Thy grace has
whis - pered the sweet A - men of peace; For not with sword and clashing, Nor roll of
morn - ing Where'er Thy face appears; Thy cross is lift - ed o'er us; We jour - ney

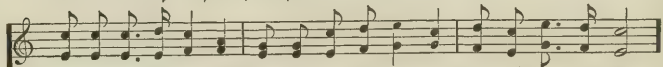
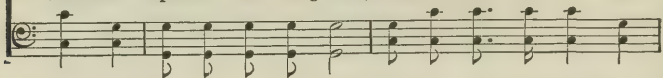
made us strong, And now, O King E - ter - nal, We lift our bat - tle song.
stir - ring drums; With deeds of love and mercy, The heav'nly kingdom comes.
in its light: The crown awaits the conquest; Lead on, O God of might. A - MEN.



1. Sow - ing in the morn - ing, sow - ing seeds of kind - ness, Sow - ing in the
2. Sow - ing in the sun - shine, sow - ing in the shad - ows, Fear - ing nei - ther
3. Go - ing forth with weep - ing, sow - ing for the Mas - ter, Tho' the loss sus -



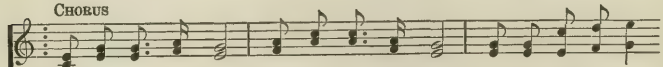
noon - tide and the dew - y eve; Wait - ing for the har - vest,
clouds nor win - ter's chill - ing breeze; By and by the har - vest,
tained our spir - it oft - en grieves; When our weep - ing's o - ver,



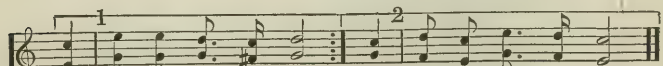
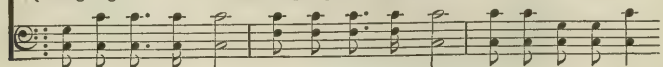
and the time of reap - ing, We shall come re - joic - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves.
and the la - bor end - ed, We shall come re - joic - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves.
He will bid us wel - come, We shall come re - joic - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves.



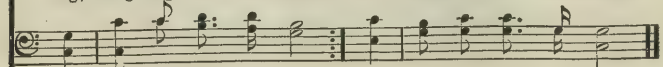
CHORUS



{Bring - ing in the sheaves, bring - ing in the sheaves, We shall come re - joic -
{Bring - ing in the sheaves, bring - ing in the sheaves, We shall come re - joic -



ing, bring - ing in the sheaves; ing, bring - ing in the sheaves.



The Banner of the Cross

D. W. WHITTLE

JAMES McGRANAHAN

1. There's a roy - al ban - ner giv - en for dis - play To the sol - diers
 2. Though the foe may rage and gath - er as the flood, Let the stand - ard
 3. O - ver land and sea, wher - ev - er man may dwell, Make the glo - rious
 4. When the glo - ry dawns—'tis draw - ing ver - y near—It is has - t'ning

of the King; As an en - sign fair we lift it up to - day,
 be dis - played; And be - neath its folds, as sol - diers of the Lord,
 ti - dings known; Of the crim - son ban - ner now the sto - ry tell,
 day by day— Then be - fore our King the foe shall dis - ap - pear,

CHORUS

While as ran - somed ones we sing,
 For the truth be not dis - mayed! March - ing on, . . . march - ing
 While the Lord shall claim His own! on, on,
 And the cross the world shall sway!

on, . . . For Christ count ev - 'ry - thing but loss! . . . And to
 on, on, ev - 'ry - thing, ev - 'ry - thing but loss!

crown Him King, toil and sing 'Neath the ban - ner of the cross!
 we'll Be - neath

1. Gone from my heart the world and all its charm; Gone are my sins and
 2. Once I was lost up - on the plains of sin; Once was a slave to
 3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but

all that would a - larm; Gone ev - er-more, and by His grace I know The
 doubts and fears with-in; Once was a - afraid to trust a lov - ing God, But
 now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To

D. S. — *Be-cause He first loved me, And*

FINE. D. S.

pre-cious blood of Je-sus cleanses white as snow.
 now my guilt is washed a-way in Je-sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
 tell the world the peace that He a-lone can give. A-MEN.

purchased my sal - va - tion on Cal-v'ry's tree.

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
 2. Un - der the shad - ow of Thy throne Still may we dwell se - cure;
 3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her frame,
 4. Time, like an ev - er - roll - ing stream, Bears all its sons a - way;
 5. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come;

O God, Our Help

Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home!
 Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de - fense is sure.
 From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end - less years the same.
 They fly, for - got - ten, as a dream Dies at the ope - ning day.
 Be Thou our guide while life shall last, And our e - ter - nal home.

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Look and Live

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN

1. I've a message from the Lord, Hal-le-lu-jah! The message un-to you I'll give;
2. I've a mes-sage full of love, Hal-le-lu-jah! A mes-sage, O my friend, for you;
3. Life is of-fered un-to you, Hal-le-lu-jah! E - ter - nal life thy soul shall have.
4. I will tell you how I came, Hal-le-lu-jah! To Je-sus when He made me whole:

FINE.

'Tis re-cord-ed in His word, Hal-le-lu-jah! It is on-ly that you "look and live."
 'Tis a mes-sage from a-bove, Hal-le-lu-jah! Jesus said it, and I know 'tis true.
 If you'll on-ly look to Him, Hal-le-lu-jah! Look to Jesus who a-lone can save.
 'Twas believ-ing on His name, Hal-le-lu-jah! I trust-ed and He saved my soul.

D.S.—'Tis re-cord-ed in His word, Hal-le-lu-jah! It is on-ly that you "look and live."

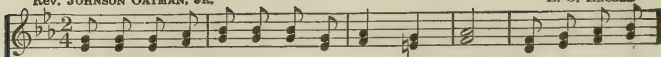
CHORUS

D. S.

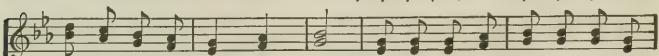
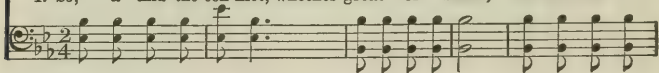
"Look and live," . . . my brother, live, Look to Je - sus now and live;
 "Look and live," my brother, live, "Look and live,"

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

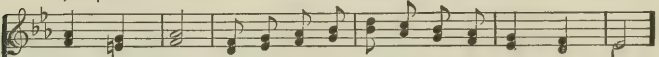
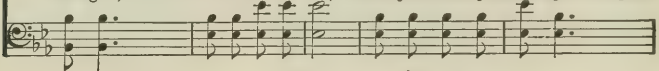
E. O. EXCELL



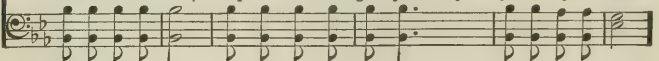
1. When up - on life's bil-lows you are tem - pest - tossed, When you are dis-
2. Are you ev - er bur-dened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth - ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So, a - mid the con-flict, whether great or small, Do not be dis-



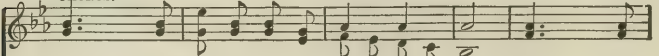
cour-aged, think-ing all is lost, Count your man-y bless-ings, name them
 heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y bless-ings, ev - 'ry
 prom-ised you His wealth un - told; Count your man-y bless-ings, mon-ey
 cour-aged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y bless-ings, an - gels



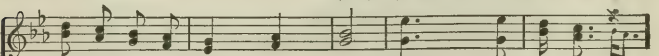
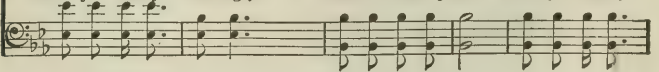
one by one, And it will sur-prise you what the Lord hath done.
 doubt will fly, And you will be sing-ing as the days go by.
 can - not buy Your re-ward in Heav-en, nor your home on high.
 will at - tend, Help and com-fort give you to your jour-ney's end.



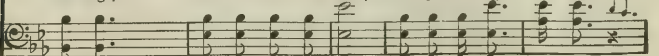
CHORUS.



Count your bless-ings, Name them one by one; Count your
 Count your man-y bless-ings, Name them one by one; Count your man-y



bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your bless-ings,
 bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your man-y bless-ings,



Count Your Blessings

rit. *a tempo*

Name them one by one; Count your man-y bless-ings, See what God hath done.

114 'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus

LOUISA M. R. STEAD

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His Word;
2. O how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleans-ing blood;
3. Yes, 'tissweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, Pre-cious Je - sus, Sav - ior, Friend;

Just to rest up - on His prom-ise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
 Just in sim-ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal-ing, cleans-ing flood!
 Just from Je - sus sim-ply tak-ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.
 And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

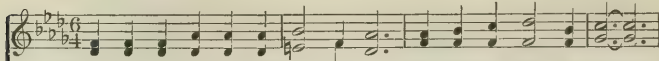
CHORUS

Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him! How I've proved Him o'er and o'er!

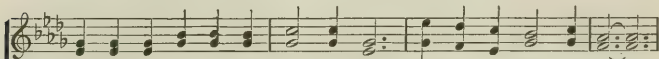
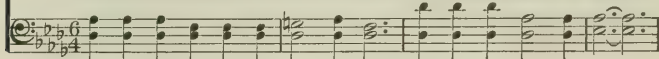
p Je - sus, Je - sus, pre-cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more!

Mrs. C. H. M.

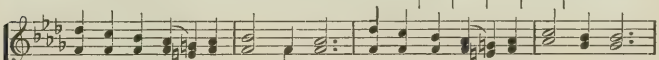
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS



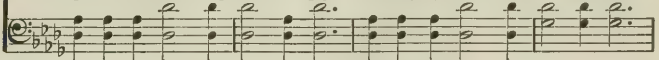
1. Je - sus is com - ing to earth a - gain, What if it were to - day?
 2. Sa - tan's do - min - ion will then be o'er, Oh, that it were to - day!
 3. Faith - ful and true would He find us here If He should come to - day?



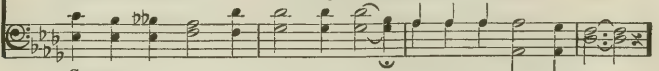
Com - ing in pow - er and love to reign, What if it were to - day?
 Sor - row and sigh - ing shall be no more, Oh, that it were to - day!
 Watching in glad - ness and not in fear, If He should come to - day?



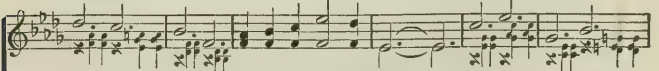
Com - ing to claim His cho - sen Bride, All the re - deemed and pu - ri - fied,
 Then shall the dead in Christ a - rise, Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
 Signs of His com - ing mul - ti - ply, Morning light breaks in east - ern sky,



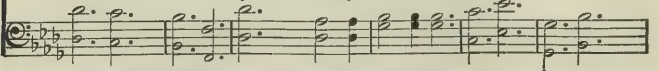
O - ver this whole earth scat - tered wide, What if it were to - day?
 When shall these glo - ries meet our eyes? What if it were to - day?
 Watch, for the time is draw - ing nigh, What if it were to - day?



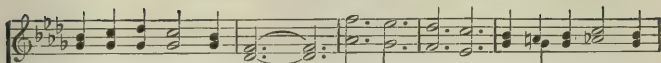
CHORUS



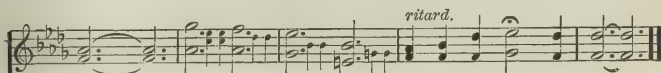
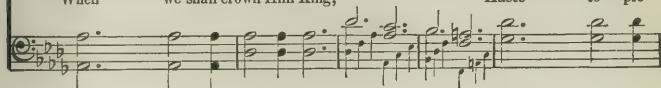
Glo - ry, glo - ry! Joy to my heart'twill bring;... Glo - ry, glo - ry!
 Joy to my heart'twill bring;



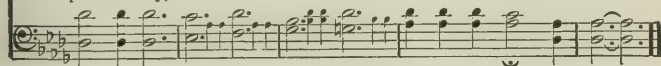
What If It Were To-day?



When we shall crown Him King; . . . Glo - ry, glo - ry! Haste to pre-pare the
When we shall crown Him King; Haste to pre-



way; . . . Glo - ry, glo - ry! Je - sus will come some day.
pare the way;



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The Great Physician

WM. HUNTER

J. H. STOCKTON

FINE



1. { The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus; }
He speaks the droop - ing heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus. }
2. { Your man - y sins are all for - giv'n, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus; }
Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus. }
3. { All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be - lieve in Je - sus; }
I love the bless - ed Sav - ior's name, I love the name of Je - sus. }
4. { And when to that bright world a - bove We rise to be with Je - sus, }
We'll sing a - round the throne of love, His name, the name of Je - sus. }



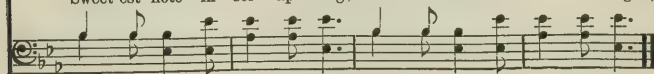
D. S.—Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.

REFRAIN

D.S.

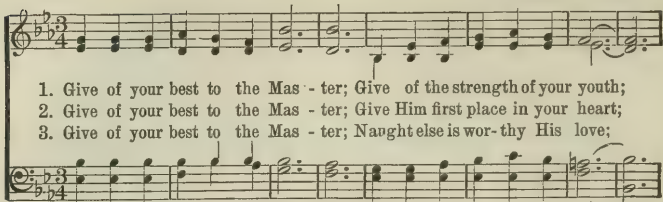


Sweet - est note in ser - aph song, Sweet - est name on mor - tal tongue;



H. B. G.

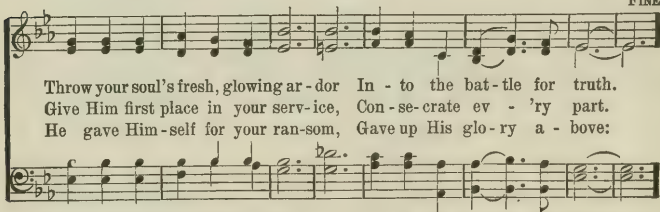
Mrs. CHARLES BARNARD



1. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;
 2. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give Him first place in your heart;
 3. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Naught else is wor - thy His love;

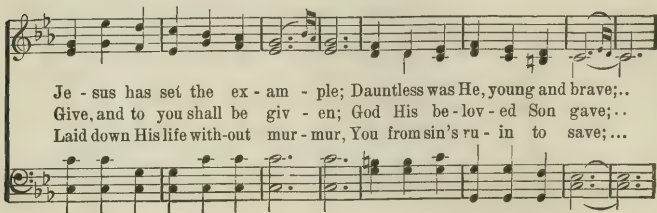
REF.—Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;

FINE



Throw your soul's fresh, glowing ar - dor In - to the bat - tle for truth.
 Give Him first place in your serv - ice, Con - se - crate ev - 'ry part.
 He gave Him - self for your ran - som, Gave up His glo - ry a - bove:

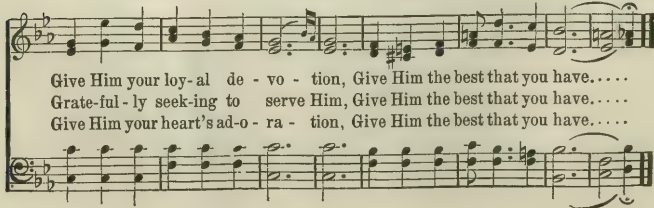
Clad in sal - va - tion's full ar - mor, Join in the bat - tle for truth.



Je - sus has set the ex - am - ple; Dauntless was He, young and brave;..
 Give, and to you shall be giv - en; God His be - lov - ed Son gave;..
 Laid down His life with - out mur - mur, You from sin's ru - in to save;...

rall.

D. C.



Give Him your loy - al de - vo - tion, Give Him the best that you have....
 Grate - ful - ly seek - ing to serve Him, Give Him the best that you have....
 Give Him your heart's ad - o - ra - tion, Give Him the best that you have....

H. L. GILMOUR

GEO. D. MOORE

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So
 2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And
 3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has
 4. How pre - cious the thought that we all may re - cline, Like
 5. Oh, come to the Sav - ior, He pa - tient - ly waits To

bur - dened with sin and dis - tress, Till I heard a sweet voice say - ing,
 faith tak - ing hold of the Word, My fet - ters fell off, and I
 been the old sto - ry so blest, Of Je - sus, who'll save who - so -
 John the be - lov - ed and blest, On Je - sus' strong arm, where no
 save by His pow - er di - vine; Come, an - chor your soul in the

D. S.—The tem - pest may sweep o'er the

FINE.
 "Make me your choice;" And I en - tered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 an - chored my soul; The "Ha - ven of Rest" is my Lord.
 ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 tem - pest can harm,—Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 "Ha - ven of Rest," And say, "My Be - lov - ed is mine."

wild, storm-y deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

CHORUS

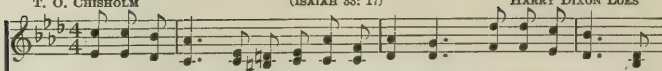
D. S.

I've anchored my soul in the "Ha - ven of Rest," I'll sail the wide seas no more;

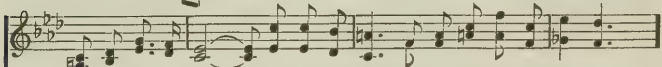
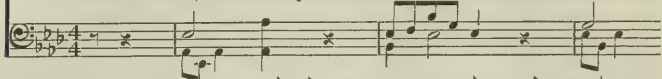
T. O. CHISHOLM

(ISAIAH 33: 17)

HARRY DIXON LOES

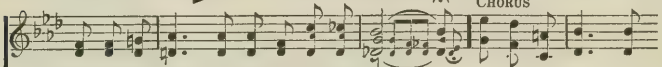
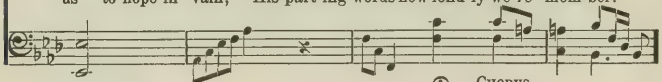


1. There is a land be-yond our mor-tal vi - sion, "A bet-ter coun - try,"
2. Life, here, a stream, is there an o - cean full - ness; Love, plodding here, speeds
3. Al - most we hear the sound of rapturous sing - ing Come float - ing down the
4. Were it not so, Christ sure - ly would have told us. He would not suf - fer



one ex-ceed-ing fair;
there on tire-less feet;
star-ry spac-es vast,
us to hope in vain;

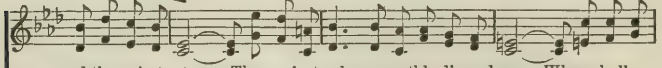
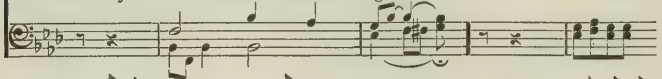
It hath no night, and neither death nor sor-row,
Here we but dream of what is there ful - fill - ment;
From that bright world of blessedness su-per-nal,—
His part-ing words how fond-ly we re - mem-ber!



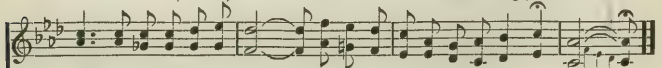
CHORUS

Nor an - y sin may gain an en-trance there. . .
Im - per-fect knowledge, here, is there com-plete. . .
Your home and mine, thro' sov'reign grace, at last! . . .
Some day—for us—that He would come a - gain. . .

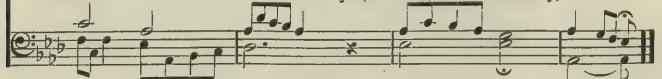
O far-off land be-



yond the qui-et stars, Thy perfect calm no earthly discord mars; When shall our



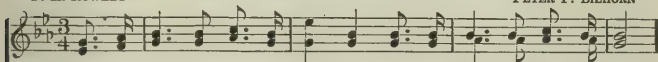
dreams ful-fill-ment find in thee? Our eyes, the King in all His beauty, see? . . .



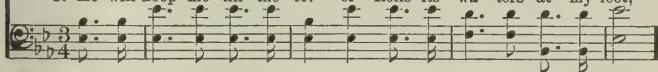
I Will Sing the Wondrous Story

F. H. ROWLEY

PETER P. BILHORN



1. I will sing the won-drous sto - ry Of the Christ who died for me,
2. I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Found the sheep that went a - stray,
3. I was bruised, but Je - sus healed me; Faint was I from many a fall;
4. Days of dark-ness still come o'er me, Sor - row's paths I oft - en tread,
5. He will keep me till the riv - er Rolls its wa - ters at my feet;



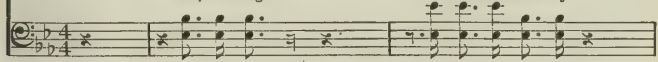
How He left His home in glo - ry For the cross of Cal - va - ry.
 Threw His lov - ing arms a-round me, Drew me back in - to His way.
 Sight was gone, and fears possessed me, But He freed me from them all.
 But the Sav - ior still is with me; By His hand I'm safe - ly led.
 Then He'll bear me safe - ly o - ver, Where the loved ones I shall meet.



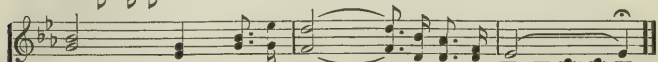
CHORUS



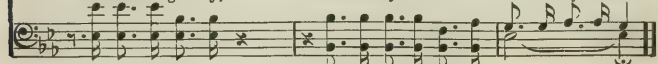
Yes, I'll sing the won-drous sto - - - ry Of the
 Yes, I'll sing the won-drous sto - ry



Christ . . . who died for me, Sing it with . . . the saints in
 Of the Christ who died for me, Sing it with



glo - - - ry, Gath-ered by the crys-tal sea.
 the saints in glo - ry, Gath-ered by the crys-tal sea.

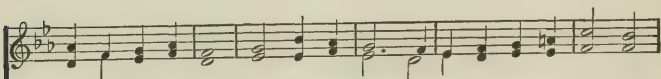


FREDERICK W. FABER

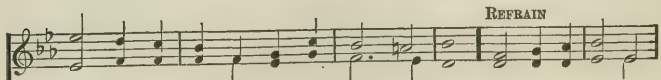
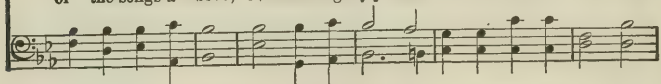
HENRY SMART



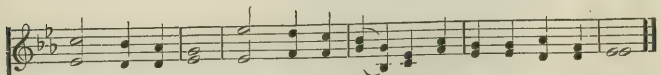
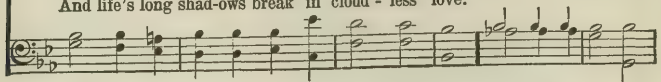
1. Hark, hark, my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields and
2. Far, far a - way, like bells at eve - ning peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus
3. On - ward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, wea - ry souls, for
4. An - gels, sing on! your faith - ful watches keep - ing; Sing us sweet frag - ments



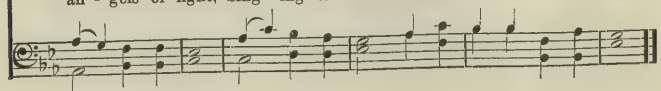
o - cean's wave - beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell - ing
sounds o'er land and sea, And la - den souls by thou - sands meekly steal - ing,
Je - sus bids you come;" And thro' the dark, its ech - oes sweet - ly ring - ing,
of the songs a - bove; Till morning's joy shall end the night of weep - ing,



Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
Kind Shep - herd, turn their wea - ry steps to Thee. An - gels of Je - sus,
The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home.
And life's long shad - ows break in cloud - less love.



an - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night!



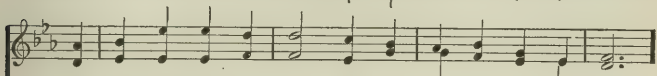
The Church's One Foundation

SAMUEL J. STONE

SAMUEL S. WESLEY



1. The Church-'s one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
2. E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
3. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu - mult of her war,
4. Yet she on earth hath un - ion With God the Three in One,



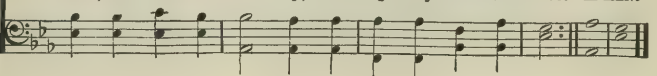
She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word:
 Her char - ter of sal - va - tion, One Lord, one faith, one birth;
 She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for - ev - er - more;
 And mys - tic sweet com - mun - ion With those whose rest is won:



From Heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride; With
 One ho - ly name she bless - es, Par-takes one ho - ly food, And
 Till, with the vi - sion glo - rious, Her long - ing eyes are blest, And
 O hap - py ones and ho - ly! Lord, give us grace that we, Like



His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
 to one hope she press - es, With ev - 'ry grace en - dued.
 the great church vic - to - rious Shall be the church at rest.
 them, the meek and low - ly, On high may dwell with Thee. A-MEN.



1. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His won-drous love to me;
 2. I will tell the won-drous sto-ry, How my lost es-tate to save,
 3. I will praise my dear Re-deem-er, His tri-um-phant pow'r I'll tell,
 4. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His heav'n-ly love to me;

On the cru-el cross He suf-fered, From the curse to set me free.
 In His bound-less love and mer-cy, He the ran-som free-ly gave.
 How the vic-to-ry He giv-eth O-ver sin, and death, and hell.
 He from death to life hath bro't me, Son of God with Him to be.

CHORUS

Sing, oh, sing . . . of my Re-deem-er,
 of my Re-deem-er, Sing, oh, sing of my Re-deem-er,

With His blood . . . He pur-chased me, . . . pur-chased me,
 He pur-chased me, With His blood He pur-chased me,

On the cross . . . He sealed my par-don,
 He sealed my par-don, On the cross He sealed my par-don,

My Redeemer

Paid the debt, and made me free.
and made me free, and made me free.

124 Take the Name of Jesus With You

Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER

W. H. DOANE

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev-'ry snare;
3. O the pre-cious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing pros - trate at His feet,

It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it, then, wher-e'er you go.
If temp - ta-tions round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in prayer.
When His lov - ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues em-ploy!
King of kings in Heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour - ney is com-plete.

CHORUS

Pre-cious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n;
Precious name, O how sweet!

Pre-cious name, O how sweet! . . . Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

125

Abide With Me

H. F. LYTE

W. H. MONK

1. A - bid with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour: What but Thy
 4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the

deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bid: When oth - er help - ers fail, and
 dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a -
 grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who like Thy - self my guide and
 gloom, and point me to the skies: Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain

com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bid with me!
 round I see: O Thou who chang - est not, a - bid with me!
 stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun - shine, O a - bid with me!
 shad - ows flee— In life, in death, O Lord, a - bid with me!

126

More About Jesus

E. E. HEWITT

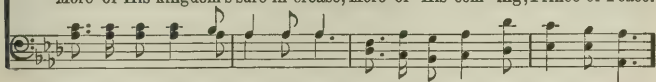
JNO. R. SWENEY

1. More a - bout Je - sus would I know, More of His grace to oth - ers show;
 2. More a - bout Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis - cern;
 3. More a - bout Je - sus; in His word, Holding com - mun - ion with my Lord;
 4. More a - bout Je - sus on His throne, Rich - es in glo - ry all His own;

More About Jesus



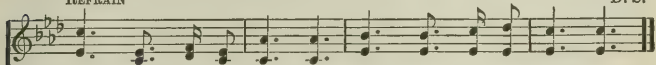
More of His sav-ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir-it of God, my teach-er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
Hear-ing His voice in ev-'ry line, Mak-ing each faith-ful say-ing mine.
More of His kingdom's sure in-crease; More of His com-ing, Prince of Peace.



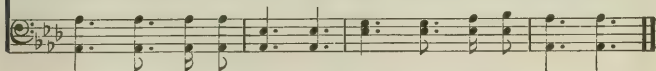
D.S.—More of His sav-ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.

REFRAIN

D. S.



More, more a-bout Je-sus, More, more a-bout Je-sus;



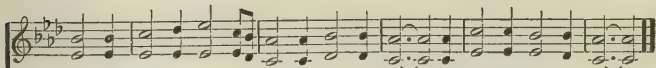
127 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned

SAMUEL STENNETT

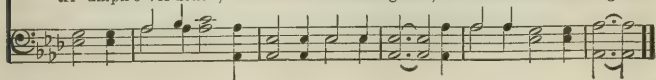
THOMAS HASTINGS



1. Ma-jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Sav-ior's brow; His head with
2. No mor-tal can with Him compare, A-mong the sons of men; Fair-er is
3. He saw me plunged in deep distress, And flew to my re-lief; For me He
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me



radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.
He than all the fair Who fill the heav'nly train, Who fill the heav'nly train.
bore the shameful cross, And carried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.
tri-umph o-ver death, And saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave.

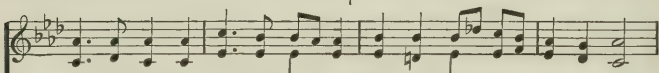
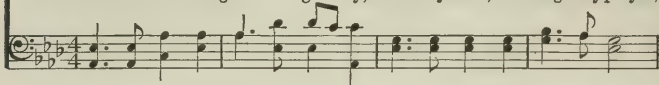


HENRY F. LYTE

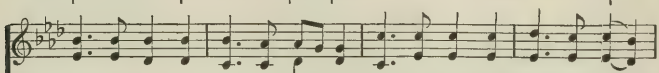
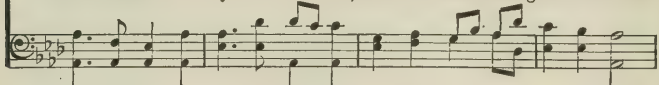
From MOZART



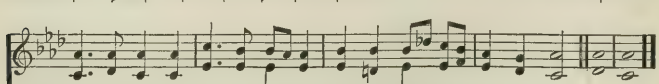
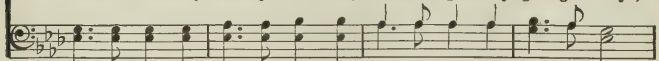
1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;
2. Let the world de-spise and leave me, They have left my Sav - ior, too;
3. Man may troub - le and dis - tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
4. Haste thee on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;



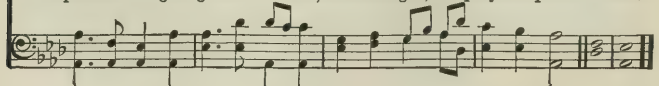
Des - ti - tute, de-spised, for - sa - ken, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
 Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive me; Thou art not, like man, un - true;
 Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweet - er rest.
 Heav'n's e - ter - nal day's be - fore thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.



Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
 And, while Thou shalt smile up - on me, God of wis - dom, love, and might,
 O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me;
 Soon shall close thy earth - ly mis - sion, Swift shall pass thy pil - grim days,

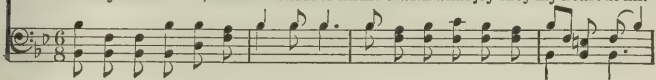


Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and Heav'n are still my own!
 Foes may hate, and friends may shun me; Show Thy face, and all is bright.
 O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unmixed with Thee.
 Hope shall change to glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise. A-MEN.

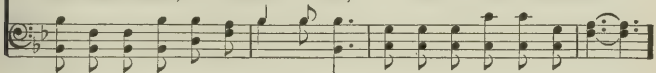




1. I am so hap-py in Christ to-day, That I go sing-ing a-long my way;
2. Glad-ly I read, "Who-so-ev-er may Come to the fountain of life to-day;"
3. Ever God's Spirit is saying, "Come!" Hear the Bridesaying, "No longer roam;"
4. "Freely come drink," words the soul to thrill! O with what joy they my heart do fill!



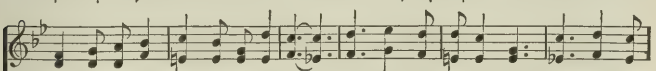
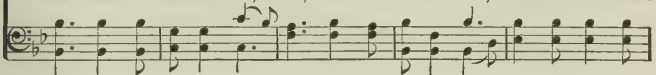
Yes, I'm so hap-py to know and say, "Je-sus in-clud-ed me too."
 But when I read it I al-ways say, "Je-sus in-clud-ed me too."
 But I am sure while they're calling home, Je-sus in-clud-ed me too.
 For when He said, "Who-so-ev-er will," Je-sus in-clud-ed me too.



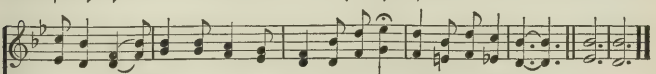
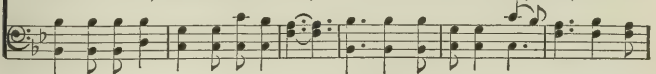
CHORUS.



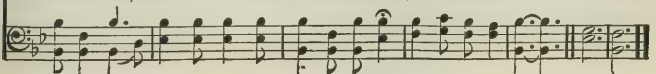
Je-sus in-clud-ed me, Yes, He in-clud-ed me, When the Lord said



"Who-so-ev-er," He in-clud-ed me; Je-sus in-clud-ed me, Yes, He in-



clud-ed me, When the Lord said "Who-so-ev-er," He included me. A-MEN.

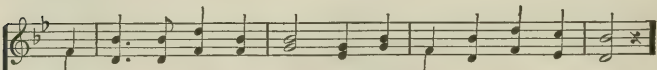
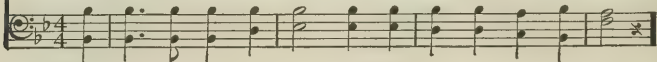


S. F. SMITH

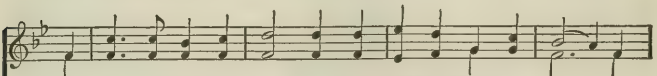
G. J. WEBB



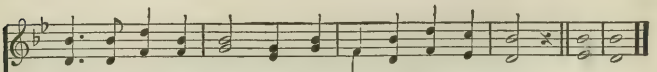
1. The morn - ing light is break - ing, The dark - ness dis - ap - pears;
2. See hea - then na - tions bend - ing Be - fore the God of love,
3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion, Pur - sue thine on - ward way;
4. Rich dews of grace come o'er us In many a gen - tle show'r,



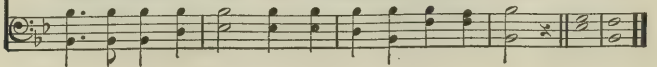
The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;
 And thou - sand hearts as - cend - ing In grat - i - tude a - bove;
 Flow thou to ev - 'ry na - tion, Nor in thy rich - ness stay;
 And bright - er scenes be - fore us Are ope - ning ev - 'ry hour;



Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti - dings from a - far, Of
 While sin - ners, now con - fess - ing, The Gos - pel's call o - bey, And
 Stay not till all the low - ly Tri - um - phant reach their home; Stay
 Each cry to Heav - en go - ing, A - bun - dant an - swer brings, And



na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war.
 seek a Sav - ior's bless - ing, A na - tion in a day.
 not till all the ho - ly Pro - claim, "The Lord is comel!"
 heav'nly gales are blow - ing, With peace up - on their wings. A - MEN.



1. There were ninety and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel-ter of the
 2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy nine-ty and nine; Are they not enough for
 3. But none of the ransomed ev - er knew How deep were the waters
 4. "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way That mark out the mountain's
 5. But all thro' the mountains, thun-der-riv'n, And up from the rock-y

fold, But one was out on the hills a-way, Far off from the
 Thee?" But the Shep-herd made answer: "This of mine Has wan-dered a-
 crossed; Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed thro' Ere He found His
 track?" "They were shed for one who had gone a-stray Ere the Shepherd could
 steep, There a-rose a glad cry to the gate of heav'n, "Re-joice! I have

rit.
 gates of gold— A - way on the moun - tains wild and bare, A -
 way from me, And al - tho' the road be rough and steep, I
 sheep that was lost. Out in the des - ert He heard its cry—
 bring him back. "Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?" "They're
 found my sheep!" And the an - gels ech-oed a - round the throne, "Re-

way from the ten-der Shepherd's care, A-way from the ten - der Shep-herd's care,
 go to the des-ert to find my sheep, I go to the des-ert to find my sheep."
 Sick and helpless, and ready to die; Sick and helpless, and ready to die.
 pierced to - night by many a thorn; They're pierced to-night by man-y a thorn."
 joyce, for the Lord brings back His own! Re-joyce, for the Lord brings back His own."

JAMES ROWE

HOWARD E. SMITH

1. I was sink-ing deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Ver - y deep-ly
 2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev - er to Him I'll cling, In His bless-ed
 3. Souls in dan-ger, look a-bove, Je - sus com-plete-ly saves; He will lift you

stained with-in, Sink-ing to rise no more; But the Mas - ter of the sea
 pres - ence live, Ev - er His prais - es sing. Love so might-y and so true
 by His love Out of the an - gry waves. He's the Mas - ter of the sea,

Heard my despairing cry, From the wa - ters lift - ed me, Now safe am I.
 Mer - its my soul's best songs; Faith - ful, lov - ing serv - ice, too, To Him be - longs.
 Bil - lows His will o - bey; He your Sav - ior wants to be - Be saved to - day.

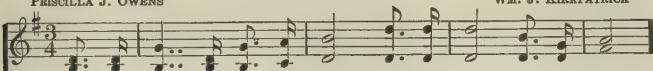
CHORUS

Love lift - ed me! Love lift - ed me! When noth - ing
 e - ven me! e - ven me!

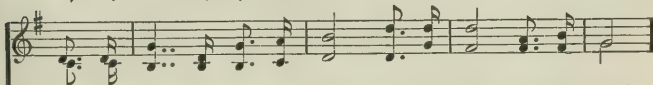
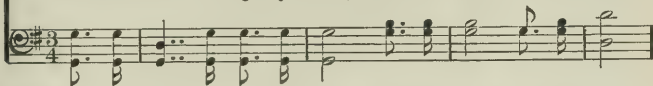
else could help, Love lift - ed me. Love lift - ed me.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS

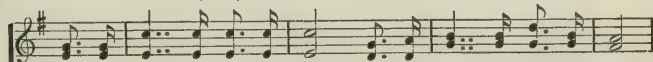
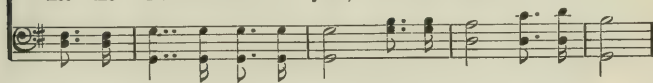
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK



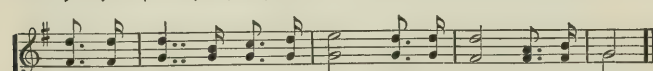
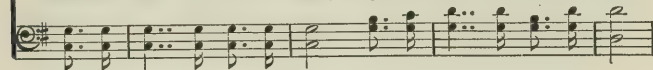
1. We have heard the joy - ful sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle strife, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!



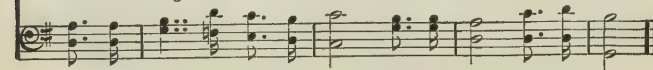
Spread the ti - dings all a - round: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 Tell to sin - ners far and wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 Let the na - tions now re - joice,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!



Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steepes and cross the waves;
 Sing, ye is - lands of the sea; Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves;
 Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves;
 Shout sal - va - tion full and free; High - est hills and deep - est caves;

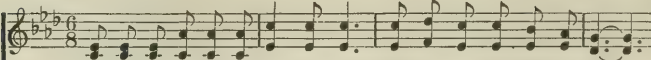


On - ward!—'tis our Lord's com - mand; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 This our song of vic - to - ry,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

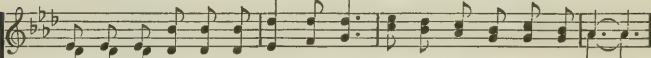


J. P. S.

J. P. SCHOLFIELD

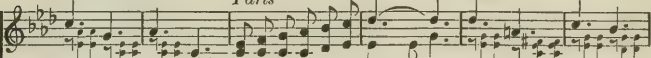


1. Je - sus is a - ble to save from sin, Will you re - ceive Him to - day?
 2. Je - sus is will - ing to save your soul, Will you re - ceive Him to - day?
 3. Je - sus is might - y to hold you fast, Why not ac - cept Him to - day?



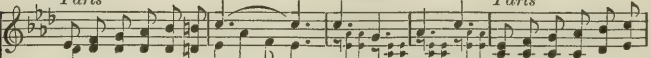
A - ble to plant the new life with - in, Will you re - ceive Him to - day?
 Will - ing to take you and make you whole, Je - sus is will - ing to - day.
 Might - y to keep you un - to the last; Je - sus is might - y to save.

CHORUS *Unison* *Parts* *Unison*

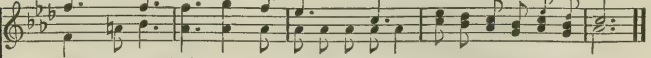


A - ble, a - ble, Je - sus is a - ble to save; . . . Will - ing, will - ing,
 Je - sus is a - ble to save;

Parts *Unison* *Parts*



Je - sus is will - ing to save; . . . Might - y, might - y, Je - sus is might - y to
 Je - sus is will - ing to save; Je - sus is



save; . . . Might - y, He's might - y, Je - sus is might - y to save.
 might - y to save; yes, Je - sus is might - y,

Rev. WM. POOLE

CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is near, Just when I fal - ter,
 2. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is true, Nev - er for - sak - ing
 3. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is strong, Bear - ing my bur - dens
 4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An - swer - ing when up -

just when I fear; Read - y to help me, read - y to cheer,
 all the way thro'; Giv - ing for bur - dens pleas - ures a - new,
 all the day long; For all my sor - row giv - ing a song,
 on Him I call; Ten - der - ly watch - ing lest I should fall,

CHORUS.

Just when I need Him most. Just when I need Him most,

Just when I need Him most; Je - sus is near to

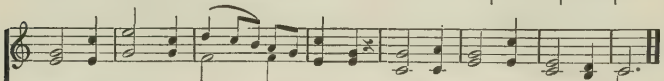
com - fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most. A - MEN.

Sir JOHN BOWRING

ITHAMAR CONKEY



1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'r-ing o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;



All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
 Nev - er shall the cross for-sake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 From the cross the ra - diance streaming Adds more lus - ter to the day.
 Peace is there that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

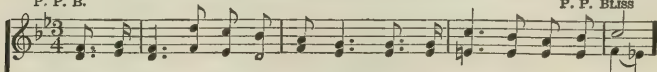


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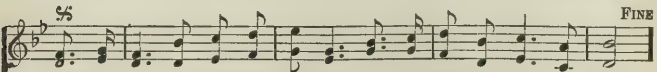
Let the Lower Lights Be Burning

P. P. B.

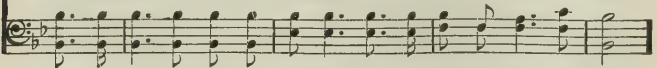
P. P. BLISS



1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer - cy From His light-house ev - er - more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set - tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth-er: Some poor sail - or tem - pest tossed,



But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
 Ea - ger eyes are watching, long-ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
 Try - ing now to make the har-bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.



D.S.:—Some poor faint-ing, struggling sea-man You may res - cue, you may save.

Used by permission

Let the Lower Lights Be Burning

CHORUS

D.S.

Let the low - er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a - cross the wave!

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What a Friend

JOSEPH SCRIVEN

CHARLES C. CONVERSE

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there troub - le an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heav - y - la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?—

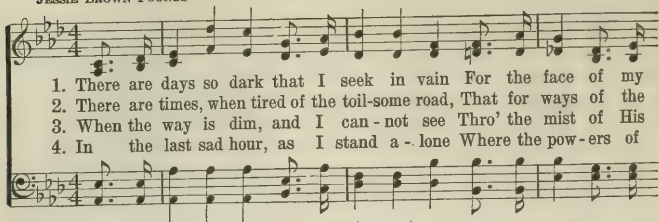
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge, — Take it to the Lord in prayer.

O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need - less pain we bear,
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful Who will all our sor - rows share?
 Do thy friends despise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

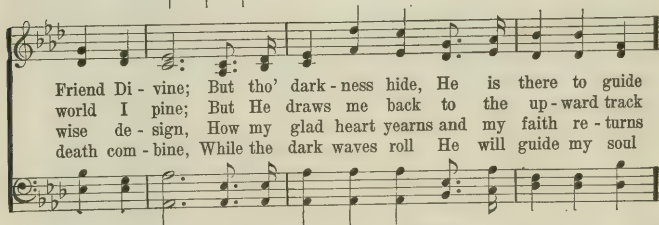
All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
 Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS

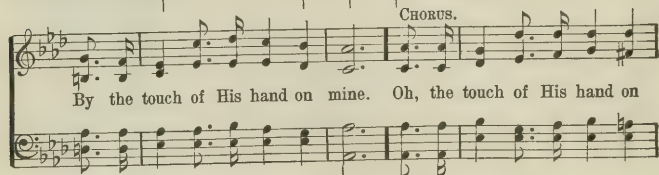
HENRY P. MORTON



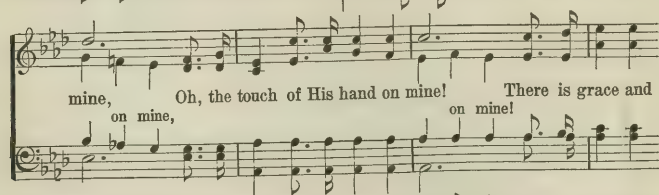
1. There are days so dark that I seek in vain For the face of my
 2. There are times, when tired of the toil-some road, That for ways of the
 3. When the way is dim, and I can - not see Thro' the mist of His
 4. In the last sad hour, as I stand a - lone Where the pow - ers of



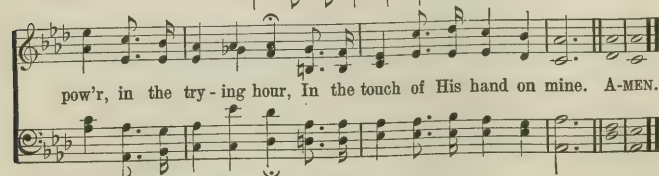
Friend Di - vine; But tho' dark - ness hide, He is there to guide
 world I pine; But He draws me back to the up - ward track
 wise de - sign, How my glad heart yearns and my faith re - turns
 death com - bine, While the dark waves roll He will guide my soul



CHORUS.
 By the touch of His hand on mine. Oh, the touch of His hand on



mine, Oh, the touch of His hand on mine! There is grace and
 on mine, on mine!



pow'r, in the try - ing hour, In the touch of His hand on mine. A-MEN.

Sweet By and By

S. F. BENNETT

J. P. WEBSTER

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can
 2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The mel - o - di - ous
 3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our

see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre -
 songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a
 trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the

CHORUS

pare us a dwell - ing - place there. In the sweet by and
 sigh for the bless - ing of rest.
 bless - ings that hal - low our days. In the sweet

by, by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore; In the
 by and by, by and by,

sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.
 In the sweet by and by,

Crusaders' Hymn

Arr. by RICHARD S. WILLIS

1. Fair - est Lord Je - sus! Rul - er of all na - ture!
 2. Fair are the mead - ows, Fair - er still the wood - lands,
 3. Fair is the sun - shine, Fair - er still the moon - light,

O Thou of God and man the Son! Thee will I cher - ish,
 Robed in the bloom - ing garb of spring; Je - sus is fair - er,
 And all the twin - kling star - ry host; Je - sus shines bright - er,

Thee will I hon - or, Thou, my soul's glo - ry, joy, and crown!
 Je - sus is pur - er, Who makes the woe - ful heart to sing!
 Je - sus shines pur - er, Than all the an - gels heav'n can boast! A - MEN.

ANDREW REED

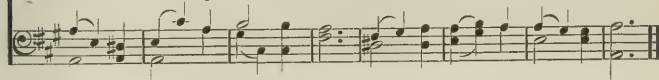
L. M. GOTTSCHALK
Arr. by H. P. MAIN

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
 2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
 3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
 4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;

Holy Ghost, With Light Divine



Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.
 Long hath sin, with-out con-trol, Held do-min-ion o'er my soul.
 Bid my man - y woes de - part, Heal my wound-ed, bleed-ing heart.
 Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol-throne, Reign su-preme, and reign a - lone.

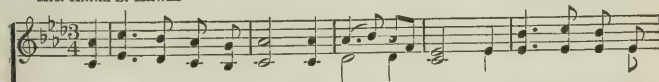


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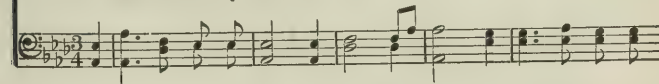
I Need Thee Every Hour

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWES

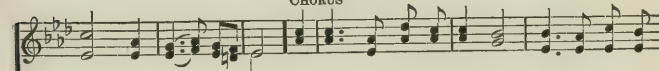
Rev. ROBERT LOWRY



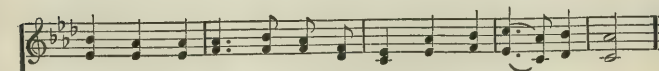
1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like
2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-tations lose their
3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a -
4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in-



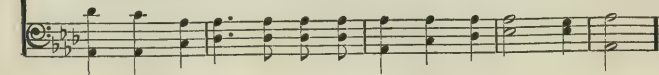
CHORUS



Thine Can peace af - ford.
 pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev - 'ry hour I
 bide, Or life is vain.
 deed, Thou bless-ed Son!



need Thee! O bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to Thee!



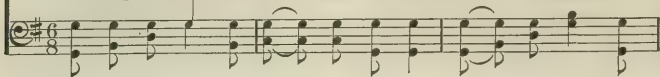
Nothing Between

Words and Music by C. A. TINDLEY

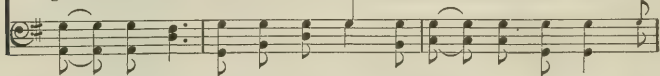
Arr. by F. A. CLARK



1. Noth- ing be- tween my soul and the Sav- ior, Naught of this world's de-
2. Noth- ing be- tween like world - ly pleas- ure; Hab - its of life, though
3. Noth- ing be- tween, like pride or sta - tion; Self or friends shall
4. Noth- ing be- tween, e'en man- y hard tri - als, Tho' the whole world a-



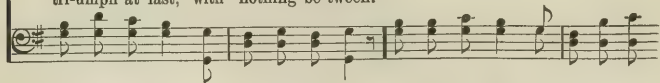
lu - sive dream: I have re-nounced all sin - ful pleas- ure,
harmless they seem, Must not my heart from Him ev - er sev - er, —
not in - ter - vene; Tho' it may cost me much trib- u - la - tion,
gainst me con- vene; Watching with prayer and much self- de - ni - al, I'll



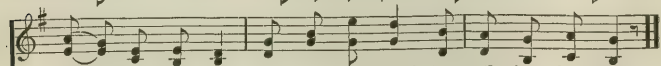
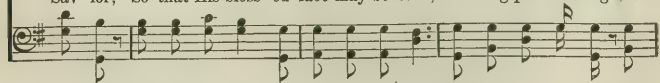
CHORUS



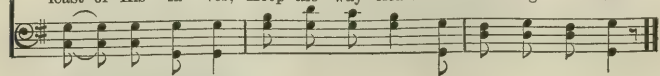
Je - sus is mine, there's nothing be- tween.
He is my all, there's nothing be- tween. Noth- ing be- tween my soul and the
I am re- solved, there's nothing be- tween.
tri- umph at last, with nothing be- tween.



Sav- ior, So that His bless- ed face may be seen; Noth- ing pre- vent- ing the



least of His fa - vor, Keep the way clear! Let noth- ing be - tween.



Dr. E. T. CASSEL

FLORA H. CASSEL

1. From o-ver hill and plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
 2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth around, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
 3. Come, join our loy-al throng, We'll rout the giant wrong, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
 4. The strength of youth we lay At Je-sus' feet to-day, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,

loy-al-ty to Christ; Its mu-sic rolls a-long, The hills take up the song,
 loy-al-ty to Christ; A-rise to dare and do, Ring out the watch-word true,
 loy-al-ty to Christ; Where Satan's banners float We'll send the bu-gle note,
 loy-al-ty to Christ; His gos-pel we'll pro-claim Thro'-out the world's domain,

CHORUS.

Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. "On to vic-to-ry! On to

vic-to-ry!" Cries our great Commander; "On!" . . . We'll move at His command,
 great Commander; "On!"

We'll soon possess the land, Thro' loyalty, loyalty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. A-MEN.

Miss C. ELLIOTT

F. FLEMING

1. O Ho - ly Sav - ior! Friend un - seen, Since on Thine
 2. What tho' the world de - ceit - ful prove, And earth - ly
 3. Tho' oft I seem to tread a - lone Life's drear - y
 4. Tho' faith and hope are oft - en tried, I ask not,

arm Thou bidd'st me lean, Help me, through-out life's
 friends and hopes re - move; With pa - tient, un - com -
 waste, with thorns o'er - grown, The voice of love, in
 need not, aught be - side; So safe, so calm, so

chang - ing scene, By faith to cling to Thee.
 plain - ing love, Still would I cling to Thee.
 gen - tlest tone, Still whis - pers, "Cling to Me!"
 sat - is - fied, The soul that clings to Thee.

W. GLADDEN

H. P. SMITH

1. O Mas - ter, let me walk with Thee In low - ly paths of serv - ice free;
 2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, winning word of love;
 3. Teach me Thy patience! still with Thee In clos - er, dear - er com - pa - ny,
 4. In hope that sends a shin - ing ray Far down the fu - ture's broad - ning way,

O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee

Tell me Thy se - cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.
Teach me the way-ward feet to stay, And guide them in the homeward way.
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that triumphs o - ver wrong.
In peace that on - ly Thou canst give, With Thee, O Mas - ter, let me live.

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Savior, More Than Life

FANNY J. CROSBY

W. H. DOANE

1. Sav - ior, more than life to me, I am cling - ing, cling - ing close to Thee;
2. Thro' this chang - ing world be - low, Lead me gen - tly, gen - tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleet - ing, fleet - ing life is o'er;

Let Thy pre - cious blood ap - plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near Thy side.
Trusting Thee, I can - not stray, I can nev - er, nev - er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a bright - er, bright - er world a - bove.

D. S.—May Thy ten - der love to me Bind me clo - ser, clo - ser, Lord, to Thee.

REFRAIN

D. S.

Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleans - ing pow'r;
Ev - 'ry day and hour, ev - 'ry day and hour,

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. There's a call comes ring-ing o'er the rest-less wave, "Send the light! . . .
 2. We have heard the Mac-e-do-nian call to-day, "Send the light! . . .
 3. Let us pray that grace may ev-'ry-where a-bound; Send the light! . . .
 4. Let us not grow wea-ry in the work of love, Send the light! . . .
 Send the light!

Send the light!" There are souls to res-cue, there are souls to save,
 Send the light!" And a gold-en of-f'ring at the cross we lay,
 Send the light! And a Christ-like spir-it ev-'ry-where be found,
 Send the light! Let us gath-er jew-els for a crown a-bove,
 Send the light!

REFRAIN

Send the light! . . . Send the light! . . . Send the light! . . . the
 Send the light! Send the light! Send the light!

1
 bless-ed gos-pel light; Let it shine . . . from shore to
 the bless-ed gos-pel light; Let it shine

2
 shore! . . . shine for-ev-er-more.
 from shore to shore! Let it shine for-ev-er-more.

There is Power in the Blood

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES

1. Would you be free from the bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
 2. Would you be free from your pas-sion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
 3. Would you be whit - er, much whiter than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
 4. Would you do serv - ice for Je - sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,

pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win? There's
 pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal - va - ry's tide; There's
 pow'r in the blood; Sin-stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow; There's
 pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly His prais-es to sing? There's

CHORUS.
 won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r
 there is

In the blood of the Lamb; There is pow'r, pow'r,
 In the blood of the Lamb; there is

Won - der - work - ing pow'r In the pre - cious blood of the Lamb.

From the German

Sir JOSEPH BARNBY

1. When morn - ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries:
 2. When sleep her balm de - nies, My si - lent spir - it sighs:
 3. Does sad - ness fill my mind, A sol - ace here I find:
 4. In heav'n's e - ter - nal bliss The love - liest strain is this:
 5. Be this, while life is mine, My can - ti - cle di - vine,

May Je - sus Christ be praised; A - like at work and prayer..
 May Je - sus Christ be praised; When e - vil thoughts mo - lest, ...
 May Je - sus Christ be praised; Or fades my earth - ly bliss, ..
 May Je - sus Christ be praised; The pow'rs of dark - ness fear, ..
 May Je - sus Christ be praised; Be this th' e - ter - nal song, ..

To Je - sus I re - pair: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 With this I shield my breast: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 My com - fort still is this: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 When this sweet chant they hear: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 Thro' all the a - 'ges on: .. May Je - sus Christ be praised. A - MEN.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS

1. More ho - li - ness give me, More striv - ing with - in; More pa - tience in
 2. More grat - i - tude give me, More trust in the Lord; More pride in His
 3. More pu - ri - ty give me, More strength to o'er - come; More free - dom from

My Prayer

suf - f'ring, More sor - row for sin; More faith in my Sav - ior,
 glo - ry, More hope in His word; More tears for His sor - rows,
 earth-stains, More long-ings for home; More fit for the king-dom,

rit.

More sense of His care; More joy in His serv-ice, More pur-pose in prayer.
 More pain at His grief; More meekness in tri - al, More praise for re - lief.
 More used would I be; More bless-ed and ho - ly, More, Sav-ior, like Thee.

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More Love to Thee

ELIZABETH PRENTISS

W. H. DOANE

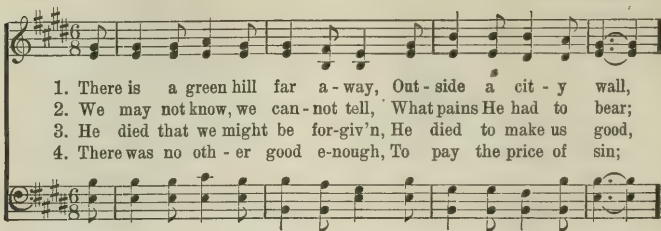
1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
3. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis - per Thy praise; This be the

prayer I make On bend - ed knee; This is my ear - nest plea:
 lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my prayer shall be:
 part - ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its prayer shall be:

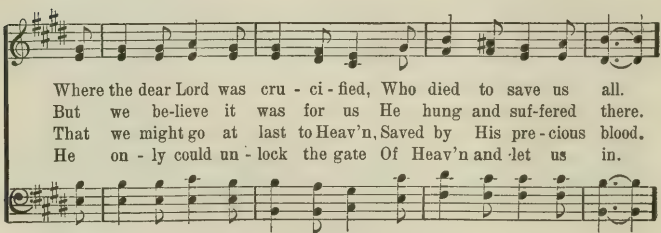
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee!

CECIL F. ALEXANDER

GEO. C. STEBBINS

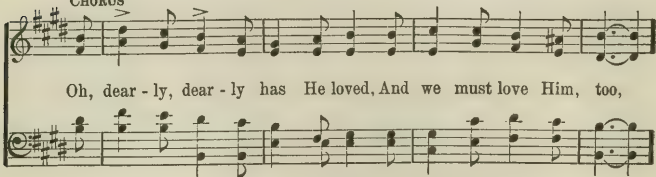


1. There is a green hill far a-way, Out-side a cit-y wall,
 2. We may not know, we can-not tell, What pains He had to bear;
 3. He died that we might be for-giv'n, He died to make us good,
 4. There was no oth-er good e-nough, To pay the price of sin;

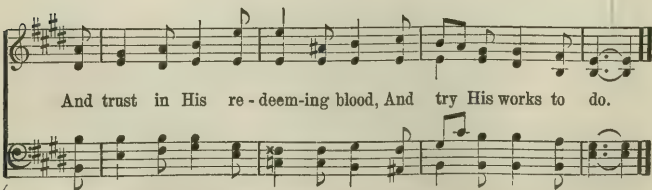


Where the dear Lord was cru-ci-fied, Who died to save us all.
 But we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suf-ered there.
 That we might go at last to Heav'n, Saved by His pre-cious blood.
 He on-ly could un-lock the gate Of Heav'n and let us in.

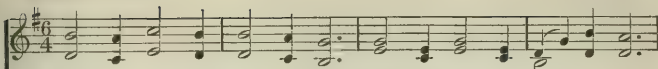
CHORUS



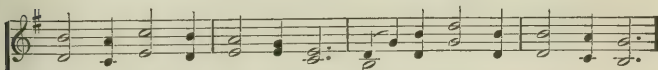
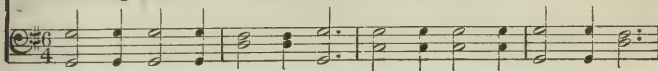
Oh, dear-ly, dear-ly has He loved, And we must love Him, too,



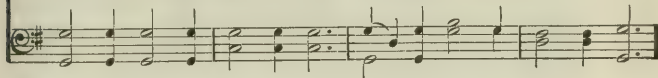
And trust in His re-deem-ing blood, And try His works to do.



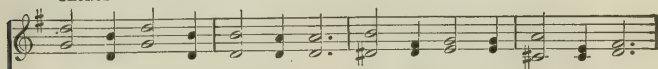
1. Sim - ply trust - ing ev - 'ry day, Trust - ing through a storm - y way;
2. Bright - ly doth His Spir - it shine In - to this poor heart of mine;
3. Sing - ing if my way is clear; Pray - ing if the path be drear;
4. Trust - ing Him while life shall last, Trust - ing Him till earth be past;



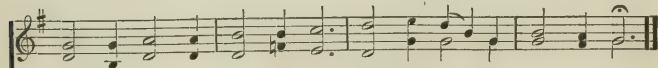
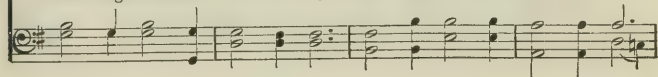
E - ven when my faith is small, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
 While He leads I can - not fall; Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
 If in dan - ger, for Him call; Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
 Till with - in the jas - per wall: Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.



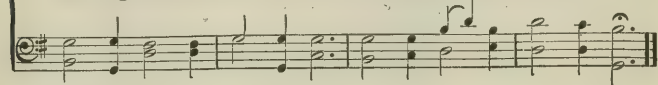
CHORUS



Trust - ing as the mo - ments fly, Trust - ing as the days go by;



Trust - ing Him what - e'er be - fall, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.



Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON

1. Down at the cross where my Sav - ior died, Down where for cleansing from
 2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet-ly a-
 3. Oh, pre-cious foun-tain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
 4. Come to this foun-tain so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to His name.
 bides with-in, There at the cross where He took me in; Glo-ry to His name.
 en - tered in; There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo-ry to His name.
 Sav-ior's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made com-plete; Glo-ry to His name.

D. S.—There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to His name.

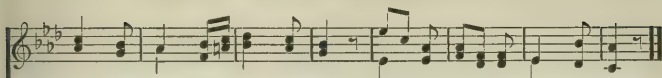
CHORUS D. S.
 Glo - ry to His name,... Glo - ry to His name;...

ANNA L. BARBAULD

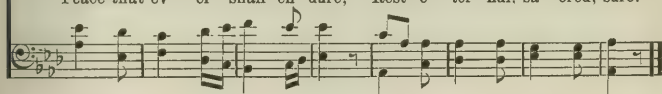
XAVIER SCHNYDER

1. Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make My path your choice;
 2. Thou who, houseless, sole, for-lorn, Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
 3. Ye who, tossed on beds of pain, Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
 4. Hith - er come, for here is found Balm that flows for ev - 'ry wound,

Come, Said Jesus' Sacred Voice



I will guide you to your home; Wea-ry pil-grim, hith-er come.
 Long hast roamed the bar-ren waste, Wea-ry pil-grim, hith-er haste.
 Ye, by fierc-er an-guish torn, In re-morse for guilt who mourn;
 Peace that ev-er shall en-dure, Rest e-ter-nal, sa-cred, sure.

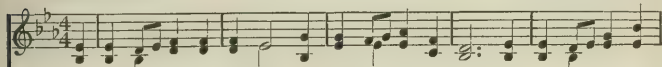


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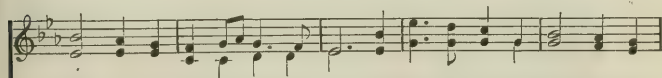
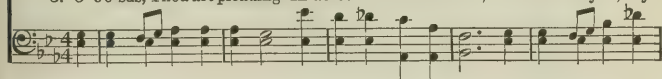
O Jesus, Thou Art Standing

WILLIAM W. HOW

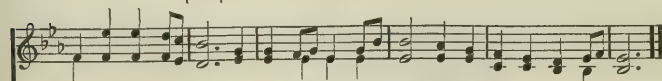
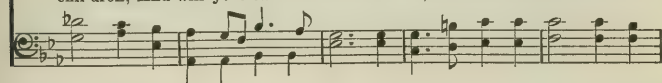
JUSTIN H. KNECHT
 EDWARD HUSBAND



1. O Je-sus, Thou art standing Out-side the fast-closed door, In low-ly pa-tience
2. O Je-sus, Thou art knocking; And lo! that hand is scarred, And thorns Thy brow en-
3. O Je-sus, Thou art pleading In ac-cents meek and low, "I died for you, My



wait-ing To pass the thresh-old o'er: Shame on us, Chris-tian broth-ers, His
 cir-cle, And tears Thy face have marred: O love that pass-eth knowledge, So
 chil-dren, And will ye treat Me so?" O Lord, with shame and sor-row We



Name and sign who bear, O shame, thrice shame up-on us, To keep Him standing there!
 pa-tient-ly to wait! O sin that hath no e-qual, So fast to bar the gate!
 o-pen now the door; Dear Savior, en-ter, en-ter, And leave us nev-er-more!



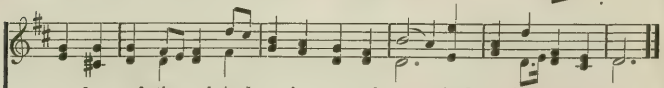
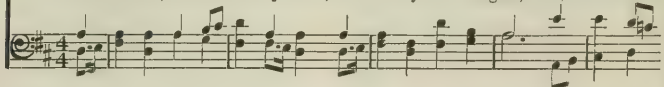
159 Awake, My Soul, Stretch Every Nerve

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

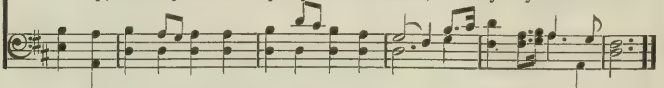
HANDEL



1. A-wake, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve, And press with vig-or on! A heav'n-ly
2. A cloud of wit-ness-es a-round Hold thee in full sur-vey; For-get the
3. 'Tis God's all-an-i-mat-ing voice That calls thee from on high; 'Tis His own
4. Blest Sav-ior, in-tro-duced by Thee, Have I my race be-gun; And, crowned with



race de-mands thy zeal, And an im-mor-tal crown, And an im-mor-tal crown.
 steps al-read-y trod, And on-ward urge thy way, And on-ward urge thy way.
 hand pre-sents the prize To thine as-pir-ing eye, To thine as-pir-ing eye.
 vic-t'ry, at Thy feet I'll lay my hon-ors down, I'll lay my hon-ors down.

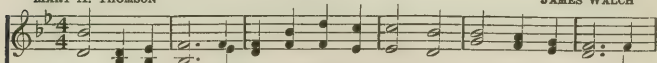


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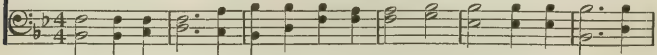
O Zion, Haste

MARY A. THOMSON

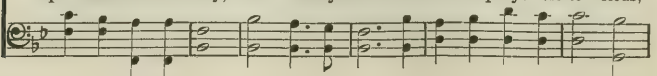
JAMES WALCH



1. O Zi-on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful-fill-ing, To tell to all the
2. Be-hold how man-y thou-sands still are ly-ing, Bound in the dark-some
3. Pro-claim to ev'-ry peo-ple, tongue and na-tion That God in whom they
4. Give of thy sons to bear the mes-sage glo-rious; Give of thy wealth to

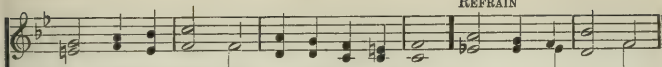


world that God is Light; That He who made all na-tions is not will-ing
 pris-on-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Sav-ior's dy-ing,
 live and move is love; Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre-a-tion,
 speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in prayer vic-to-rious;



O Zion, Haste

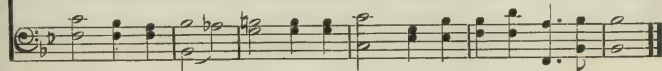
REFRAIN



One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night.
Or of the life He died for them to win. Pub - lish glad ti - dings,
And died on earth that man might live a - bove.
And all thou spend - est Je - sus will re - pay.



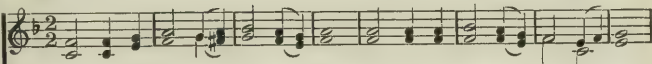
Ti - dings of peace; Ti - dings of Je - sus, Re - demp - tion and re - lease.



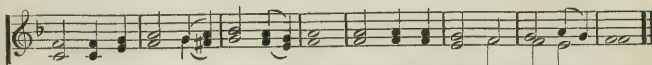
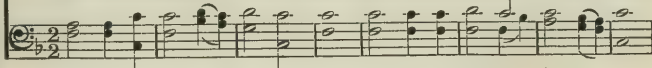
161 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

ISAAC WATTS

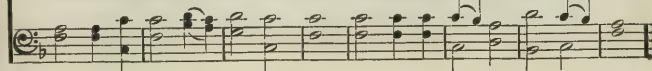
Arr. by LOWELL MASON



1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross, On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord! that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and love flow min - gled down;
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small;



My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all.



JULIA H. JOHNSTON

J. W. HENDERSON

1. There's a sweet and bless-ed sto - ry Of the Christ who came from glo - ry,
 2. From the depth of sin and sad-ness To the heights of joy and glad-ness
 3. From the throne of heav'n-ly glo - ry—Oh, the sweet and bless-ed sto - ry!
 4. By and by with joy in-creas-ing, And with grat-i - tude un-ces-ing,

Just to res-cue me from sin and mis-er-y; He in loving kindness sought me,
 Je-sus lift-ed me, in mer-cy full and free; With His precious blood He bo't me,
 Je-sus came to lift the lost in sin and woe In - to lib-er - ty all - glo-rious,
 Lift-ed up with Christ for-ev-er-more to be; I will join the hosts there sing-ing,

ad lib.

And from sin and shame hath bro't me, Hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus ran-somed me.
 When I knew Him not, He sought me, And in love di-vine He ran-somed me.
 Tro-phies of His grace vic - to-rious, Ev - er-more re-joic-ing here be - low.
 In the an-them ev - er ring-ing, To the King of Love who ran-somed me.

CHORUS

Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-ior! Who can take a poor lost sin-ner, Lift him

from the mi-ry clay and set him free; (Hal-le-lu-jah!) I will ev - er tell the sto - ry,

He Ransomed Me

ad lib.

Shout-ing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus ran - somed me.

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Beautiful River

ROBERT LOWRY

R. L.

1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, Where bright an - gel feet have trod;
 2. On the bos - om of the riv - er, Where the Sav - ior - King we own,
 3. Ere we reach the shin - ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down;
 4. Soon we'll reach the shining riv - er, Soon our pil - grim - age will cease;

With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flow - ing by the throne of God?
 We shall meet, and sor - row nev - er, 'Neath the glo - ry of the throne.
 Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro - vide a robe and crown.
 Soon our hap - py hearts will qui - ver With the mel - o - dy of peace.

CHORUS

Yes, we'll gather at the riv - er, The beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er,

Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear these
 2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub - les; He is a kind, com -
 3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my
 4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is

bur - dens a - lone; In my dis - tress He kind - ly will help me;
 pas - sion - ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er;
 bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
 tempt - ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me

CHORUS

He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
 Make of my troub - les quick - ly an end. I must tell Je - sus!
 He all my cares and sor - rows will share.
 O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.

I must tell Je - sus! I can - not bear my bur - dens a - lone; I must tell

Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

The Way of the Cross Leads Home

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS

CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er
 2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the
 3. Then I bid fare-well to the way of the world, To walk in it

way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
 Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub - lime,
 nev - er - more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,

CHORUS.

If the way of the cross I miss. The way of the cross leads
 Where the soul is at home with God.
 Where He waits at the o - pen door.

home, The way of the cross leads home; It is
 leads home, leads home;

sweet to know, as I on - ward go, The way of the cross leads home. A - MEN.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES

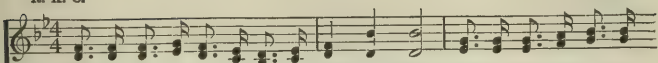
1. I come to the gar-den a - lone, While the dew is still on the
 2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet the birds hush their
 3. I'd stay in the gar-den with Him Tho' the night a - round me be

ros - es, And the voice I hear, Fall - ing on my ear, The
 sing - ing, And the mel - o - dy That He gave to me, With -
 fall - ing, But He bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe His

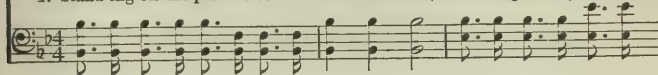
CHORUS
 Son of God dis - clos - es.
 in my heart is ring - ing. And He walks with me, and He
 voice to me is call - ing.

talks with me, And He tells me I am His own; And the

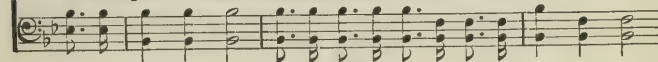
joy we share as we tar - ry there, None oth - er has ev - er known.



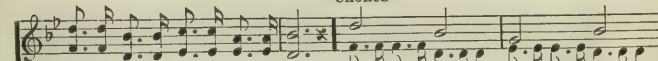
1. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thro' e-ter-nal a-ges
2. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es that can - not fail, When the howling storms of
3. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e-ter-nal-
4. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es I can - not fall, Lis-t'ning ev-'ry mo-ment



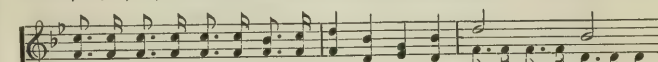
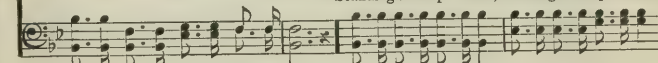
let His prais-es ring; Glo-ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,
doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv-ing word of God I shall pre - vail,
ly by love's strong cord, O - ver-com-ing dai-ly with the Spir-it's sword,
to the Spir - it's call, Rest-ing in my Sav-ior, as my all in all,



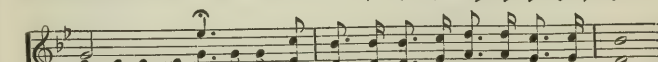
CHORUS



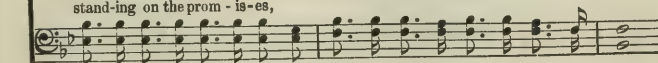
Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God. Stand - - ing, stand - - ing,
Standing on the promises, standing on the promises,



Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God my Sav-ior; Stand - - ing,
Stand-ing on the prom-is-es,



stand - - ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God.
standing on the prom-is-es,



SAMUEL MEDLEY

LOWELL MASON

1. O could I speak the matchless worth, O could I sound the glories forth Which
 2. I'd sing the pre-cious blood He spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt Of
 3. I'd sing the char-ac-ters He bears, And all the forms of love He wears, Ex-
 4. Well, the de-light-ful day will come When my dear Lord will bring me home, And

in my Sav-ior shine, I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with Ga-briel
 sin, and wrath di-vine; I'd sing His glorious righteousness, In which all-per-fect,
 alt-ed on His throne; In loftiest songs of sweetest praise, I would to ev-er
 I shall see His face; Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend, A blest e-ter-ni-

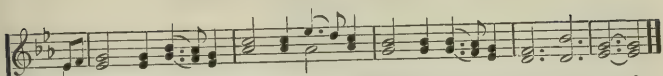
while he sings In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.
 heav'n-ly dress My soul shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev-er shine.
 last-ing days Make all His glo-ries known, Make all His glo-ries known.
 ty I'll spend, Tri-um-phant in His grace, Tri-um-phant in His grace.

JOSEPH GRIGG

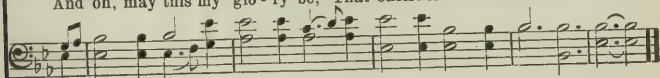
WM. BRADBURY

1. Je-sus! and shall it ev-er be, A mor-tal man a-shamed of Thee?
 2. A-shamed of Je-sus! that dear Friend, On whom my hopes of heav'n de-pend!
 3. A-shamed of Je-sus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash a-way,
 4. Till then—nor is my boast-ing vain—Till then, I boast a Sav-ior slain;

Jesus! and Shall it Ever Be



A-shamed of Thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days?
No, when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re-vere His name.
No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fear to quell, no soul to save.
And oh, may this my glo-ry be, That Christ is not a-shamed of me.



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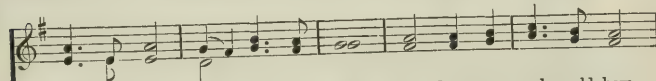
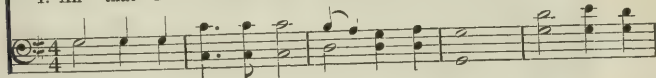
Something For Jesus

S. D. PHELPS

ROBERT LOWRY



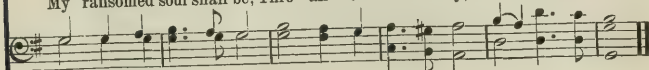
1. Sav - ior, Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I
2. At the blest mer - cy - seat, Plead - ing for me, My fee - ble
3. Give me a faith - ful heart, — Like - ness to Thee, — That each de -
4. All that I am and have, — Thy gifts so free, — In joy, in

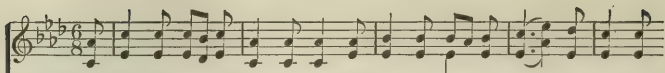


aught with - hold, Dear Lord, from Thee: In love my soul would bow,
faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee: Help me the cross to bear,
part - ing day Hence - forth may see Some work of love be - gun,
grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see,

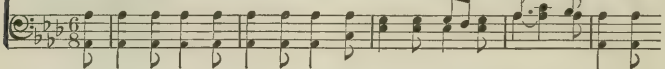


My heart ful - fill its vow, Some of - fring bring Thee now, Something for Thee.
Thy wondrous love de - clare, Some song to raise, or prayer, Something for Thee.
Some deed of kind - ness done, Some wand'ersought and won, Something for Thee.
My ransomed soul shall be, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Something for Thee.

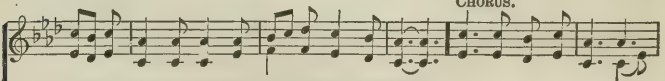




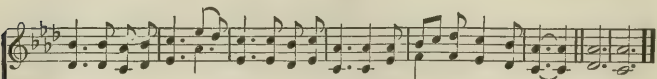
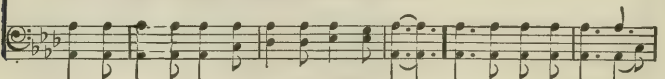
1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It sounds like
2. It tells me of a Sav-ior's love, Who died to set me free; It tells me
3. It tells me what my Fa-ther hath In store for ev-'ry day, And tho' I
4. It tells of One whose loving heart Can feel my deep-est woe, Who in each,



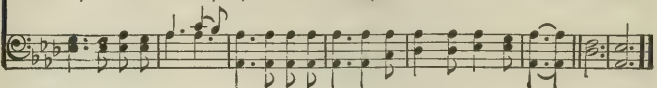
CHORUS.



mu-sic in mine ear, The sweet-est name on earth.
 of His pre-cious blood, The sin-ner's per-fect plea. Oh, how I love Je-sus,
 tread a darksome path, Yields sunshine all the way.
 sor-row bears a part, That none can bear be-low.

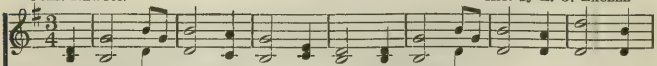


Oh, how I love Je-sus, Oh, how I love Je-sus, Be-cause He first loved me. A-MEN.

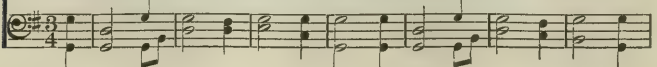


JOHN NEWTON

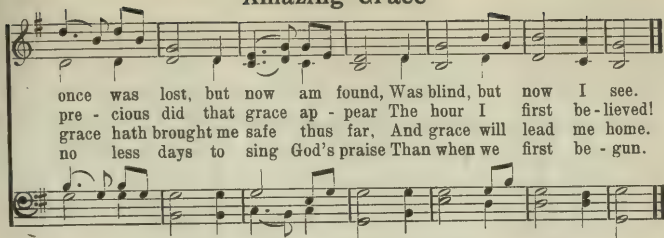
Arr. by E. O. EXCELL



1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me! I
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re-lieved; How
3. Thro' man-y dan-gers, toils and snares, I have al-read-y come; 'Tis
4. When we've been there ten thousand years, Bright shin-ing as the sun, We've



Amazing Grace



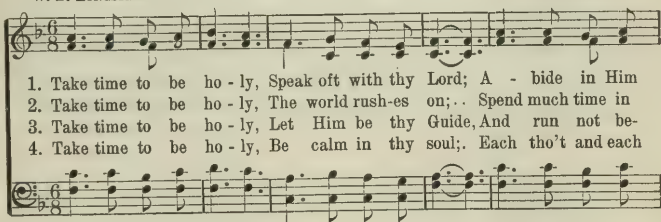
once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
 pre - cious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be - lieved!
 grace hath brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
 no less days to sing God's praise Than when we first be - gun.

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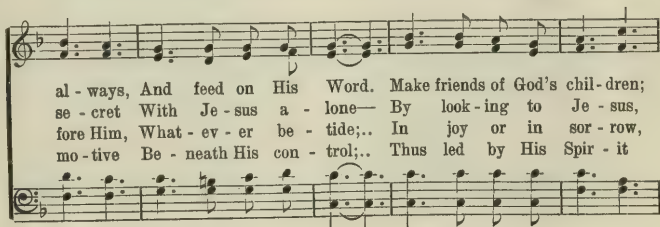
Take Time to Be Holy

W. D. LONGSTAFF

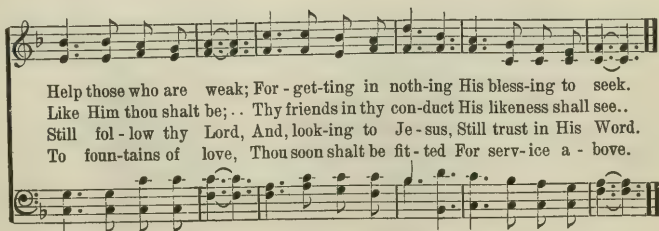
Geo. C. STEBBINS



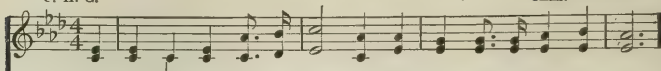
1. Take time to be ho - ly, Speak oft with thy Lord; A - bide in Him
 2. Take time to be ho - ly, The world rush-es on;.. Spend much time in
 3. Take time to be ho - ly, Let Him be thy Guide, And run not be-
 4. Take time to be ho - ly, Be calm in thy soul;.. Each tho't and each



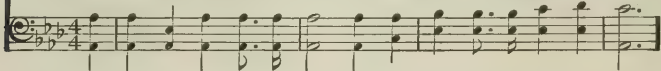
al - ways, And feed on His Word. Make friends of God's chil - dren;
 se - cret With Je - sus a - lone— By look - ing to Je - sus,
 fore Him, What - ev - er be - tide;.. In joy or in sor - row,
 mo - tive Be - neath His con - trol;.. Thus led by His Spir - it



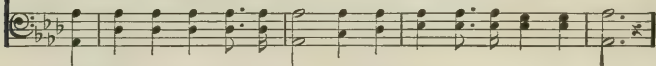
Help those who are weak; For - get - ting in noth - ing His bless - ing to seek.
 Like Him thou shalt be;.. Thy friends in thy con - duct His likeness shall see..
 Still fol - low thy Lord, And, look - ing to Je - sus, Still trust in His Word.
 To foun - tains of love, Thou soon shalt be fit - ted For serv - ice a - bove.



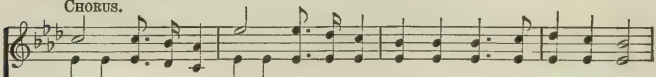
1. I stand a-mazed in the pres-ence Of Je-sus the Naz-a-rene,
2. For me it was in the gar-den He prayed: "Not My will, but Thine;"
3. In pit-y an-gels be-held Him, And came from the world of light
4. He took my sins and my sor-rows, He made them His ver-y own;
5. When with the ransomed in glo-ry His face I at last shall see,



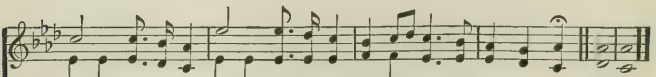
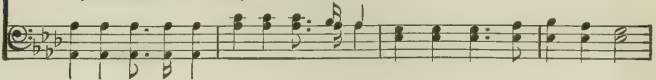
And won-der how He could love me, A sin-ner, condemned, un-clean.
 He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat-drops of blood for mine.
 To com-fort Him in the sor-rows He bore for my soul that night.
 He bore the bur-den to Cal-v'ry, And suf-fered, and died a-lone.
 'Twill be my joy thro' the a-ges To sing of His love for me.



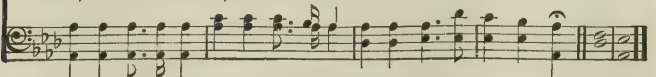
CHORUS.



How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful! And my song shall ev-er be:
 Oh, how mar-vel-ous! oh, how won-der-ful



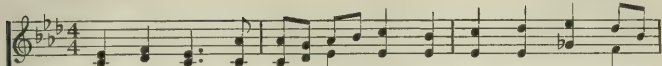
How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful Is my Sav-ior's love for me! A-MEN.
 Oh, how mar-vel-ous! oh, how won-der-ful



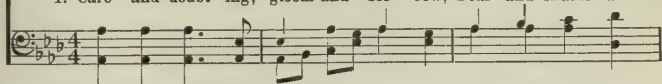
Bread of Heaven

WILLIAM WILLIAMS
and GIPSY SMITH

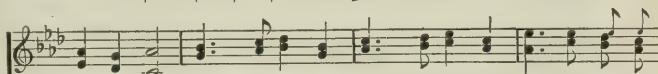
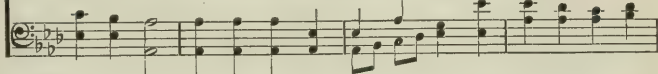
Arr. from Welsh by
E. EDWIN YOUNG



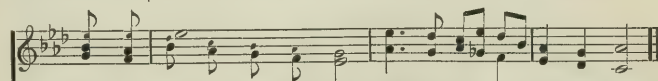
1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this
2. O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain, Whence the heal - ing
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious
4. Care and doubt - ing, gloom and sor - row, Fear and shame are



bar - ren land; I am weak, but Thou art might - y, Hold me with Thy
wa - ters flow; Let the fi - ery, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my
fears sub - side; Bear me thro' the swelling cur - rent, Land me safe on
mine no more; Faith knows naught of dark to - mor - row, For my Sav - ior



pow'r - ful hand; Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I
jour - ney thro'; Strong De - liv - 'rer, Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my
Ca - naan's side; Songs of prais - es, Songs of prais - es, I will ev - er
goes be - fore; Songs of prais - es, Songs of prais - es, I will ev - er



want no more; (I want no more;) Feed me till I want no more.
strength and shield; (my strength and shield;) Be Thou still my strength and shield.
give to Thee; (e'er give to Thee;) I will ev - er give to Thee.
give to Thee; (e'er give to Thee;) I will ev - er give to Thee.



R. HEBER

H. S. CUTLER

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;
 2. That mar-tyr first, whose ea-gle eye Could pierce be-yond the grave;
 3. A no-ble band, the cho-sen few On whom the Spir-it came;

His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far: Who fol-lows in His train?
 Who saw his Mas-ter in the sky, And called on Him to save.
 Twelve val-iant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame.

Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-um-ph'ant o-ver pain,
 Like Him, with par-don on his tongue, In midst of mor-tal pain,
 They met the ty-rant's brandish'd steel, The li-on's gor-y mane;

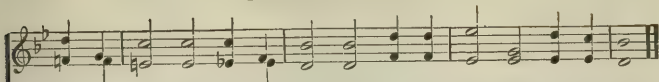
Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low,—He fol-lows in His train.
 He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol-lows in his train?
 They bowed their heads the stroke to feel: Who fol-lows in their train?

Mrs. CECIL F. ALEXANDER

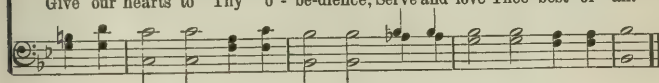
WILLIAM H. JUDE

1. Je-sus calls us; o'er the tu-mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea,
 2. Je-sus calls us from the wor-ship Of the vain world's gold-en store,
 3. In our joys and in our sor-rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
 4. Je-sus calls us: by Thy mer-cies, Sav-ior, may we hear Thy call,

Jesus Calls Us



Day by day His sweet voice sound-eth, Say-ing, "Chris-tian, fol-low Me."
From each i - dol that would keep us, Say-ing, "Chris-tian, love Me more."
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures, "Christian, love Me more than these."
Give our hearts to Thy o - be-dience, Serve and love Thee best of all.

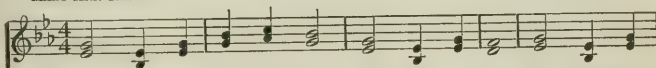


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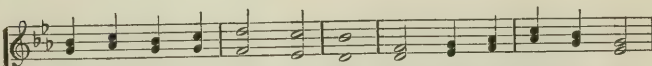
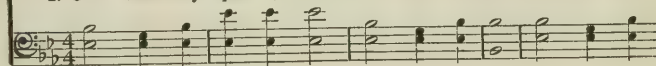
Break Thou the Bread of Life

MARY ANN LATHBURY

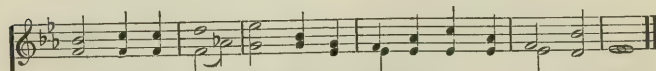
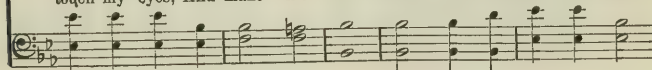
WILLIAM F. SHERWIN



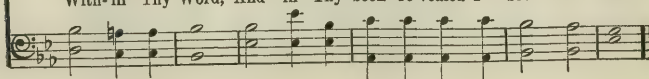
1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me—to me—As Thou didst
3. Thou art the bread of life, O Lord, to me, Thy ho - ly
4. O send Thy Spir - it, Lord, Now un - to me, That He may



break the loaves Be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page
bless the bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bond-age cease,
Word the truth That sav - eth me; Give me to eat and live
touch my eyes, And make me see: Show me the truth con-cealed



I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word.
All fet - ters fall; And I shall find my peace, My All in all.
With Thee a - bove; Teach me to love Thy truth, For Thou art love.
With-in Thy Word, And in Thy book re-vealed I see the Lord.



GEORGE MATHESON

A. L. PEACE

p

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea - ry
 2. O Light that fol - low'st all my way, I yield my flick - ring
 3. O Joy that seek - est me thro' pain, I can - not close my
 4. O Cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not ask to

soul on Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe, That
 torch to Thee; My heart re - stores its bor - rowed ray, That
 heart to Thee; I trace the rain - bow thro' the rain, And
 hide from Thee; I lay in dust life's glo - ry dead, And

in Thine o - cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be.
 in Thy sun - shine's glow its day May bright - er, fair - er be.
 feel the prom - ise is not vain That morn shall tear - less be.
 from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall end - less be.

JOSIAH CONDER

G. HEWS

1. Bread of heav'n, on Thee we feed, For Thy flesh is meat in - deed:
 2. Vine of heav'n, Thy blood sup - plies This blest cup of sac - ri - fice:
 3. Day by day, with strength supplied Thro' the life of Him who died,

Bread of Heaven, On Thee We Feed

Ev - er let our souls be fed With this true and liv - ing bread.
 Lord, Thy wounds our heal - ing give, To Thy cross we look and live.
 Lord of life, O let us be Root - ed, graft - ed, built in Thee!

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Wonderful Words of Life

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of Life;
 2. Christ, the bless - ed One, gives to all, Won - der - ful words of Life;
 3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of Life;

Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of Life.
 Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of Life.
 Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of Life.

Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty:
 All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to Heav - en:
 Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er:

REFRAIN

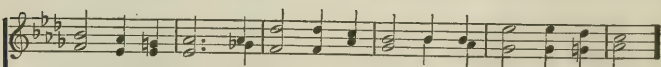
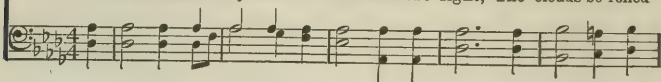
Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of Life. Life.

H. G. SPAFFORD

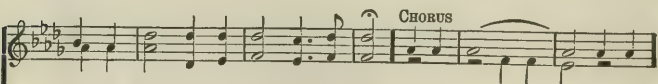
P. P. BLISS



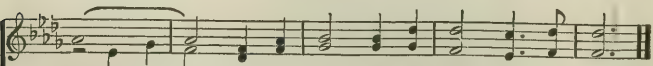
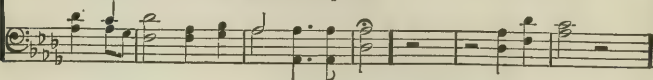
1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend-eth my way, When sor-rows like
2. Though Sa-tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as-
3. My sin—oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't—My sin—not in
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled



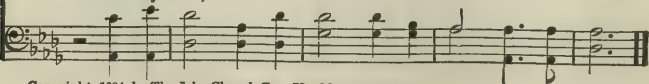
sea - bil - lows roll; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
sur - ance con - trol, That Christ has re - gard - ed my help - less es - tate,
part, but the whole, Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no more,
back as a scroll, The trump shall re-sound and the Lord shall de-scend,



It is well, it is well with my soul.
And hath shed His own blood for my soul. It is well with my
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
"E - ven so"—it is well with my soul. It is well



soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.
with my soul,



1. So pre-cious is Je-sus, my Sav-ior, my King, His praise all the day
 2. He stood at my heart's door 'mid sunshine and rain, And pa-tient-ly wait-
 3. I stand on the moun-tain of bless-ing at last, No cloud in the heav-
 4. I praise Him be-cause He ap-point-ed a place Where, some day, thro' faith

long with rap-ture I sing; To Him in my weak-ness for strength I can cling,
 ed an en-trance to gain; What shame that so long He en-treat-ed in vain,
 ens a shad-ow to cast; His smile is up-on me, the val-ley is past,
 in His won-der-ful grace, I know I shall see Him—shall look on His face,

CHORUS. *Faster.*

For He is so pre-cious to me. For He is so pre-cious to me, . . .
 so pre-cious to me,

For He is so pre-cious to me; . . . 'Tis Heav-en be-low
 so pre-cious to me;

rit.
 My Re-deem-er to know, For He is so pre-cious to me. A-MEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
 2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran - somed from the fall,
 3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball,

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all,
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all,
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all,

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all!

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[SECOND TUNE]

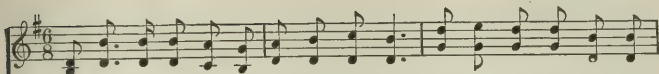
Miles' Lane. C. M.

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE

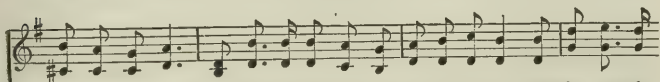
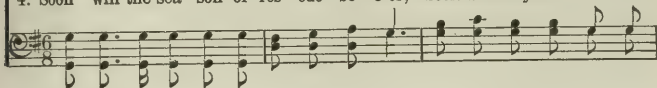
1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al

di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all!

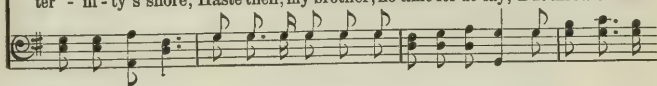
EDWARD S. UFFORD

E. S. UFFORD
Arr. by GEORGE C. STEBBINS

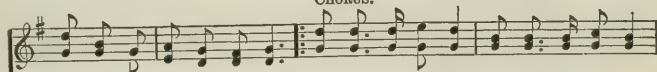
1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a broth - er whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong: Why do you tar - ry, why
3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan - ger - fraught men, Sink - ing in an - guish where
4. Soon will the sea - son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e -



some one should save; Somebody's broth - er! oh, who then, will dare To throw out the
lin - ger so long? See! he is sink - ing; oh; has - ten to - day — And out with the
you've nev - er been: Winds of temp - ta - tion and bil - lows of woe Will soon hurl them
ter - ni - ty's shore, Haste then, my brother, no time for de - lay, But throw out the



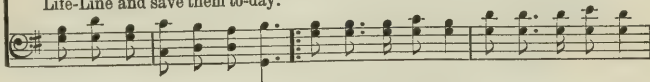
CHORUS.



Life-Line, his per - il to share?

Life-Boat! a - way, then, a - way! Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line!
out where the dark wa - ters flow.

Life-Line and save them to - day.



Some one is drift - ing a - way; Some one is sink - ing to - day. A - MEN.



GEORGE HEATH

LOWELL MASON

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thou-sand foes a - rise; The
 2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er; Re-
 3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down; The
 4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God; He'll

hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
 new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
 work of faith will not be done, Till thou ob - tain the crown.
 take thee, at thy part - ing breath, To His di - vine a - bode.

FANNY J. CROSBY

SILAS J. VAIL

1. Thou, my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me;
 2. Not for ease or world - ly pleas - ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
 3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad - ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea;

D.S.—All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - ior, let me walk with Thee.
 D.S.—Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
 D.S.—Then the gate of life e - ter - nal May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

Close to Thee

REFRAIN

D. S.

Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee;

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Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me

EDWARD HOPPER

J. E. GOULD

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pes-tuous sea;
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar

Un-known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treacherous shoal;
 Boisterous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
 'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean-ing on Thy breast,

Chart and com - pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
 Won-drous Sov-'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
 May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE

R. M. McINTOSH

1. From all the dark pla - ces Of earth's hea-then ra - ces, O see how the
 2. The sun-light is glanc - ing O'er ar - mies ad-vanc-ing, To con-quer the
 3. With shout-ing and sing-ing, And ju - bi - lant ring-ing, Their arms of re-

thick shad-ows fly! The voice of sal - va - tion A - wakes ev - 'ry na - tion,
 king-doms of sin; Our Lord shall possess them, His presence shall bless them,
 bel - lion cast down; At last ev - 'ry na - tion The Lord of sal - va - tion

CHORUS

Come o - ver and help us, they cry.
 His beau - ty shall en - ter them in. The king-dom is com - ing, O
 Their King and Re-deem - er shall crown!

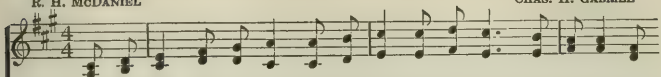
tell ye the sto - ry, God's ban-ner ex-alt-ed shall be! The earth shall be

full of His knowledge and glo - ry, As wa - ters that cov - er the sea.

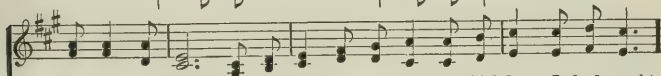
Since Jesus Came Into My Heart

R. H. McDANIEL

CHAS. H. GABRIEL

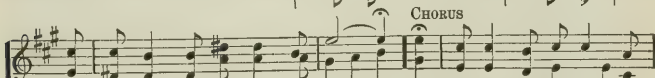


1. What a won - der - ful change in my life has been wrought Since Je - sus came
 2. I have ceased from my wand'ring and go - ing a - stray, Since Je - sus came
 3. I'm pos-sessed of a hope that is stead-fast and sure, Since Je - sus came
 4. There's a light in the val - ley of death now for me, Since Je - sus came
 5. I shall go there to dwell in that Cit - y, I know, Since Je - sus came

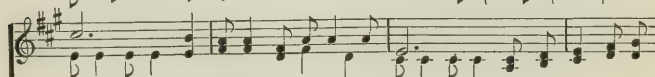


in - to my heart! I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,
 in - to my heart! And my sins, which were man-y, are all washed a - way,
 in - to my heart! And no dark clouds of doubt now my path - way ob-scure,
 in - to my heart! And the gates of the Cit - y be-yond I can see,
 in - to my heart! And I'm hap - py, so hap - py, as on - ward I go,

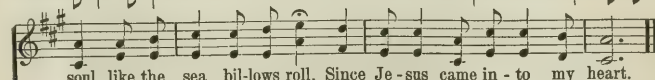
CHORUS



Since Je - sus came in - to my heart! Since Je - sus came in - to my
 Since Je - sus came in, came



heart, Since Je - sus came in - to my heart, Floods of joy o'er my
 in - to my heart, Since Je - sus came in, came in - to my heart,



soul like the sea bil-lows roll, Since Je - sus came in - to my heart.

ISAAC WATTS
Spirited

ROBERT LOWRY

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
 3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets Be-
 4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're

in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And
 chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, May
 fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Or
 marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To

thus sur - - round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
 speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
 walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
 fair - - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.

thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.

CHORUS

We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful Zi - on; We're
 We're march-ing on to Zi - on,

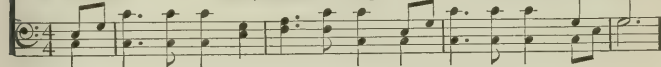
march-ing up-ward to Zi - on, The beau-ti - ful cit - y of God.
 Zi - on, Zi-on,

WILLIAM COWPER

LOWELL MASON



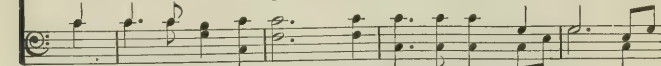
1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man- uel's veins;
2. The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
3. Dear dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,
5. Then in a no - bler, sweet - er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,



And sin - ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains:
 And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way:
 Till all the ran-somed church of God Be saved, to sin no more:
 Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die:
 When this poor lisp - ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave:



Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains; And
 Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way; And
 Be saved, to sin no more, Be saved, to sin no more; Till
 And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die; Re-
 Lies si - lent in the grave, Lies si - lent in the grave; When



sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
 there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
 all the ran-somed church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
 deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
 this poor lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave. A-MEN.



JOHN ELLERTON

E. J. HOPKINS

1. Sav - ior, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac -
 2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our home-ward way; With Thee be -
 3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the com - ing night, Turn Thou for
 4. Grant us Thy peace through-out our earth - ly life, Our balm in

cord our part - ing hymn of praise; Once more we bless Thee ere our
 gan, with Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the lips from sin, the
 us its dark - ness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger keep Thy
 sor - row, and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall bid our

wor - ship cease, Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace.
 hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on Thy name.
 chil - dren free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
 con - flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace.

SABINE BARING-GOULD

JOSEPH BARNEY

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh, . . .
 2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose; . . .
 3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vi - sions bright of Thee; . . .
 4. Thro' the long night-watch-es May Thine an - gels spread . . .
 5. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise . . .

Now the Day Is Over

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
 With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
 Guard the sail - o's toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
 Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.
 Pure and fresh and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.

Steal a - cross the sky.

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Nearer, My God, to Thee

SARAH F. ADAMS

Arr. by LOWELL MASON

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it
 2. Though like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be
 3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to Heav'n: All that Thou
 4. Then, with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
 5. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and

be a cross That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be,
 o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be,
 send'st to me, In mer - cy giv'n: An - gels to beck - on me,
 sto - ny griefs, Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be
 stars for - got, Up - wards I fly, Still all my song shall be,

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!

JOHN NEWTON

LOWELL MASON

1. Safe - ly through an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way;
 2. While we pray for par-d'ning grace, Thro' the dear Re-deem-er's name,
 3. Here we come Thy name to praise, Let us feel Thy pres-ence near;
 4. May Thy gos-pel's joy - ful sound Con-quer sin-ners, com-fort saints;

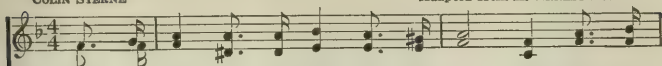
Let us now a bless-ing seek, Wait-ing in His courts to - day;
 Show Thy rec - on - cil - ed face; Take a - way our sin and shame:
 May Thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear:
 Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief for all com - plaints:

Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest: Day of
 From our world-ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee: From our
 Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast: Here af -
 Thus may all our Sab-baths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove: Thus may

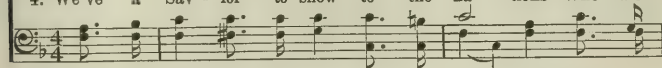
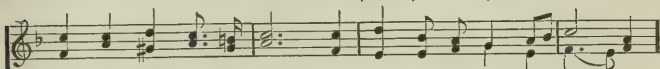
all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest.
 world-ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.
 ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.
 all our Sab-baths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove. A - MEN.

COLIN STERNE



Adapted from H. ERNEST NICHOL



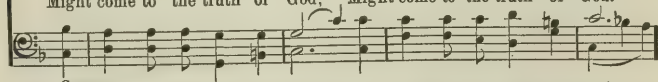
1. We've a sto - ry to tell to the na - tions That shall
 2. We've a song to be sung to the na - tions That shall
 3. We've a mes - sage to give to the na - tions, That the
 4. We've a Sav - ior to show to the na - tions Who the

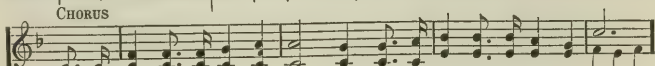
turn their hearts to the right, A sto - ry of truth and mer - cy,
 lift their hearts to the Lord, A song that shall con - quer e - vil
 Lord who reign - eth a - bove Hath sent us His Son to save us,
 path of sor - row hath trod, That all of the world's great peo - ples

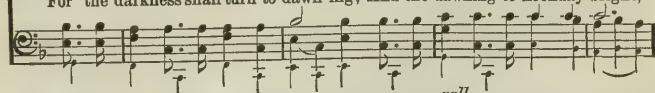
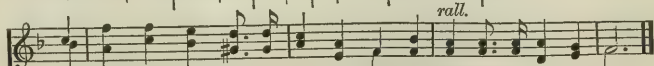
A sto - ry of peace and light, A sto - ry of peace and light.
 And shat - ter the spear and sword, And shat - ter the spear and sword.
 And show us that God is love, And show us that God is love.
 Might come to the truth of God, Might come to the truth of God.




CHORUS



For the darkness shall turn to dawn - ing, And the dawning to noonday bright,

rall.
 And Christ's great kingdom shall come to earth, The kingdom of love and light.



ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE

FREDERICK C. MAKER

1. Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,
 2. Up - on that cross of Je - sus Mine eye at times can see
 3. I take, O cross, thy shad - ow For my a - bid - ing - place;

The shad - ow of a might - y Rock With - in a wea - ry land;
 The ver - y dy - ing form of One Who suf - ered there for me;
 I ask no oth - er sun - shine than The sun - shine of His face;

A home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way,
 And from my smit - ten heart with tears, Two won - ders I con - fess. —
 Con - tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss,

From the burn - ing of the noon - day heat, And the bur - den of the day.
 The won - ders of His glo - rious love And my own worth - less - ness.
 My sin - ful self my on - ly shame, My glo - ry all the cross.

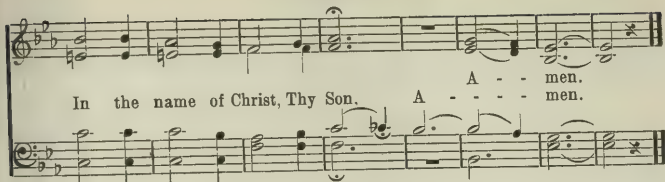
Response

Dedicated to First Baptist Church Choir, Okmulgee, Okla.

HARRY DIXON LOES

Heav'n - ly Fa - ther, hear the prayer We have raised to Thee.

Response



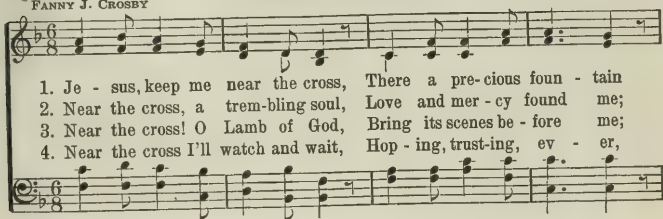
In the name of Christ, Thy Son. A - - men. A - - - - men.

201

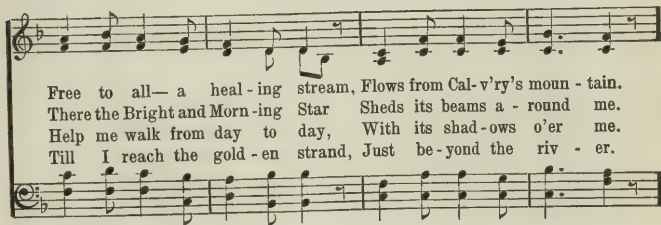
Near the Cross

FANNY J. CROSBY

W. H. DOANE

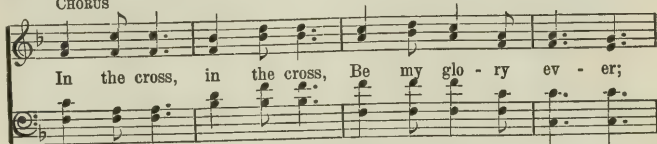


1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre - cious foun - tain
 2. Near the cross, a trem-bling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
 3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
 4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust-ing, ev - er,

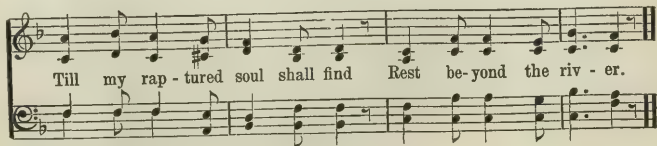


Free to all— a heal-ing stream, Flows from Cal-v'ry's moun - tain.
 There the Bright and Morn-ing Star Sheds its beams a - round me.
 Help me walk from day to day, With its shad-ows o'er me.
 Till I reach the gold-en strand, Just be-yond the riv - er.

CHORUS



In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er;



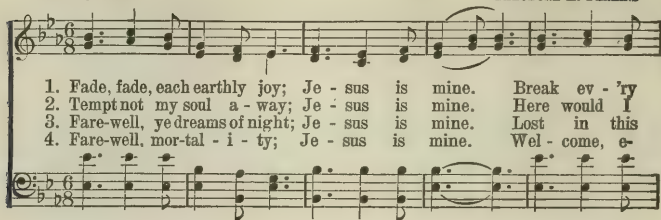
Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be-yond the riv - er.

202

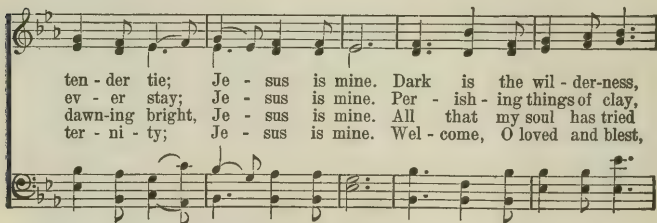
Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy

JANE C. BONAR

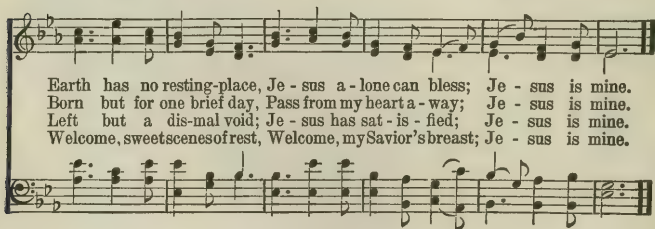
THEODORE E. PERKINS



1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy; Je - sus is mine. Break ev - 'ry
 2. Tempt not my soul a - way; Je - sus is mine. Here would I
 3. Fare-well, ye dreams of night; Je - sus is mine. Lost in this
 4. Fare-well, mor-tal - i - ty; Je - sus is mine. Wel - come, e -



ten - der tie; Je - sus is mine. Dark is the wil - der-ness,
 ev - er stay; Je - sus is mine. Per - ish - ing things of clay,
 dawn-ing bright, Je - sus is mine. All that my soul has tried,
 ter - ni - ty; Je - sus is mine. Wel - come, O loved and blest,



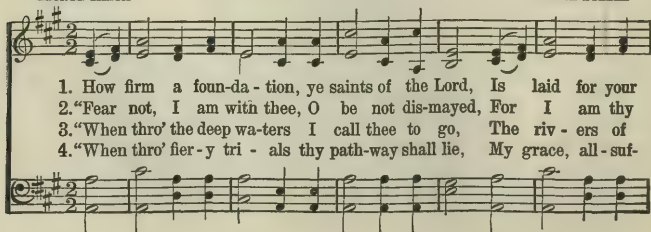
Earth has no resting-place, Je - sus a-lone can bless; Je - sus is mine.
 Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way; Je - sus is mine.
 Left but a dis-mal void; Je - sus has sat - is - fied; Je - sus is mine.
 Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Savior's breast; Je - sus is mine.

203

How Firm a Foundation

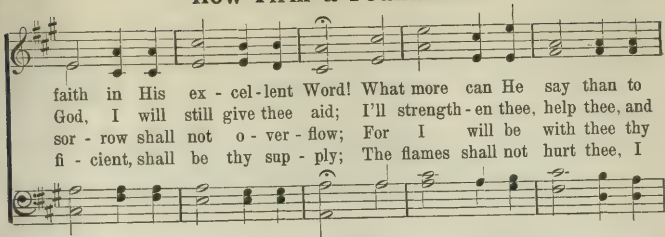
GEORGE KEITH

ANNE STEELE

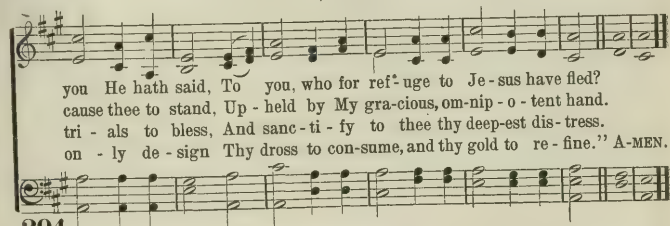


1. How firm a foun-da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy
 3. "When thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of
 4. "When thro' fier-y tri - als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all-suf-

How Firm a Foundation



faith in His ex - cel-lent Word! What more can He say than to
 God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strength-en thee, help thee, and
 sor - row shall not o - ver - flow; For I will be with thee thy
 fi - cient, shall be thy sup - ply; The flames shall not hurt thee, I



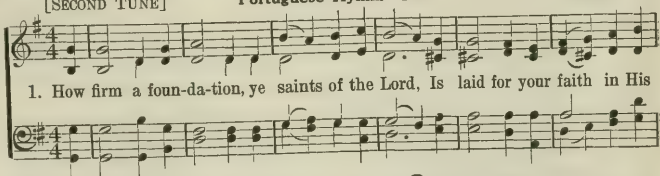
you He hath said, To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
 cause thee to stand, Up - held by My gra-cious, om-nip - o - tent hand.
 tri - als to bless, And sanc-ti - fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
 on - ly de - sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re - fine." A-MEN.

204

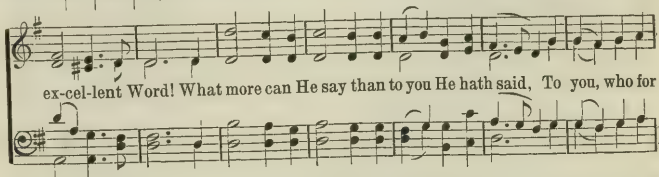
[SECOND TUNE]

Portuguese Hymn. 11s.

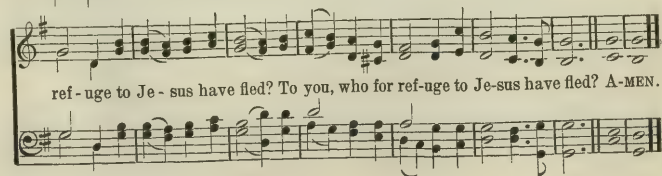
Unknown



1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His



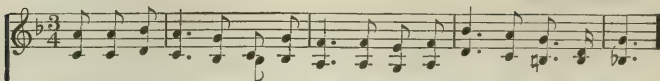
ex-cel-lent Word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you, who for



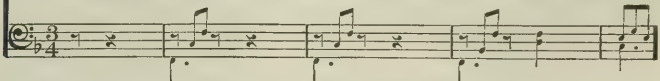
ref-uge to Je - sus have fled? To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled? A-MEN.

FANNY J. CROSBY

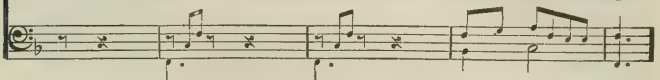
GEO. C. STEBBINS



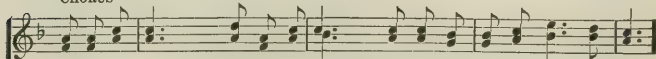
1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day my earth - ly house will fall, I can-not tell how soon 'twill be,
3. Some day, when fades the gold-en sun Be-neath the ros - y - tint - ed west,
4. Some day: till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimmed and burning bright,



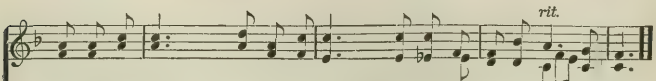
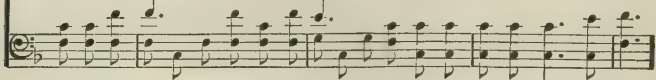
But O, the joy when I shall wake With-in the pal-ace of the King!
 But this I know—my All in All Has now a place in Heav'n for me.
 My bless-ed Lord will say, "Well done!" And I shall en-ter in - to rest.
 That when my Sav-ior opes the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.



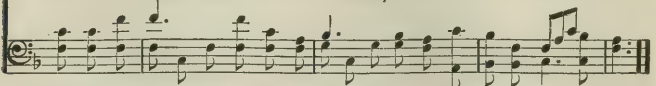
CHORUS



And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the sto-ry—Saved by grace;
 shall see to face,

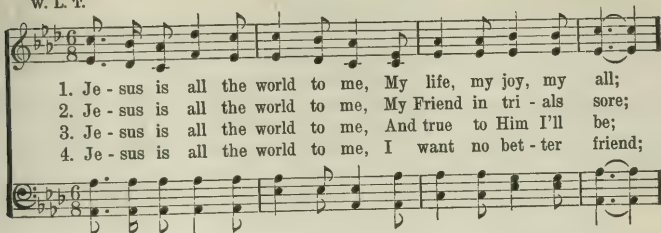


And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the sto-ry—Saved by grace.
 shall see to face,

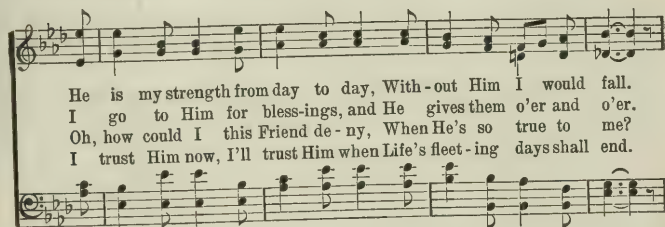


W. L. T.

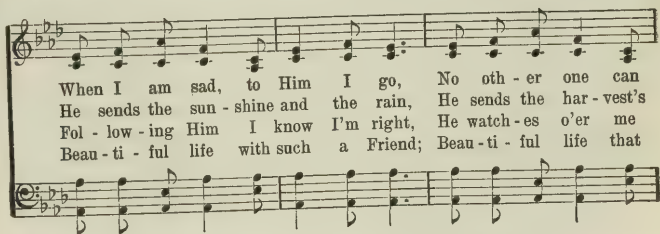
WILL L. THOMPSON



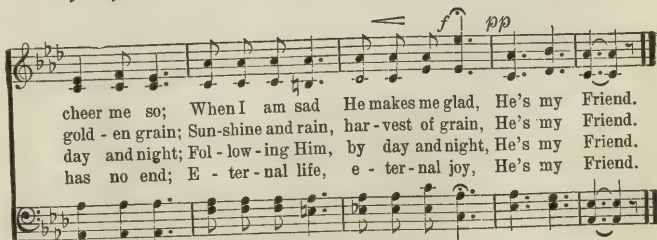
1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
 2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My Friend in tri - als sore;
 3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
 4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;



He is my strength from day to day, With - out Him I would fall.
 I go to Him for bless - ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
 Oh, how could I this Friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
 I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet - ing days shall end.



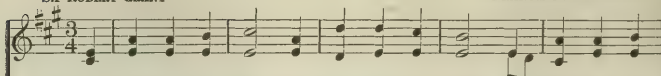
When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can
 He sends the sun - shine and the rain, He sends the har - vest's
 Fol - low - ing Him I know I'm right, He watch - es o'er me
 Beau - ti - ful life with such a Friend; Beau - ti - ful life that



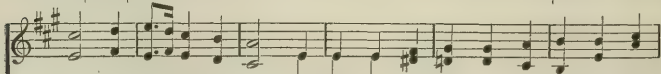
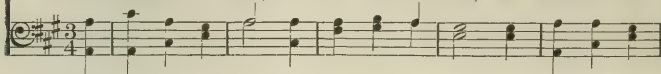
cheer me so; When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my Friend.
 gold - en grain; Sun - shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my Friend.
 day and night; Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my Friend.
 has no end; E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my Friend.

Sir ROBERT GRANT

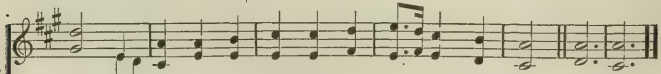
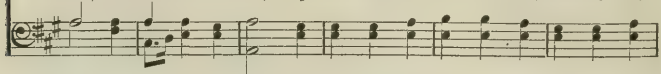
FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN



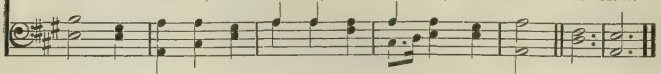
1. O wor-ship the King, all - glo-rious a - bove, And grate-ful - ly
 2. O tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
 3. Thy boun-ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the
 4. Frail chil-dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In Thee do we



sing His won-der-ful love; Our Shield and De-fend - er, the An-cient of
 light, whose can-o - py space; His char - iots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds
 air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de-scends to the
 trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer - cies how ten - der! how firm to the

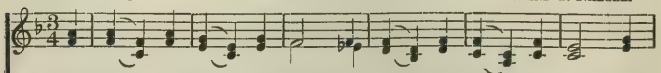


days, Pa - vil-ioned in splen-dor, and gird-ed with praise.
 form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
 plain, And sweet-ly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.
 end! Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend. A - MEN.

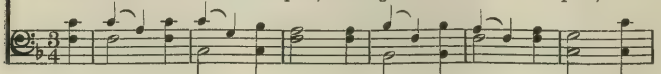


JOHN FAWCETT

HANS G. NAEGLI



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love; The
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent prayers; Our
 3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear; And
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But



Blest Be the Tie

fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
 oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
 we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

209

O Happy Day

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

E. F. RIMBAULT

1. O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - ior and my God!
 2. O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love!
 3. 'Tis done: the great trans - ac - tion's done; I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
 4. Now rest, my long - di - vid - ed heart; Fixed on this bliss - ful cen - ter, rest;

Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad.
 Let cheer - ful an - thems fill His house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move.
 He drew me, and I fol - lowed on, Charmed to con - fess the voice di - vine.
 Nor ev - er from my Lord de - part, With Him of ev - 'ry good pos - sessed.

FINE.

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way!

D. S.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day;

GEO. W. DOANE

CARL M. VON WEBER

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on our sight a - way;
 2. Thou whose all-per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in,
 3. Soon for us the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, we would com-mune with Thee!
 Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault and se - cret sin!
 Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee!

211

Hark, Ten Thousand Harps

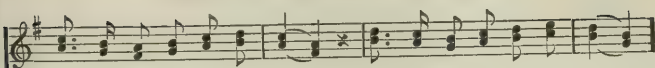
THOMAS KELLY

LOWELL MASON

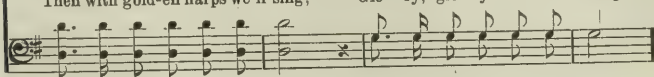
1. Hark, ten thou-sand harps and voic - es Sound the note of praise a - bove!
 2. Je - sus, hail! whose glo - ry bright-ens All a - bove, and gives it worth;
 3. Sav - ior, has - ten Thine ap-pear-ing; Bring, O bring the glo-rious day,

Je - sus reigns, and Heav'n re-joic - es, Je - sus reigns, the God of love;
 Lord of life, Thy smile en - light - ens, Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth;
 When, the aw - ful sum-mons hear-ing, Heav'n and earth shall pass a - way;

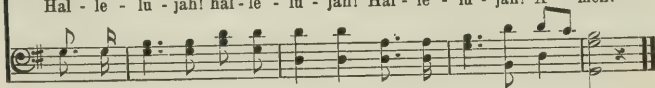
Hark, Ten Thousand Harps



See, He sits on yon-der throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
 When we think of love like Thine, Lord, we own it love di - vine.
 Then with gold-en harps we'll sing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!"



Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men!



212

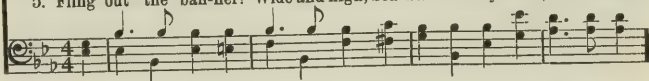
Fling Out the Banner! Let It Float

GEORGE W. DOANE

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN



1. Fling out the ban-ner! Let it float Sky-ward and seaward, high and wide;
2. Fling out the ban-ner! An - gels bend In anx-ious si-lence o'er the sign,
3. Fling out the ban-ner! Hea-thenlands Shall see from far the glo-rious sight,
4. Fling out the ban-ner! Sin - sick souls, That sink and per-ish in the strife,
5. Fling out the ban-ner! Wide and high, Sea-ward and sky-ward, let it shine:



The sun that lights its shin - ing folds, The cross on which the Sav - ior died.
 And vain - ly seek to com - pre-hend The won - der of the love di - vine.
 And na - tions crowd-ing to be born, Bap-tize their spir-its in its light.
 Shall touch in faith its ra - diant hem, And spring im-mor-tal in - to life.
 Nor skill, nor might, nor mer - it ours; We con-quer on - ly in that sign.



J. H. S.

J. H. STOCKTON

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin op-pressed, There's mer-cy with the Lord,
 2. For Je - sus shed His pre-cious blood, Rich bless-ings to be - stow;
 3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest:
 4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,

And He will sure - ly give you rest By trust-ing in His word.
 Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
 Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
 To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.

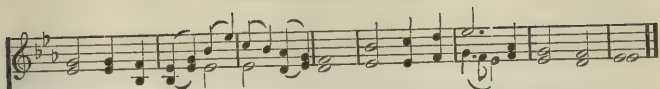
{ On - ly trust Him, on-ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now. }
 { He will save you, He will save you, He will (Omit) save you now. }

ISAAC WATTS

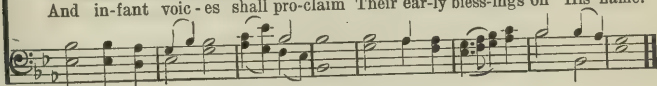
JOHN HATTON

1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive jour - neys run;
 2. From north to south the prin - ces meet To pay their hom - age at His feet;
 3. To Him shall end - less prayer be made, And end - less prais - es crown His head;
 4. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song,

Jesus Shall Reign



His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
While west-ern em-pires own their Lord, And sav-age tribes at-tend His word.
His name like sweet perfume shall rise With ev-'ry morn-ing sac - ri - fice.
And in-fant voic-es shall pro-claim Their ear-ly bless-ings on His name.



215

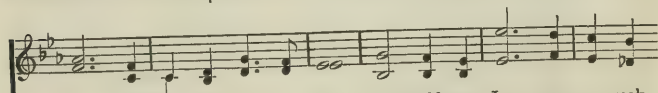
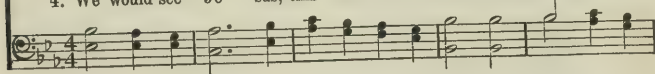
We Would See Jesus

ANNA B. WARNER

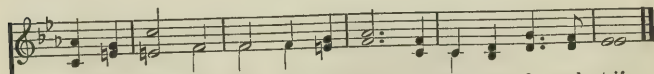
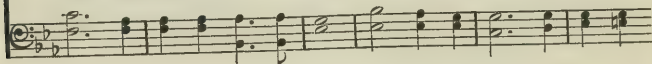
Arr. from F. MENDELSSOHN



1. We would see Je - sus, for the shad-ows length-en A - cross this
2. We would see Je - sus, the great rock foun-da - tion, Where-on our
3. We would see Je - sus; oth - er lights are pal - ing, Which for long
4. We would see Je - sus; this is all we're need - ing; Strength, joy, and



lit - tle land-scape of our life; We would see Je - sus, our weak
feet were set by sov-'reign grace; Not life, nor death, with all their
years we have re-joiced to see; The bless-ings of our pil-grim-
will - ing-ness come with the sight; We would see Je - sus, dy - ing,



faith to strength-en For the last wea - ri - ness, the fi - nal strife.
ag - i - ta - tion, Can thence re-move us, if we see His face.
age are fail - ing; We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.
ris - en, plead - ing; Then wel-come, day! and fare-well, mor - tal night!



MARY B. C. SLADE

A. B. EVERETT

1. Sweet-ly, Lord, have we heard Thee call-ing, Come, fol-low Me!
 2. Tho' they lead o'er the cold, dark mountains, Seek-ing His sheep;
 3. If they lead thro' the tem-ple ho-ly, Preach-ing the word;
 4. Then at last, when on high He sees us, Our jour-ney done,

And we see where Thy foot-prints fall-ing Lead us to Thee.
 Or a-long by Si-lo-am's foun-tains, Help-ing the weak:
 Or in homes of the poor and low-ly, Serv-ing the Lord:
 We will rest where the steps of Je-sus End at His throne.

CHORUS

Foot-prints of Je-sus, that make the path-way glow;

We will fol-low the steps of Je-sus wher-e'er they go.

I Will Arise and Go to Jesus

J. HART

Arranged

1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
 2. Come, ye thirst-y, come, and welcome, God's free boun-ty glo-ri-fy;
 3. Come, ye wea-ry, heav-y-la-den, Lost and ru-ined by the fall;
 4. Let not con-science make you lin-ger, Nor of fit-ness fond-ly dream;

CHO.—I will a-rise and go to Je-sus, He will em-brace me in His arms;

I Will Arise and Go to Jesus

D. C. for Chorus



Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.
True be - lief and true re - pent-ance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh.
If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all.
All the fit - ness He re - quir-eth Is to feel your need of Him.



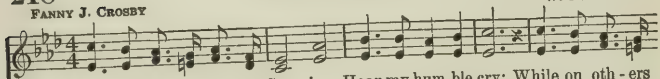
In the arms of my dear Sav - ior, Oh, there are ten thou-sand charms.

218

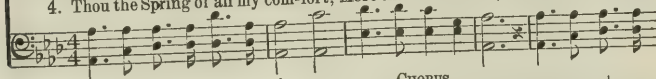
Pass Me Not

FANNY J. CROSBY

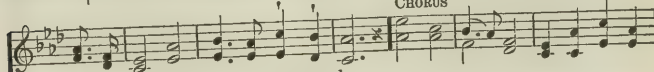
W. H. DOANE



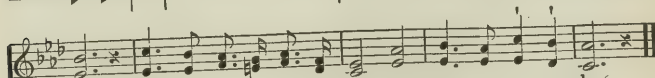
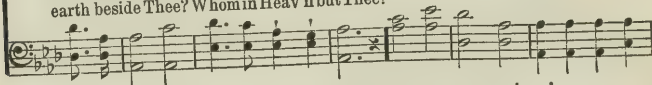
1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry; While on oth - ers
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneel - ing there in
3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my wounded,
4. Thou the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me, Whom have I on



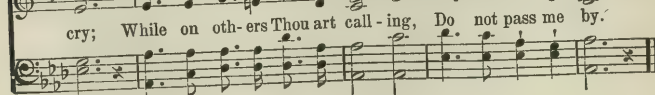
CHORUS



Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.
deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief. Sav - ior, Sav - ior, Hear my humble
bro - ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
earth beside Thee? Whom in Heav'n but Thee?



cry; While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.



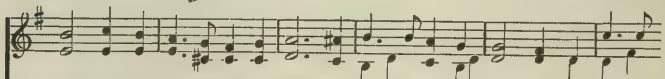
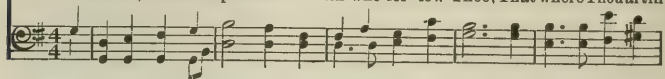
O Jesus, I Have Promised

JOHN E. BODE

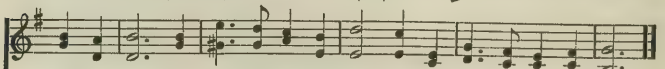
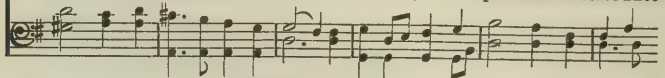
ARTHUR H. MANN



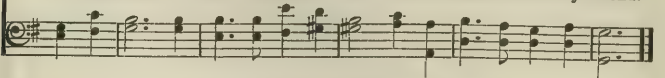
1. O Je-sus, I have prom-ised To serve Thee to the end; Be Thou for-ev-er
2. O let me feel Thee near me, The world is ev-er near; I see the sights that
3. O Je-sus, Thou hast promised To all who fol-low Thee, That where Thou art in



near me, My Mas-ter and my Friend: I shall not fear the bat-tle If Thou art
daz-zle, The tempting sounds I hear: My foes are ev-er near me, A-round me
glo-ry, There shall Thy servant be; And, Je-sus, I have promised To serve Thee



by my side, Nor wan-der from the path-way If Thou wilt be my guide.
and with-in; But, Je-sus, draw Thou near-er, And shield my soul from sin.
to the end; O give me grace to fol-low My Mas-ter and my Friend.

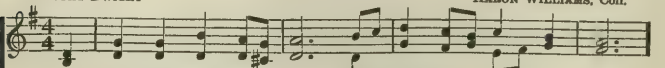


220

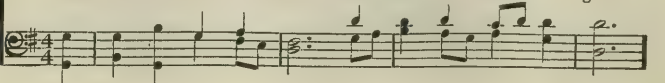
I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord

TIMOTHY DWIGHT

AARON WILLIAMS, Coll.



- | | |
|----------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. I love Thy king-dom, Lord, | The house of Thine a-bode, |
| 2. I love Thy Church, O God! | Her walls be-fore Thee stand, |
| 3. For her my tears shall fall; | For her my prayers as-cend; |
| 4. Be-yond my high-est joy | I prize her heav'n-ly ways, |
| 5. Sure as Thy truth shall last, | To Zi-on shall be giv'n |



I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord

The Church our blest Re-deem-er saved With His own pre-cious blood.
 Dear as the ap-ple of Thine eye, And gra-ven on Thy hand.
 To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
 Her sweet com-mun-ion, sol-emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
 The bright-est glo-ries earth can yield, And bright-er bliss of Heav'n.

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My Jesus, As Thou Wilt!

BENJAMIN SCHMOLCK

From C. M. von WEBER

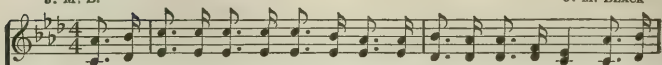
1. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! O may Thy will be mine; In-to Thy
 2. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Tho'seen thro'man-y a tear, Let not my
 3. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each changing

hand of love I would my all re-sign. Thro' sor-row, or thro' joy.
 star of hope Grow dim or dis-ap-pear. Since Thou on earth hast wept
 fu-turescene I glad-ly trust with Thee. Straight to my home a-bove

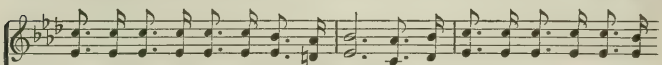
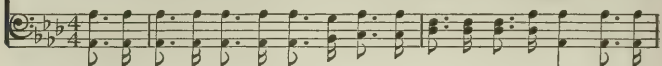
Con-duct me as Thine own; And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done.
 And sorrowed oft a-lone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done.
 I trav-el calm-ly on, And sing, in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done.

J. M. B.

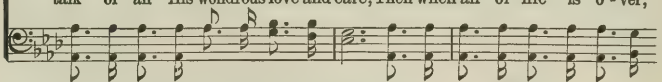
J. M. BLACK



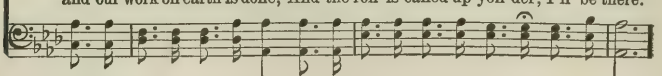
1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun, Let us



morning breaks, e - ter - nal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall gather
glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; When His cho - sen ones shall gather
talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when all of life is o - ver,



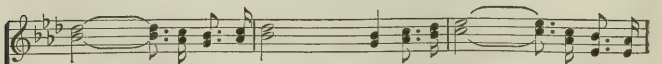
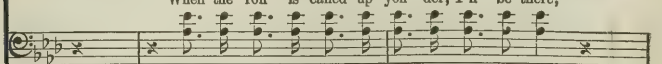
o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.
to their home beyond the skies, And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.
and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.



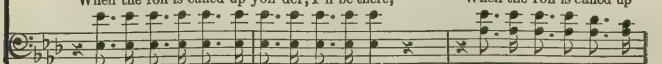
CHORUS.



When the roll is called up yon - - - der, When the
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there,



roll is called up yon - - der, When the roll is called up
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up



When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder

yon - der, When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.

223

Have Thine Own Way, Lord

ADELAIDE A. POLLARD
Slowly

GEO. C. STEBBINS

1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!.. Thou art the
 2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!.. Search me and
 3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!.. Wound-ed and
 4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!.. Hold o'er my

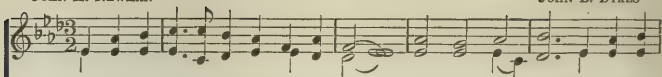
Pot - ter; I am the clay... Mould me and make me Aft - er Thy
 try me, Mas - ter, to - day!... Whit - er than snow, Lord, Wash me just
 wea - ry, Help me, I pray!.. Pow - er - all pow - er - Sure - ly is
 be - ing Ab - so - lute sway!.. Fill with Thy Spir - it Till all shall

will.... While I am wait - ing, Yield - ed and still...
 now.... As in Thy pres - ence Hum - bly I bow...
 Thine! Touch me and heal me, Sav - ior di - vine!..
 see.... Christ on - ly, al - ways, Liv - ing in me!....

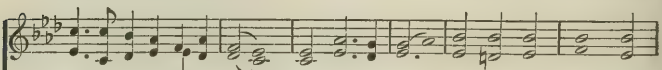
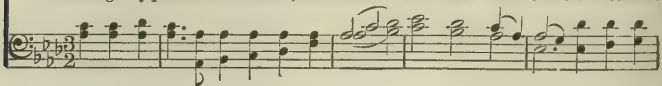
Lead, Kindly Light

JOHN H. NEWMAN

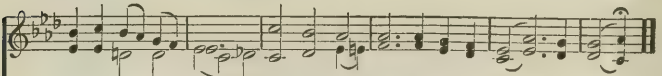
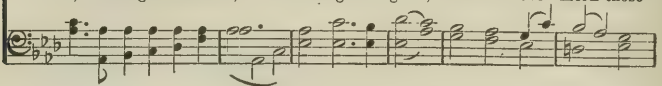
JOHN B. DYKES



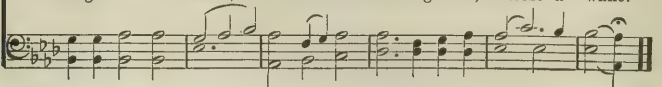
1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is
2. I was not ev-er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and



dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar- ish
fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those



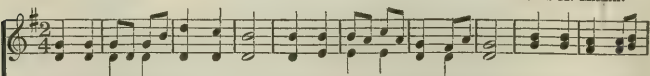
do not ask to see . . . The dis-tant scene; one step e- nough for me.
day, and, spite of fears, . . . Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years!
an- gel fa- ces smile, . Which I have loved long since, and lost a- while!



Take My Life, and Let It Be

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

C. H. A. MALAN



1. Take my life, and let it be Con- se- cra- ted, Lord, to Thee; Take my hands, and
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau- ti- ful for Thee; Take my voice, and
3. Take my sil- ver and my gold, Not a mite would I withhold; Take my mo- ments
4. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no lon- ger mine; Take my heart, it



Take My Life and Let It Be

let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love, At the im-pulse of Thy love.
 let me sing Al-ways, on-ly, for my King, Al-ways, on-ly, for my King.
 and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise, Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
 is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy-al throne, It shall be Thy roy-al throne.

226

Nearer, Still Nearer

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS

1. Nearer, still nearer, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my Sav-ior, so precious Thou
2. Nearer, still nearer, noth-ing I bring, Naught as an of-f'ring to Je-sus my
3. Nearer, still nearer, Lord, to be Thine, Sin, with its fol-lies, I glad-ly re-
4. Nearer, still nearer, while life shall last, Till safe in glo-ry my an-chor is

art; Fold me, O fold me close to Thy breast, Shel-ter me safe in that
 King; On-ly my sin-ful, now contrite heart, Grant me the cleansing Thy
 sign; All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride, Give me but Je-sus, my
 cast; Thro'endless a-ges, ev-er to be, Near-er, my Sav-ior, still

"Ha-ven of Rest," Shel-ter me safe in that "Ha-ven of Rest."
 blood doth im-part, Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth im-part.
 Lord cru-ci-fied, Give me but Je-sus, my Lord cru-ci-fied.
 near-er to Thee, Near-er, my Sav-ior, still near-er to Thee.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
 4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, heal-ing of the mind,
 5. Just as I am—Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse relieve;

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Fight-ings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Be - cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

WM. P. MACKAY

JOHN J. HUSBAND

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who
 2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
 3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
 4. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-

CHORUS

died, and is now gone a - bove.
 Sav - ior, and scattered our night. Hal - le - lu - jah 'Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le -
 sins, and has cleansed ev'ry stain.
 kin-dled with fire from a - bove.

Revive Us Again

lu - jah! A - men; Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, re - vive us a - gain.

229

Ready

S. E. L.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN

1. Read-y to suf-fer grief or pain, Read-y to stand the test;
 2. Read-y to go, read-y to bear, Read-y to watch and pray;
 3. Read-y to speak, read-y to think, Read-y with heart and brain;
 4. Read-y to speak, read-y to warn, Read-y o'er souls to yearn;

Read-y to stay at home and send Oth-ers, if He sees best.
 Read-y to stand a - side and give, Till He shall clear the way.
 Read-y to stand where He sees fit, Read-y to stand the strain.
 Read-y in life, read-y in death, Read-y for His re - turn.

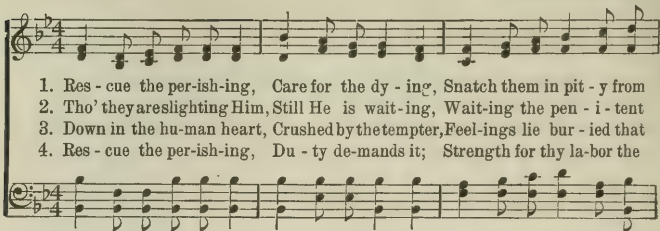
CHORUS

Read-y to go, read-y to stay, Read-y my place to fill;

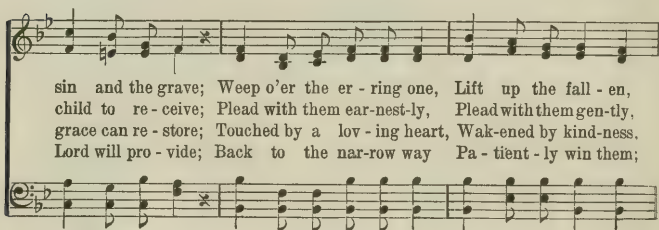
Read-y for serv - ice, low - ly or great, Read-y to do His will.

FANNY J. CROSBY

WILLIAM H. DOANE

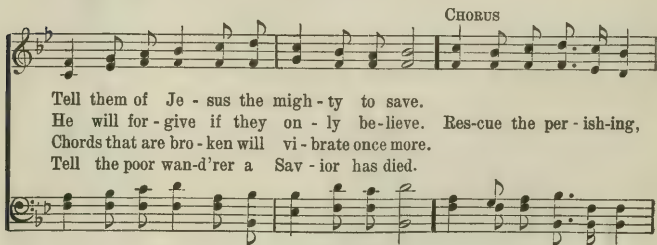


1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
 2. Tho' they are sligh-ting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen - i - tent
 3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel-ings lie bur - ied that
 4. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la-bor the

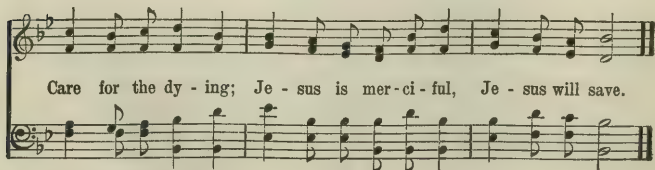


sin and the grave; Weep o'er the er - ring one, Lift up the fall - en,
 child to re - ceive; Plead with them ear-nest-ly, Plead with them gen-tly,
 grace can re - store; Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak-ened by kind-ness.
 Lord will pro - vide; Back to the nar-row way Pa - tient - ly win them;

CHORUS



Tell them of Je - sus the migh - ty to save.
 He will for - give if they on - ly be-lieve. Res-cue the per - ish-ing,
 Chords that are bro - ken will vi - brate once more.
 Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sav - ior has died.



Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer-ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER

CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. Lord, as of old at Pen - te - cost Thou didst Thy pow'r dis - play,
 2. For might-y works for Thee pre-pare, And strengthen ev - 'ry heart;
 3. All self con-sume, all sin de-destroy! With ear-nest zeal en - due
 4. Speak, Lord! be-fore Thy throne we wait, Thy prom-ise we be-lieve,

With cleans-ing, pu - ri - fy - ing flame De-scend on us to - day.
 Come, take pos-ses-sion of Thine own, And nev - er-more de-part.
 Each wait-ing heart to work for Thee; O Lord, our faith re - new!
 And will not let Thee go un - til The bless-ing we re-ceive.

CHORUS

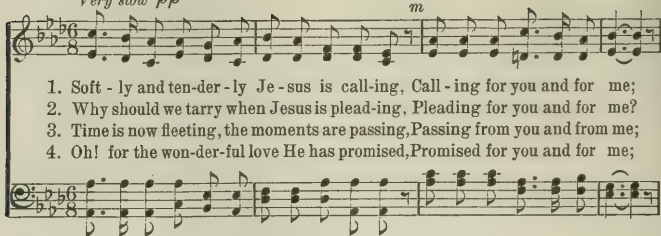
Lord, send the old-time pow'r, the Pen-te-cos-tal pow'r! Thy flood-gates of

bless-ing on us throw o - pen wide! Lord, send the old - time pow'r, the

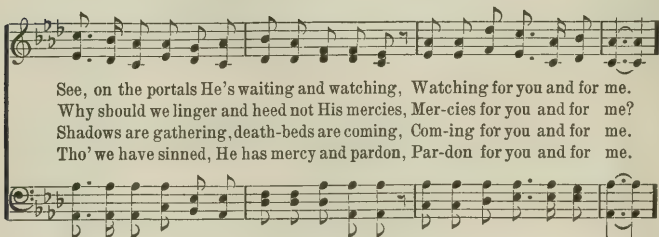
Pen-te-cos-tal pow'r, That sinners be con-vert-ed and Thy name glo-ri-fied!

W. L. T.

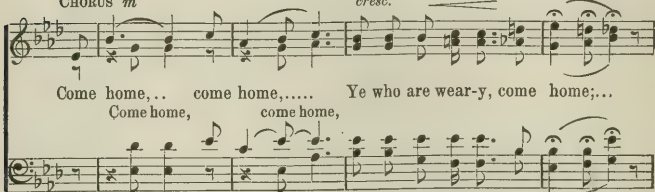
WILL L. THOMPSON

*Very slow pp**m*


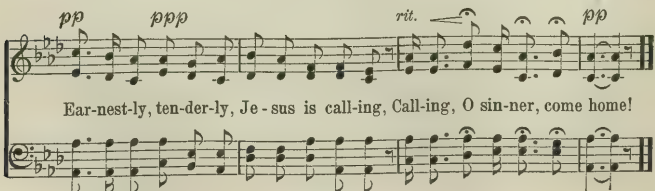
1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for you and for me;
 2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is plead - ing, Pleading for you and for me?
 3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
 4. Oh! for the won - der - ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;



See, on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
 Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mer - cies for you and for me?
 Shadows are gathering, death - beds are coming, Com - ing for you and for me.
 Tho' we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon, Par - don for you and for me.

CHORUS *m**cresc.*


Come home, .. come home, Ye who are wear - y, come home; ...
 Come home, come home,



pp *ppp* *rit.* *pp*
 Ear - nest - ly, ten - der - ly, Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

Jesus Is Calling

FANNY J. CROSBY

GEO. C. STEBBINS

1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing thee home—Call - ing to - day,
 2. Je - sus is call - ing the wea - ry to rest—Call - ing to - day,
 3. Je - sus is wait - ing; O come to Him now—Wait - ing to - day,
 4. Je - sus is plead - ing; O list to His voice: Hear Him to - day,

call - ing to - day; Why from the sun - shine of love wilt thou roam
 call - ing to - day; Brin' Him thy bur - den and thou shalt be blest;
 wait - ing to - day; Come with thy sins; at His feet low - ly bow;
 hear Him to - day; They who be - lieve on His name shall re - joice;

REFRAIN

Far - ther and far - ther a - way?
 He will not turn thee a - way.
 Come, and no longer de - lay.
 Quick - ly a - rise and a - way.

Call - - ing to - day,
 Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day,

Call - - ing to - day, Je - - - sus is
 Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day, Je - sus is ten - der - ly

call - - - ing, is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day.
 call - ing to - day,

D. W. C. HUNTINGTON

TULLIUS C. O'KANE

1. O think of the home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of
 2. O think of the friends o - ver there, Who be - fore us the jour - ney have
 3. My Sav - ior is now o - ver there, There my kin - dred and friends are at
 4. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my jour - ney I

light, Where the saints, all im - mor - tal and fair, Are
 trod, Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their
 rest; Then a - way from my sor - row and care, Let me
 see; Man - y dear to my heart, o - ver there, Are
 o - ver there,

robed in their garments of white, O - ver there, o - ver
 home in the pal - ace of God. O - ver there, o - ver
 fly to the land of the blest. O - ver there, o - ver
 watch - ing and wait - ing for me. O - ver there, o - ver
 o - ver there. O - ver there,

there, O think of the home o - ver there, O - ver
 there, O think of the friends o - ver there, O - ver
 there, My Sav - ior is now o - ver there, O - ver
 there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there, O - ver
 o - ver there, o - ver there,

The Home Over There

there, o - ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there.
 there, o - ver there, o-ver there, O think of the friends o-ver there.
 there, o - ver there, o-ver there, My Sav - ior is now o - ver there.
 there, o - ver there, o-ver there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there.
 O - ver there,

235

Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R.

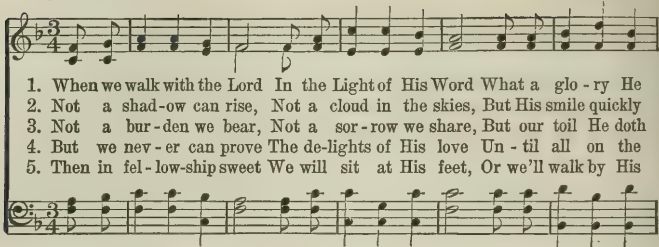
GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, Oh, why do you tar-ry so long? Your
 2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur-ther de-lay? There's
 3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir-it now striv-ing with-in? Oh,
 4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, The har-vest is pass-ing a - way; Your

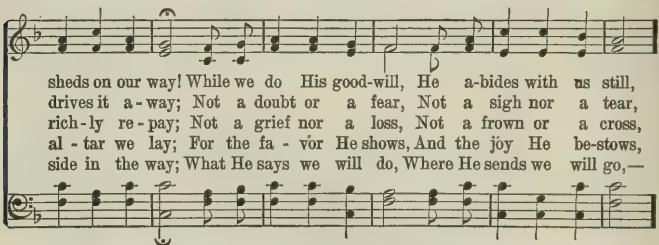
Sav - ior is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti - fied throng.
 no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth-er way but His way.
 why not ac-cept His sal - va - tion, And throw off your bur-den of sin?
 Sav - ior is long-ing to bless you, There's danger and death in de - lay.

CHORUS

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now?

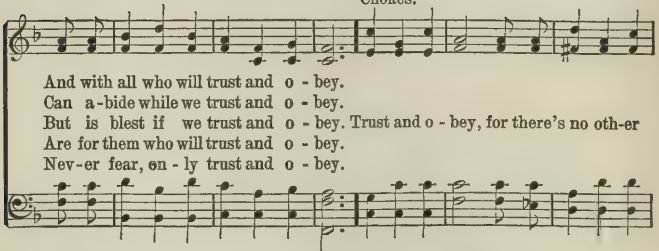


1. When we walk with the Lord In the Light of His Word What a glo - ry He
 2. Not a shad - ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
 3. Not a bur - den we bear, Not a sor - row we share, But our toil He doth
 4. But we nev - er can prove The de - lights of His love Un - til all on the
 5. Then in fel - low - ship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His

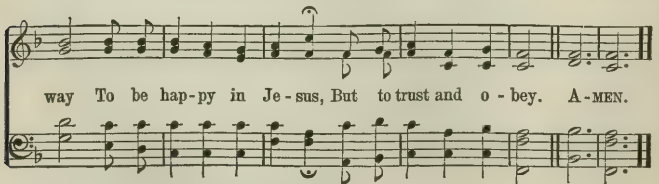


sheds on our way! While we do His good-will, He a-bides with us still,
 drives it a-way; Not a doubt or a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear,
 rich - ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown or a cross,
 al - tar we lay; For the fa - vor He shows, And the joy He be - stows,
 side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will go, —

CHORUS.



And with all who will trust and o - bey.
 Can a-bide while we trust and o - bey.
 But is blest if we trust and o - bey. Trust and o - bey, for there's no oth - er
 Are for them who will trust and o - bey.
 Nev - er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.

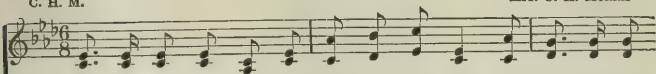


way To be hap - py in Je - sus, But to trust and o - bey. A - MEN.

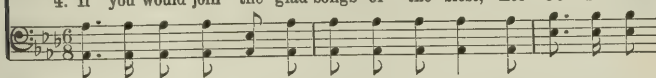

Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart

C. H. M.


Mrs. C. H. MORRIS



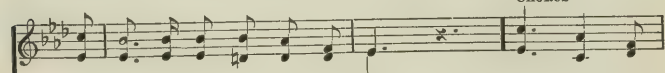
1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come
 2. If 'tis for pu - ri - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come
 3. If there's a tem - pest your voice can - not still, Let Je - sus come
 4. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come

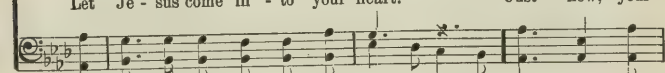
in - to your heart; If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,
 in - to your heart; Fountains for cleans - ing are flow - ing near by,
 in - to your heart; If there's a void this world nev - er can fill,
 in - to your heart; If you would en - ter the man - sions of rest,




CHORUS



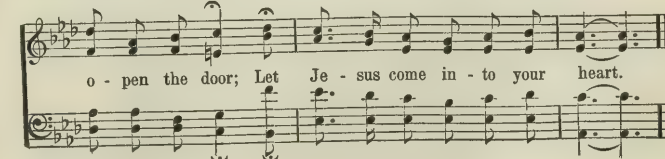
Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. Just now, your



doubt - ings give o'er; Just now, re - ject Him no more; Just now, throw



o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.



C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. God is call-ing the prod-i-gal, come without de-lay, Hear, O hear Him
 2. Pa-tient, lov-ing and ten-der-ly still the Fa-ther pleads, Hear, O hear Him
 3. Come, there's bread in the house of thy Father, and to spare, Hear, O hear Him

call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Tho' you've wandered so far from His
 call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Oh! re-turn while the Spir-it in
 call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Lo! the ta-ble is spread and the
 for thee;

pres-ence, come to-day, Hear His lov-ing voice call-ing still.
 mer-cy in-ter-ces, Hear His lov-ing voice call-ing still.
 feast is wait-ing there, Hear His lov-ing voice call-ing still. (call-ing still.)

CHORUS

Call - - - ing now for thee, O wea-ry
 Call-ing now for thee, Call-ing now for thee, Wea-ry prod-i-gal, come,

prod-i-gal, come; Call - - - ing now for thee,
 wea-ry prod-i-gal, come; Call-ing now for thee, Call-ing now for thee,

Calling the Prodigal

0 wea - ry prod - i - gal, come.
Wea - ry prod - i - gal, come, wea - ry prod - i - gal, come.

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O Why Not To-Night?

ELIZABETH REED

J. CALVIN BUSHEY

1. O do not let the word de - part, And close thine eyes against the light,
2. To-mor-row's sun may nev - er rise To bless thy long de - lud - ed sight;
3. Our Lord in pit - y lin - gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re - quite?
4. Our bless - ed Lord re - fus - es none Who would to Him their souls u - nite;

Poor sin - ner, hard - en not your heart, Be saved, O to - night.
This is the time, O then be wise, Be saved, O to - night.
Re-nounce at once thy stub - born will, Be saved, O to - night.
Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, O to - night.

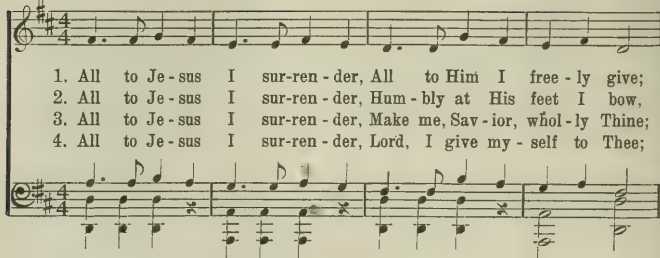
CHORUS

O why not to-night? O why not to-night?
O why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night?

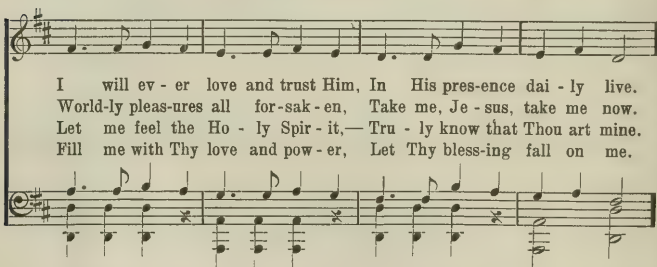
Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
Wilt thou be saved, wilt thou be saved? Then why not, O why not to-night?

J. W. VAN DEVENTER

W. S. WEEDEN

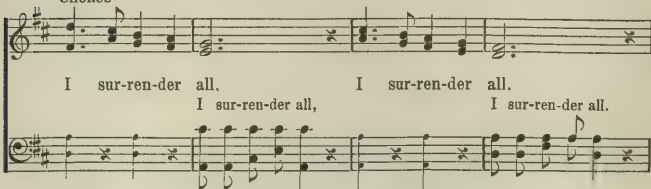


1. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, All to Him I free - ly give;
 2. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Hum - bly at His feet I bow,
 3. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Make me, Sav - ior, whol - ly Thine;
 4. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Lord, I give my - self to Thee;

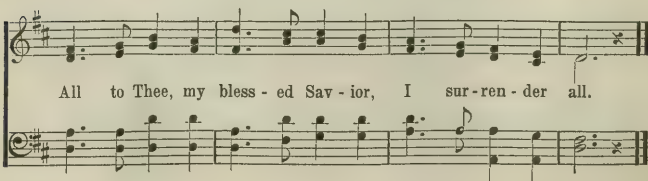


I will ev - er love and trust Him, In His pres - ence dai - ly live.
 World - ly pleas - ures all for - sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now.
 Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, — Tru - ly know that Thou art mine.
 Fill me with Thy love and pow - er, Let Thy bless - ing fall on me.

CHORUS



I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all.
 I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all.



All to Thee, my bless - ed Sav - ior, I sur - ren - der all.

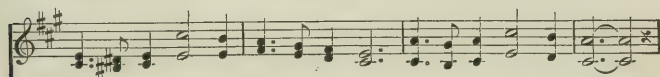
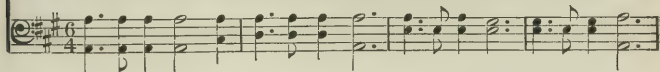
Jesus, I Come

W. T. SLEEPER

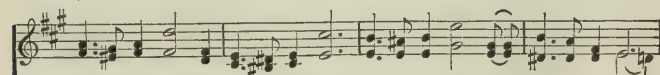
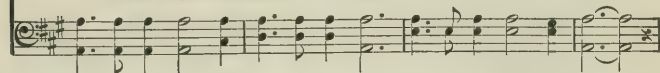
GEO. C. STEBBINS



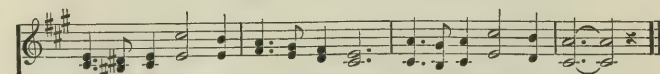
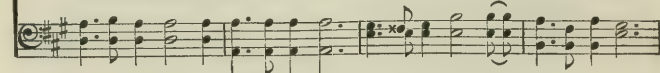
1. Out of my bond-age, sor-row and night, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
2. Out of my shame-ful fail-ure and loss, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
3. Out of un-rest and ar-ro-gant pride, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;



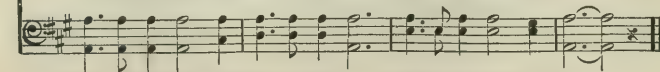
In - to Thy free-dom, glad-ness and light, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
 In - to the glo-rious gain of Thy cross, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
 In - to Thy bless-ed will to a-bide, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
 In - to the joy and light of Thy home, Je-sus, I come to Thee;



Out of my sick-ness in-to Thy health, Out of my want and in-to Thy wealth,
 Out of earth's sorrows in-to Thy balm, Out of life's storms and in-to Thy calm,
 Out of my-self to dwell in Thy love, Out of de-spair in-to rap-tures a-bove,
 Out of the depths of ru-in un-told, In-to the peace of Thy sheltering fold,



Out of my sin and in-to Thy-self, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
 Out of dis-tress to ju-bi-lant psalm, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
 Up-ward for aye on wings like a dove, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
 Ev-er Thy glo-rious face to be-hold, Je-sus, I come to Thee.



EL NATHAN

C. C. CASE

1. While we pray and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
 2. You have wan-dered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
 3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub-led mind;
 4. Come to Christ, con - fes - sion make; Come to Christ, and par - don take;

While our Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth-er, come?
 Do not turn from God thy face, But to - day ac - cept His grace.
 Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
 Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

CHORUS

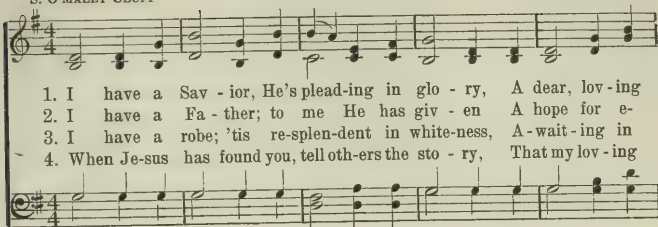
Why not now?... Why not now?... Why not come to Je - sus now?
 Why not now? Why not now?

Why not now?... Why not now?... Why not come to Je - sus now?
 Why not now? Why not now?

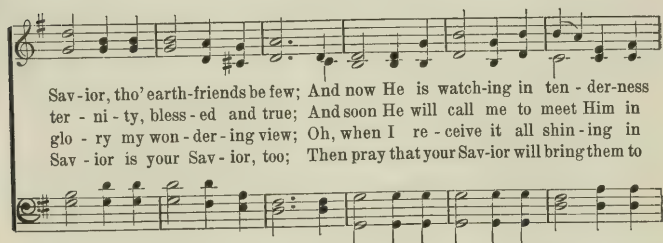
I Am Praying for You

S. O'MALEY CLUFF

IRA D. SANKEY

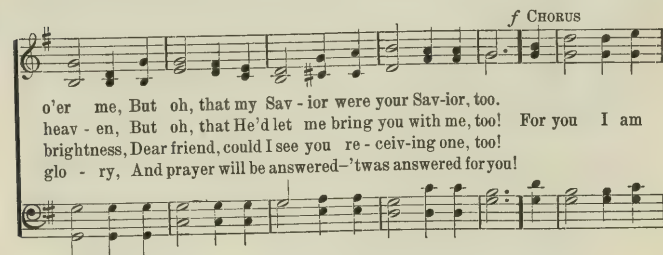


1. I have a Sav - ior, He's plead-ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov - ing
 2. I have a Fa - ther; to me He has giv - en A hope for e -
 3. I have a robe; 'tis re-splen-dent in white-ness, A-wait-ing in
 4. When Je-sus has found you, tell oth-ers the sto - ry, That my lov - ing

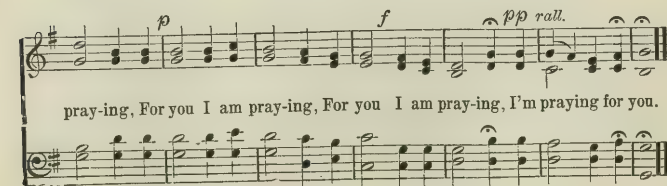


Sav-ior, tho' earth-friends be few; And now He is watch-ing in ten - der-ness
 ter - ni - ty, bless - ed and true; And soon He will call me to meet Him in
 glo - ry my won - der - ing view; Oh, when I re - ceive it all shin - ing in
 Sav - ior is your Sav - ior, too; Then pray that your Sav-ior will bring them to

f CHORUS



o'er me, But oh, that my Sav - ior were your Sav-ior, too.
 heav - en, But oh, that He'd let me bring you with me, too! For you I am
 brightness, Dear friend, could I see you re - ceiv-ing one, too!
 glo - ry, And prayer will be answered - 'twas answered for you!



pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing, I'm praying for you.

Mrs. H. M. HALL

JOHN T. GRAPE

1. I hear the Sav - ior say, "Thy strength in - deed is small, Child of
 2. Lord, now in - deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a - lone, Can
 3. For noth - ing good have I Where - by Thy grace to claim - I'll
 4. And when, be - fore the throne, I stand in Him com - plete, "Je - sus

CHORUS

weakness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all."
 change the lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone. Je - sus paid it all,
 wash my garments white In the blood of Cal - v'ry's Lamb.
 died my soul to save," My lips shall still re - peat.

All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

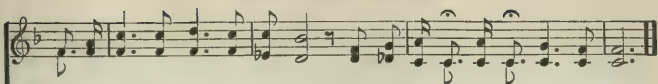
E. W. BLANDLY

J. S. NORRIS

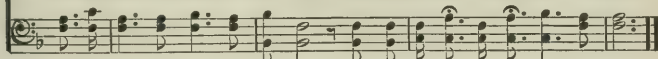
1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing,
 2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den,
 3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment,
 4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,

REF. - Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,

Where He Leads Me



I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, "Take thy cross and fol - low, fol - low Me."
 I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.



Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

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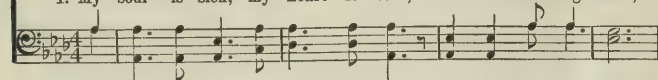
Lord, I'm Coming Home

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK



1. I've wan - dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com - ing home;
2. I've wast - ed man - y pre - cious years, Now I'm com - ing home;
3. I've tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com - ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com - ing home;



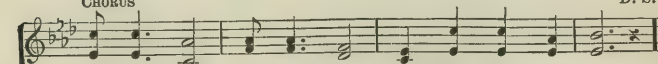
The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com - ing home.
 I now re - pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com - ing home.
 I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com - ing home.
 My strength re - new, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm com - ing home.



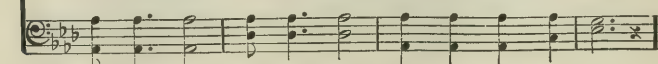
D. S. — O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com - ing home.

CHORUS

D. S.



Com - ing home, com - ing home, Nev - er - more to roam,



P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS

1. "Al-most per-suad-ed," now to be-lieve; "Al-most per-suad-ed,"
 2. "Al-most per-suad-ed," come, come to-day; "Al-most per-suad-ed,"
 3. "Al-most per-suad-ed," har-vest is past! "Al-most per-suad-ed,"

Christ to re-ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir-it,
 turn not a-way; Je-sus in-vites you here, An-gels are
 doom comes at last! "Al-most" can-not a-vail; "Al-most" is

go Thy way, Some more con-ven-ient day On.. Thee I'll call."
 ling'ring near, Prayers rise from hearts so dear, O... wan-d'r'er, come.
 but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit-ter wail, "Al-most," but lost.

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W. E. WITTER

H. R. PALMER

1. { While Je-sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come!
 { While we are pray-ing for you, (*Omit*) Come, sin-ner, come!
 2. { Are you too heav-y - la-den, Come, sin-ner, come!
 { Je-sus will bear your bur-den, (*Omit*) Come, sin-ner, come!
 3. { Oh, hear His ten-der plead-ing, Come, sin-ner, come!
 { Come and re-ceive the bless-ing, (*Omit*) Come, sin-ner, come!

Come, Sinner, Come

1 2

{ Now is the time to own Him, Come, sin-ner, come!
 { Now is the time to know Him, (*Omit*) Come, sin-ner, come!
 { Je - sus will not de-ceive you, Come, sin-ner, come!
 { Je - sus can now re-deem you, (*Omit*) Come, sin-ner, come!
 { While Je - sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come!
 { While we are pray-ing for you, (*Omit*) Come, sin-ner, come!

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I Gave My Life For Thee

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

P. P. BLISS

6 8

1. I gave My life for thee, My pre - cious blood I shed,
 2. My Fa - ther's house of light, My glo - ry - cir - cled throne
 3. I suf - fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
 4. And I have brought to thee, Down from My home a - bove,

That thou might'st ran - somed be, And quick - ened from the dead;
 I left, for earth - ly night, For wan-d'rings sad and lone;
 Of bit - t'rest ag - o - ny, To res - cue thee from hell;
 Sal - va - tion full and free, My par - don and My love;

f

I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou giv'n for Me?
 I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
 I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
 I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to Me?

R. E. HUDSON

C. R. DUNBAR

1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God who died for me;
 2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
 3. O Thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.—I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!

Oh, may I ev - er faith-ful be, My Sav-ior and my God!
 And now hence-forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav-ior and my God!
 I'll con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav-ior and my God!

D. C. for Chorus

I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav-ior and my God!

L. H.

L. HARTSOUGH

1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy
 2. Tho' coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vileness
 3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To per-fect hope, and

pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.

ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure. I am coming, Lord! Coming now to
 peace, and trust, For earth and Heav'n above.

I Am Coming, Lord

Thee! Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry!

This block contains the musical notation for the first song. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the lyrics written below the treble staff.

252

Bring Them In

ALEXCENAH THOMAS

W. A. OGDEN

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des-ert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the wand'ring ones to find?
3. Out in the des-ert hear their cry, Out on the mountains wild and high;

This block contains the first system of the musical score for 'Bring Them In'. It is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Call - ing the sheep who've gone a-stray Far from the Shepherd's fold a - way.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Mas - ter speaks to thee, "Go find my sheep wher-e'er they be."

This block contains the second system of the musical score for 'Bring Them In'. It continues the melody and lyrics from the first system.

CHORUS

Bring them in, bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;

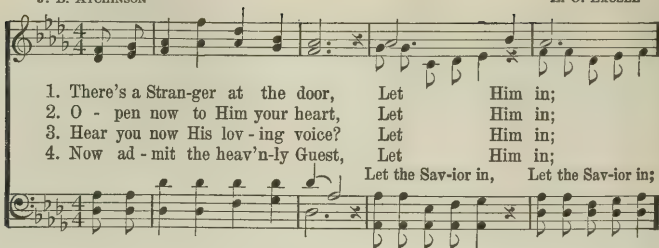
This block contains the first system of the chorus for 'Bring Them In'. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody includes triplets, indicated by a '3' over the notes. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Bring them in, bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to Je - sus.

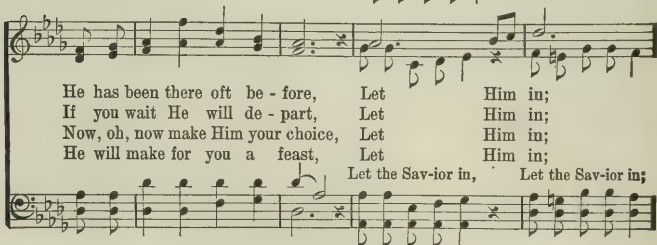
This block contains the second system of the chorus for 'Bring Them In'. It continues the melody and lyrics from the first system, ending with a double bar line.

J. B. ATCHINSON

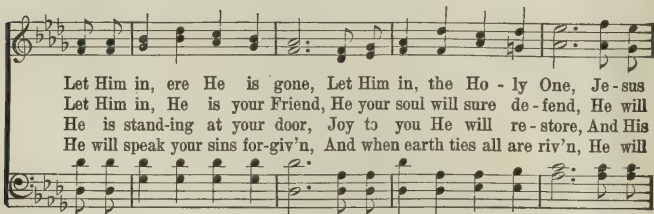
E. O. EXCELL



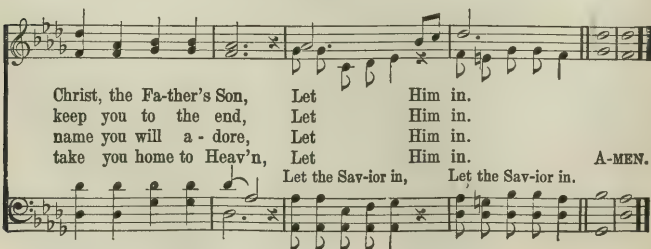
1. There's a Stran-ger at the door, Let Him in;
 2. O - pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in;
 3. Hear you now His lov - ing voice? Let Him in;
 4. Now ad - mit the heav'n-ly Guest, Let Him in;
 Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;



He has been there oft be - fore, Let Him in;
 If you wait He will de - part, Let Him in;
 Now, oh, now make Him your choice, Let Him in;
 He will make for you a feast, Let Him in;
 Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;



Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One, Je - sus
 Let Him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure de - fend, He will
 He is stand-ing at your door, Joy to you He will re - store, And His
 He will speak your sins for-giv'n, And when earth ties all are riv'n, He will



Christ, the Fa-ther's Son, Let Him in.
 keep you to the end, Let Him in.
 name you will a - dore, Let Him in.
 take you home to Heav'n, Let Him in. A-MEN.
 Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in.

T. O. CHISHOLM

C. HAROLD LOWDEN

Not fast

1. Liv-ing for Je-sus a life that is true, Striv-ing to please Him in all that I do,
 2. Liv-ing for Je-sus who died in my place, Bear-ing on Cal-v'ry my sin and dis-grace,
 3. Liv-ing for Je-sus wher-ev-er I am, Do-ing each du-ty in His ho-ly name,
 4. Liv-ing for Je-sus thro' earth's little while, My dear-est treasure, the light of His smile,

Yield-ing al-le-giance, glad-hearted and free, This is the path-way of bless-ing for me.
 Such love constrains me to an-swer His call, Fol-low His lead-ing and give Him my all.
 Will-ing to suf-fer af-flic-tion or loss, Deeming each tri-al a part of my cross.
 Seek-ing the lost ones He died to re-deem, Bring-ing the wea-ry to find rest in Him.

** CHORUS Unison. A little slower*

O Je-sus, Lord and Sav-ior, I give my-self to Thee; For Thou, in Thy a-

tone-ment, Didst give Thy-self for me; I own no oth-er Mas-ter, My

heart shall be Thy throne, My life I give, henceforth to live, O Christ, for Thee a-lone.

*Melody in lower notes. A two-part effect may be had by having the men sing the melody, the women taking the middle notes.

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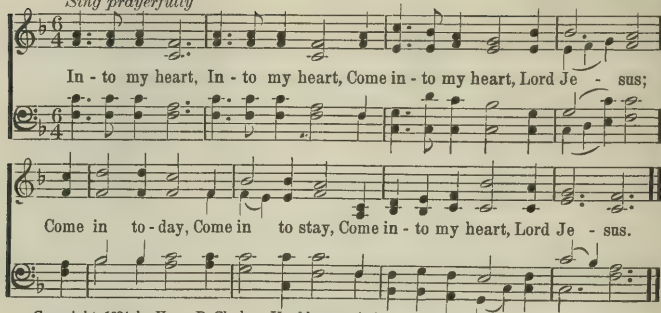
255

Into My Heart

H. D. C.

Sing prayerfully

HARRY D. CLARKE



In - to my heart, In - to my heart, Come in - to my heart, Lord Je - sus;
Come in to - day, Come in to stay, Come in - to my heart, Lord Je - sus.

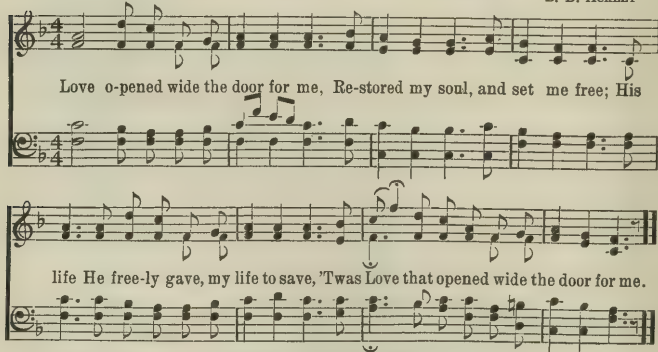
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256

Love Opened Wide the Door

Rev. A. H. ACKLEY

B. D. ACKLEY



Love o-pened wide the door for me, Re-stored my soul, and set me free; His
life He free-ly gave, my life to save, 'Twas Love that opened wide the door for me.

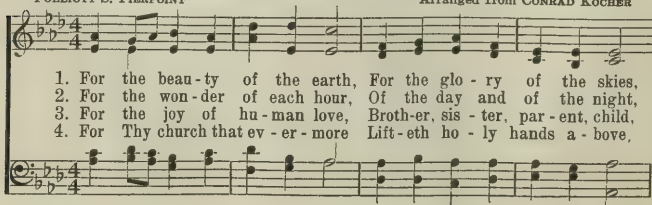
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257

For the Beauty of the Earth

FOLLIOTT S. PIERPOINT

Arranged from CONRAD KOCHER



1. For the beau-ty of the earth, For the glo-ry of the skies,
2. For the won-der of each hour, Of the day and of the night,
3. For the joy of hu-man love, Broth-er, sis-ter, par-ent, child,
4. For Thy church that ev-er-more Lift-eth ho-ly hands a-bove,

For the Beauty of the Earth

For the love that from our birth O - ver and a - round us lies,
 Hill and vale, and tree, and flower, Sun and moon, and stars of light,
 Friends on earth, and friends a - bove, For all gen - tle tho'ts and mild,
 Of - f'ring up on ev - 'ry shore Her pure sac - ri - fice of love,

REFRAIN

Lord of all, to Thee we raise This our hymn of grate - ful praise.

258

Jesus Loves Me

(The favorite Hymn of China)

WM. B. BRADBURY

1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so;
 2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Heav - en's gate to o - pen wide;
 3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm ver - y weak and ill;
 4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way;

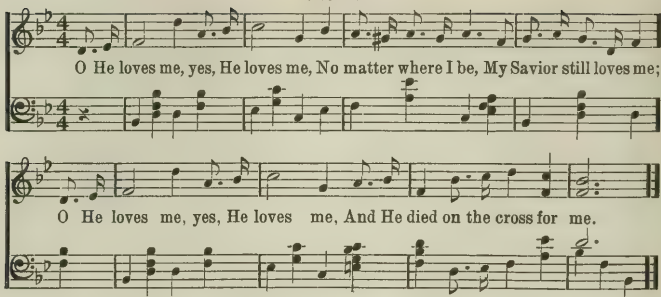
CHORUS

Lit - tle ones to Him be - long, They are weak, but He is strong.
 He will wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in. Yes, Je - sus
 From His shining throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
 If I love Him when I die, He will take me home on high.

loves me, Yes, Je - sus loves me, Yes, Je - sus loves me, The Bi - ble tells me so.

He Loves Me

CHORUS



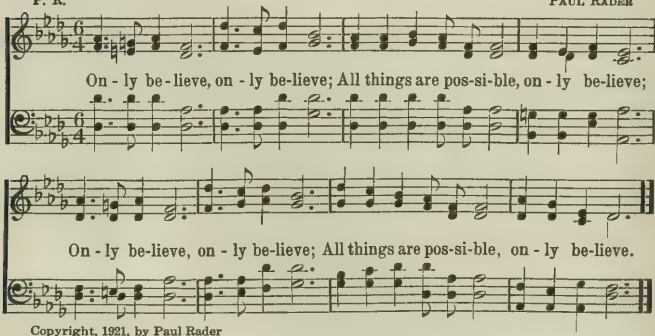
O He loves me, yes, He loves me, No matter where I be, My Savior still loves me;
O He loves me, yes, He loves me, And He died on the cross for me.

260

Only Believe

P. R.

PAUL RADER



On - ly be - lieve, on - ly be - lieve; All things are pos - si - ble, on - ly be - lieve;
On - ly be - lieve, on - ly be - lieve; All things are pos - si - ble, on - ly be - lieve.

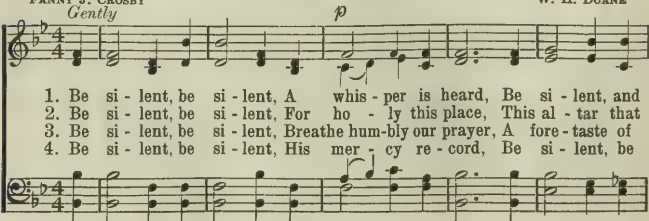
Copyright, 1921, by Paul Rader

261

Tread Softly

FANNY J. CROSBY

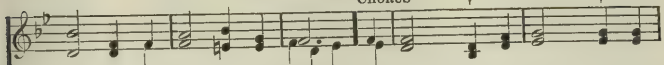
W. H. DOANE



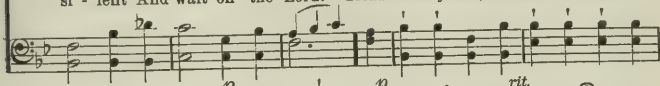
1. Be si - lent, be si - lent, A whis - per is heard, Be si - lent, and
2. Be si - lent, be si - lent, For ho - ly this place, This al - tar that
3. Be si - lent, be si - lent, Breathe hum - bly our prayer, A fore - taste of
4. Be si - lent, be si - lent, His mer - cy re - cord, Be si - lent, be

Tread Softly

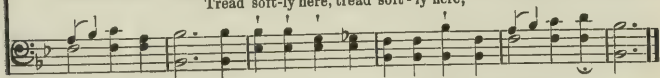
CHORUS



lis - ten, O treas-ure each word!
 ech-oes The mes-sage of grace. Tread soft - ly, tread soft - ly, The
 E - den This mo-ment we share.
 si - lent And wait on the Lord. Tread soft - ly here, tread soft - ly here,



Mas - ter is here, Tread soft - ly, tread soft - ly, He bids us draw near.
 Tread soft - ly here, tread soft - ly here,



262

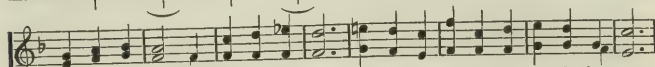
Dare to Be Brave, Dare to Be True

W. J. ROOPER

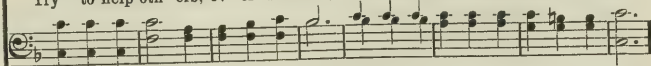
DUNCAN HUME



1. Dare to be brave, dare to be true, Strive for the right, for the Lord is with you;
2. Dare to be brave, dare to be true, God is your Fa-ther, He watches o'er you;
3. Dare to be brave, dare to be true, God grant you courage to car - ry you thro';



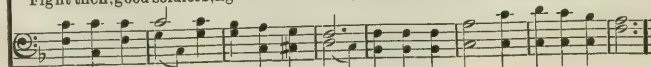
Fight with sin bravely, fight and be strong, Christ is your Captain, fear only the wrong.
 He knows your trials; when your heart quails, Call Him to rescue—His grace never fails.
 Try to help oth - ers, ev - er be kind, Let the opprest a strong friend in you find.



REFRAIN

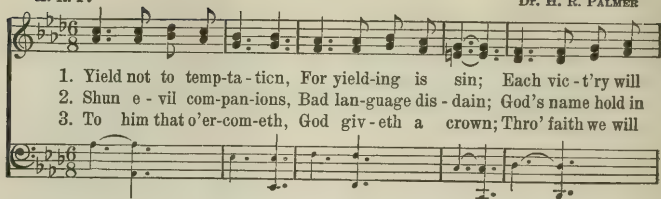


Fight then, good soldiers, fight and be brave; Christ is your Cap-tain, mighty to save.

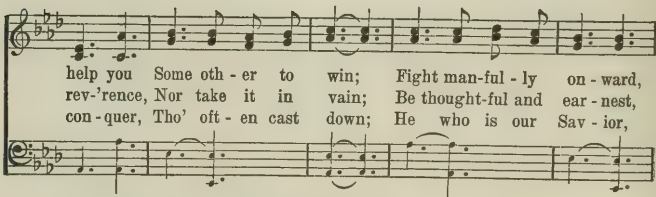


H. R. P.

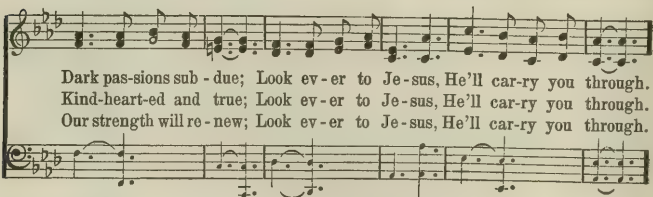
Dr. H. R. PALMER



1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin; Each vic-t'ry will
 2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad lan-guage dis-dain; God's name hold in
 3. To him that o'er-com-eth, God giv-eth a crown; Thro' faith we will

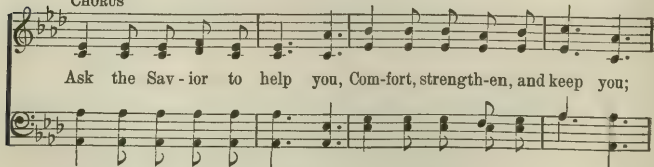


help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,
 rev-'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thought-ful and ear-nest,
 con-quer, Tho' oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-ior,

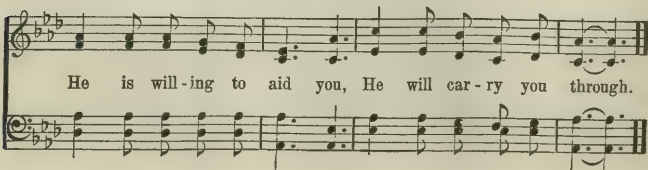


Dark pas-sions sub-due; Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
 Kind-heart-ed and true; Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
 Our strength will re-new; Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.

CHORUS



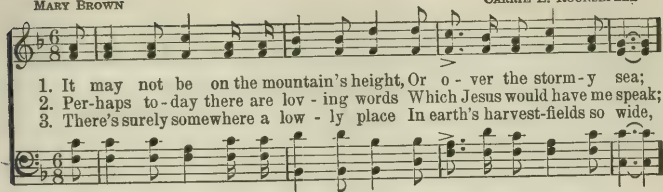
Ask the Sav-ior to help you, Com-fort, strength-en, and keep you;



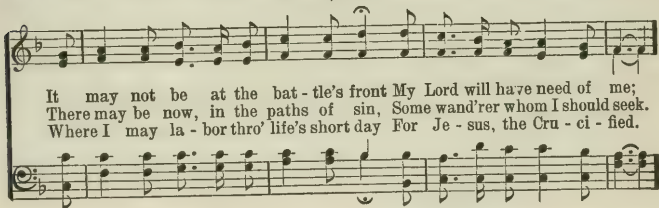
He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.

MARY BROWN

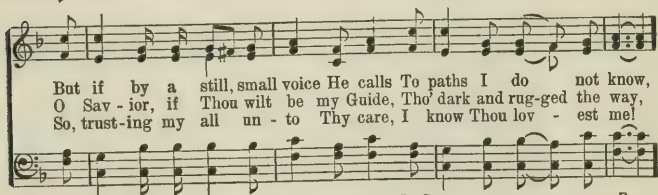
CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL



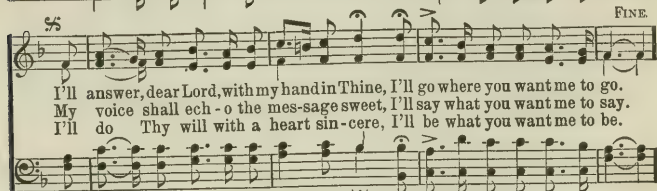
1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
 2. Per-haps to-day there are lov - ing words Which Jesus would have me speak;
 3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place In earth's harvest-fields so wide,



It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
 There may be now, in the paths of sin, Some wand'rer whom I should seek.
 Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied.



But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths I do not know,
 O Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my Guide, Tho' dark and rug-ged the way,
 So, trust-ing my all un - to Thy care, I know Thou lov - est me!

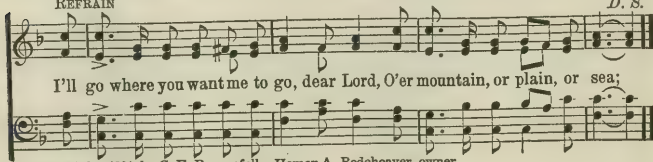


I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
 My voice shall ech - o the mes-sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
 I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

D. S.—I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN

D. S.



I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;

Golden Harps Are Sounding

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

1. Gold - en harps are sound - ing, An - gel voic - es ring,
 2. He who came to save us, He who bled and died,
 3. Pray - ing for His chil - dren In that bless - ed place,

Pearl - y gates are o - pened, O - pened for the King; Christ, the King of
 Now is crowned with glo - ry At His Fa - ther's side; Nev - er - more to
 Call - ing them to glo - ry, Send - ing them His grace, His bright home pre -

Glo - ry, Je - sus, King of Love, Is gone up in tri - umph
 suf - fer, Nev - er - more to die, — Je - sus, King of Glo - ry,
 par - ing, Lit - tle ones, for you, Je - sus ev - er liv - eth,

CHORUS

To His home a - bove.
 Is gone up on high. All His work is end - ed, Joy - ful - ly we
 Ev - er lov - eth, too.

sing, Je - sus has as - cend - ed! Glo - ry to our King!

I Would Be True

HOWARD ARNOLD WALTER

Peek. 11. 10. 11. 10.

JOSEPH YATES PEEK

1. I would be true, for there are those who trust me; I would be
 2. I would be friend of all—the foe, the friend-less; I would be
 3. I would be prayer-ful thro' each bus - y mo - ment; I would be

pure, for there are those who care; I would be strong, for
 giv - ing, and for - get the gift; I would be hum - ble,
 con - stant - ly in touch with God; I would be tuned to

there is much to suf - fer; I would be brave, for there is
 for I know my weak - ness; I would look up, and laugh, and
 hear the slight - est whis - per; I would have faith to keep the

much to dare, I would be brave, for there is much to dare.
 love, and lift, I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift.
 path Christ trod, I would have faith to keep the path Christ trod.

Serve the Lord in Youth

EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON

J. LINCOLN HALL
Arr. from JULES GRANIER

1. Serve the Lord in the days of youth, Learn His law and ac-cept His truth;
2. Give to Him what He gave to you, Buoy-ant strength and a cour-age true;
3. Serve Him then, ev-'ry youth-ful day, Choose His guidance with-out de-lay;

Sing His praise with a read-y tongue, While the heart is young, While
Ring-ing voi-ces and eyes a-light, Souls all pure and white, Un-
Waste no part of these pre-cious years, Youth soon dis-ap-pears, Too

CHORUS (Arr. from Jules Granier)
UNISON

yet the heart is young.
stained and pure and white. Serve the Lord in youth-ful . . days, . .
soon it dis-ap-pears.

Do His will and walk His ways, Wait not for

what the years may bring, . . But serve Him, O serve Him;

Serve the Lord in Youth

PARTS

While life is like the spring, O serve our Lord and King.

268 There is No Name So Sweet On Earth

GEORGE W. BETHUNE

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heav-en,
 2. And when He hung up - on the tree, They wrote this name a - bove Him,
 3. So now, up - on His Fa-ther's throne, Al-might-y to re-lease us
 4. O Je - sus! By that matchless name Thy grace shall fail us nev - er:

The name, be - fore His won-drous birth To Christ the Sav - ior giv - en.
 That all might see the rea - son we For ev - er - more must love Him.
 From sin and pain, He glad - ly reigns, The Prince and Sav - ior, Je - sus.
 To - day as yes - ter - day the same, Thou art the same for - ev - er.

REFRAIN

We love to sing a - round our King, And hail Him, bless - ed Je - sus!

For there's no word ear ev - er heard So dear, so sweet, as "Je - sus!"

CATHERINE HANKEY

WILLIAM G. FISCHER

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry, More won - der - ful it seems Than
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry, For those who know it best Seem

Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to
 all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to
 seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to
 hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing To hear it like the rest. And when, in

tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my
 tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the
 tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal -
 scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old

CHORUS

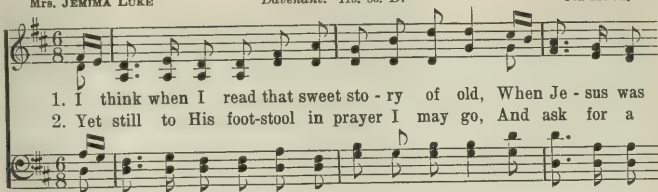
longings As noth - ing else can do.
 rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill
 va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.
 sto - ry That I have loved so long.

be my theme in glo - ry To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Jesus and His love.

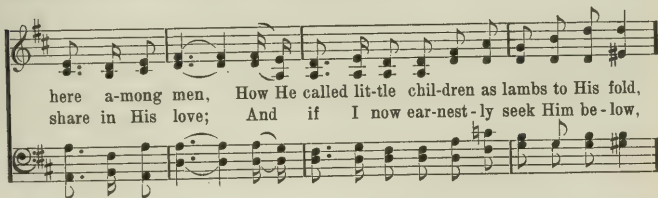
Mrs. JEMIMA LUKE

Davenant. 11s. 8s. D.

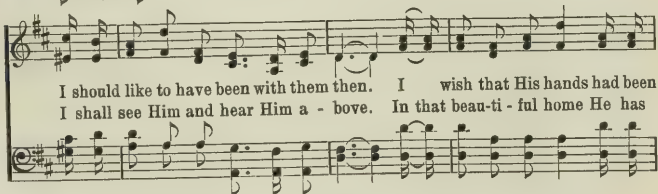
Old Melody



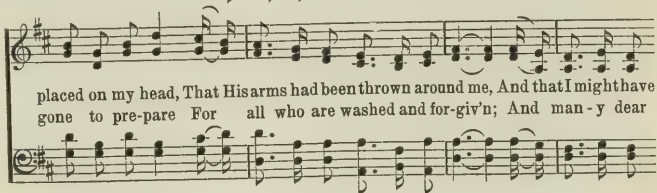
1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was
2. Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go, And ask for a



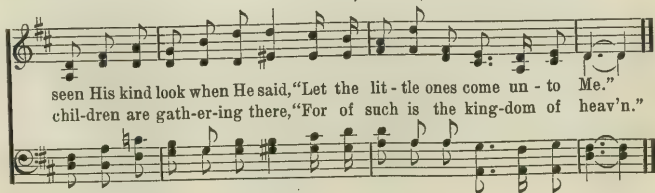
here a-mong men, How He called lit-tle chil-dren as lambs to His fold,
share in His love; And if I now ear-nest-ly seek Him be-low,



I should like to have been with them then. I wish that His hands had been
I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove. In that beau-ti - ful home He has



placed on my head, That His arms had been thrown around me, And that I might have
gone to pre-pare For all who are washed and for-giv'n; And man-y dear



seen His kind look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me."
chil-dren are gath-er-ing there, "For of such is the king-dom of heav'n."

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS

1. I am so glad that our Fa-ther in heav'n Tells of His
 2. Tho' I for-get Him and wan-der a-way, Still He doth
 3. Oh, if there's on-ly one song I can sing, When in His

love in the Book He has giv'n, Won-der-ful things in the
 love me wher-ev-er I stray; Back to His dear lov-ing
 beau-ty I see the great King, This shall my song in e-

Bi-ble I see; This is the dear-est, that Je-sus loves me.
 arms would I flee, When I re-mem-ber that Je-sus loves me.
 ter-ni-ty be: "Oh, what a won-der that Je-sus loves me."

CHORUS

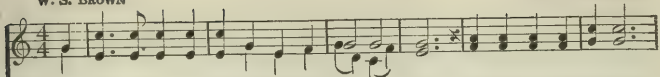
I am so glad that Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me,

I am so glad that Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves e-ven me.

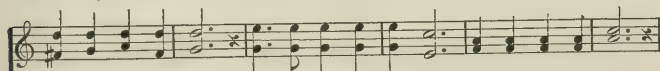
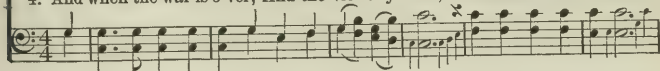
As a Volunteer

W. S. BROWN

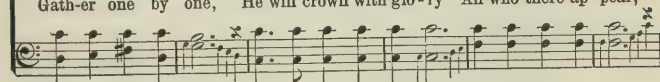
CHAS. H. GABRIEL



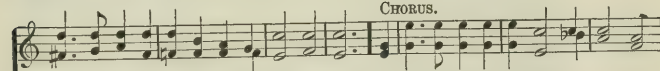
1. A call for loy-al sol-diers Comes to one and all; Sol-diers for the con-flict,
2. Yes, Jesus calls for soldiers Who are filled with pow'r, Soldiers who will serve Him
3. He calls you, for He loves you With a heart most kind, He whose heart was broken,
4. And when the war is o-ver, And the vic-t'ry won, When the true and faith-ful



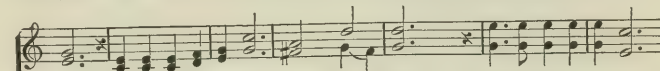
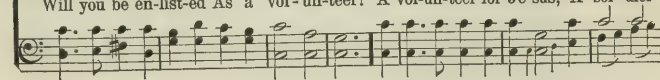
Will you heed the call! Will you an-swer quick-ly, With a read-y cheer,
 Ev-'ry day and hour; He will not for-sake you, He is ev-er near;
 Bro-ken for man-kind; Now, just now He calls you, Calls in ac-cents clear,
 Gath-er one by one, He will crown with glo-ry All who there ap-pear;



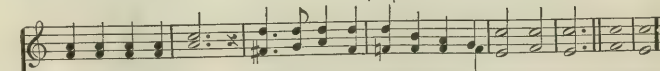
CHORUS.



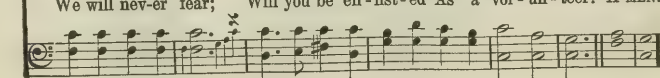
Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer? A vol-un-teer for Je-sus, A sol-dier



true! Oth-ers have enlisted, Why not you? Je-sus is the Cap-tain,
 O why not?



We will nev-er fear; Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer? A-MEN.



GEORGE DUFFIELD

ADAM GEIBEL

Unison

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross;
 2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trump-et call o - bey;
 3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength a - lone;
 4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long;

Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
 Forth to the might-y con - flict, In this His glo - rious day:
 The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye dare not trust your own:
 This day the noise of bat - tle, The next, the vic - tor's song:

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,
 "Ye that are men now serve Him" A - gainst un - num - bered foes;
 Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each piece put on with prayer;
 To Him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be:

Till ev - 'ry foe is van - quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
 Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.
 Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
 He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus

CHORUS

Stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross;...
Stand up, stand up for Je - sus,

Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not, It must not suf-fer loss.

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Stand Up for Jesus

G. DUFFIELD

G. J. WEBB

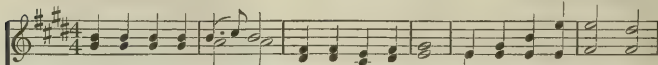
1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross. Lift high His
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trump-et call o - bey; Forth to the
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus—Stand in His strength a-lone; The arm of

roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf-fer loss; From vic-t'ry un - to vic-t'ry, His
might-y con - flict, In this His glorious day. "Ye that are men now serve Him," A-
flesh will fail you—Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And,

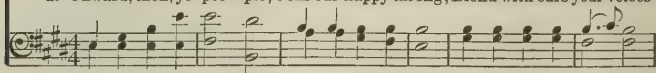
ar - my shall He lead, Till ev-'ry foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord in-deed.
gainst unnumbered foes; Let courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.
watching un - to prayer, Where du-ty calls, or dan-ger, Be nev-er want-ing there.

SABINE BARING-GOULD

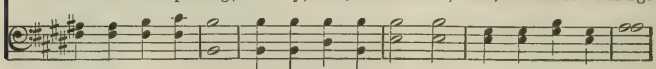
ARTHUR SULLIVAN



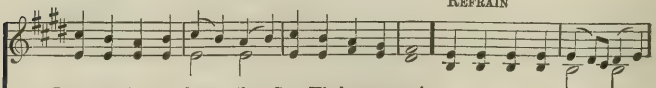
1. On-ward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri-umph Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian sol-diers,
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices



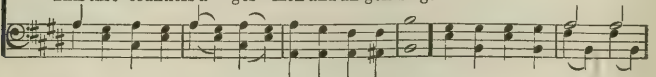
Go - ing on be - fore! Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-against the foe;
 On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise;
 Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we,
 In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King:



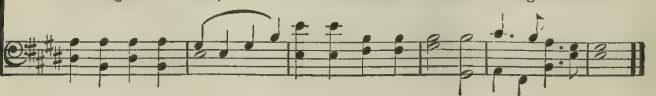
REFRAIN



For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ner go!
 Brothers, lift your voi - ces, Loud your anthems raise! Onward, Christian sol-diers,
 One in hope and doc - trine, One in char-i - ty.
 This thro' countless a - ges Men and an-gels sing.



March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore!

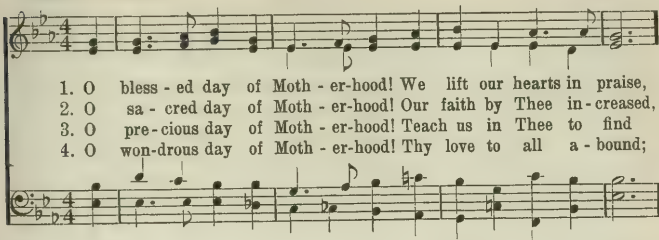


O Blessed Day of Motherhood!

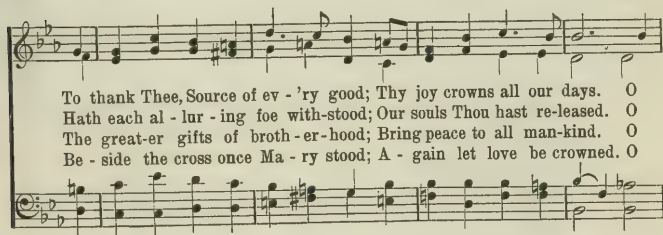
ERNEST F. MCGREGOR

Mater. C. M. D.

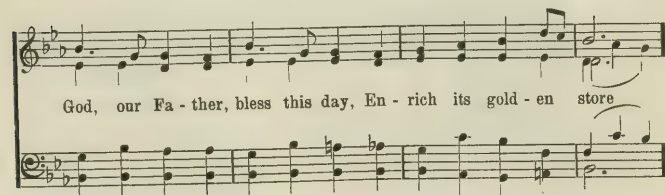
ARTHUR DEPEW



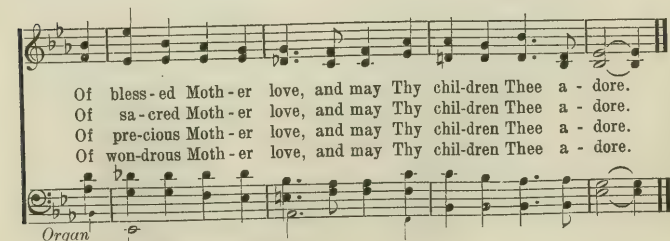
1. O bless - ed day of Moth - er-hood! We lift our hearts in praise,
 2. O sa - cred day of Moth - er-hood! Our faith by Thee in - creased,
 3. O pre - cious day of Moth - er-hood! Teach us in Thee to find
 4. O won - drous day of Moth - er-hood! Thy love to all a - bound;



To thank Thee, Source of ev - 'ry good; Thy joy crowns all our days. O
 Hath each al - lur - ing foe with - stood; Our souls Thou hast re - leased. O
 The great - er gifts of broth - er-hood; Bring peace to all man-kind. O
 Be - side the cross once Ma - ry stood; A - gain let love be crowned. O



God, our Fa - ther, bless this day, En - rich its gold - en store



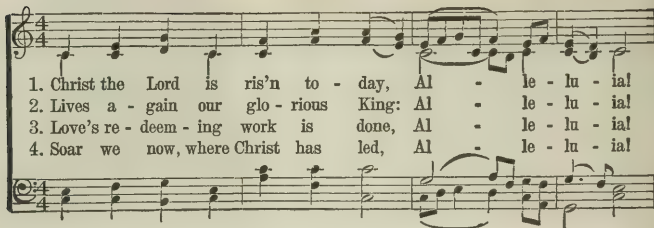
Of bless - ed Moth - er love, and may Thy chil - dren Thee a - dore.
 Of sa - cred Moth - er love, and may Thy chil - dren Thee a - dore.
 Of pre - cious Moth - er love, and may Thy chil - dren Thee a - dore.
 Of won - drous Moth - er love, and may Thy chil - dren Thee a - dore.

Organ

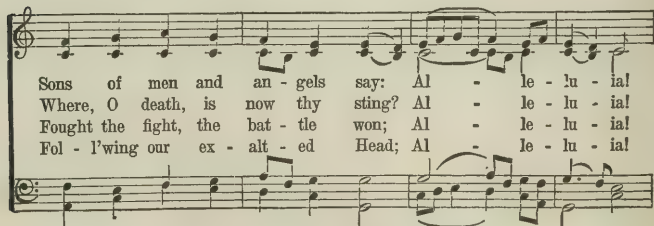
CHARLES WESLEY

WORGAN

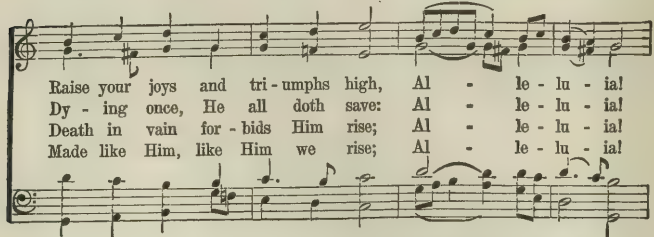
From "Lyra Davidica"



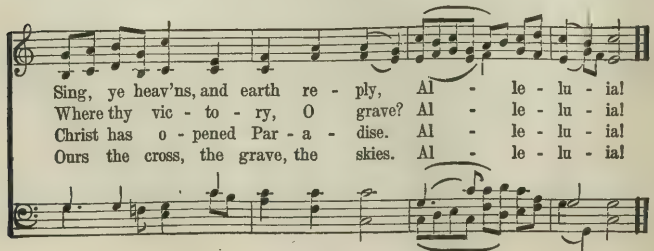
1. Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day, Al - le - lu - ia!
 2. Lives a - gain our glo - rious King: Al - le - lu - ia!
 3. Love's re - deem - ing work is done, Al - le - lu - ia!
 4. Soar we now, where Christ has led, Al - le - lu - ia!



Sons of men and an - gels say: Al - le - lu - ia!
 Where, O death, is now thy sting? Al - le - lu - ia!
 Fought the fight, the bat - tle won; Al - le - lu - ia!
 Fol - l'wing our ex - alt - ed Head; Al - le - lu - ia!



Raise your joys and tri - umphs high, Al - le - lu - ia!
 Dy - ing once, He all doth save: Al - le - lu - ia!
 Death in vain for - bids Him rise; Al - le - lu - ia!
 Made like Him, like Him we rise; Al - le - lu - ia!



Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth re - ply, Al - le - lu - ia!
 Where thy vic - to - ry, O grave? Al - le - lu - ia!
 Christ has o - pened Par - a - dise. Al - le - lu - ia!
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies. Al - le - lu - ia!

Christ Arose

ROBERT LOWRY

ROBERT LOWRY

1. Low in the grave He lay— Je-sus my Sav-ior! Wait-ing the com-ing day—
 2. Vain-ly they watch His bed—Je-sus my Sav-ior! Vain-ly they seal the dead—
 3. Death cannot keep his prey— Je-sus my Sav-ior! He tore the bars a-way—

REFRAIN *Faster*

Je - sus my Lord! Up from the grave He a - rose, (He a-rose,) With a

might-y tri-umph o'er His foes; (He a-rose!) He a - rose a Vic-tor from the

dark do-main, And He lives for - ev - er with His saints to reign. He a -

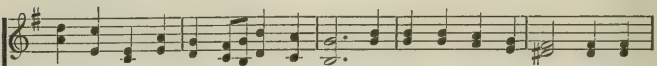
rose! He a - rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!

PHILLIPS BROOKS

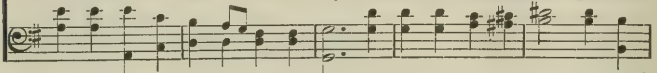
LEWIS H. REDNER



1. O lit-tle town of Beth-le-hem, How still we see thee lie! A - bove thy deep and
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry; And gathered all a - bove, While mortals sleep, the
3. How si-lent-ly, how si-lent-ly The wondrous gift is giv'n! So God im-parts to
4. O ho-ly Child of Beth-le-hem, De-scend to us, we pray; Cast out our sin and



dreamless sleep The si-lent stars go by; Yet in thy dark streets shin-eth The
an - gels keep Their watch of wond'ring love. O morn-ing stars, to - geth - er Pro-
hu-man hearts The bless-ings of His Heav'n. No ear may hear His com-ing; But
en - ter in.—Be born in us to - day. We hear the Christmas an - gels The

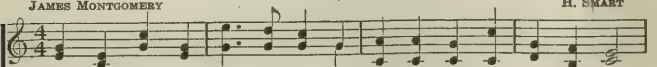


ev - er-last-ing Light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to-night.
claim the ho - ly birth, And praises sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
in this world of sin, Where meek souls will receive Him still, The dear Christ enters in.
great glad tidings tell,—O come to us, a-bide with us, Our Lord Em-man-u-el.

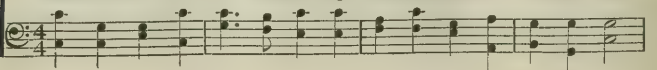


JAMES MONTGOMERY

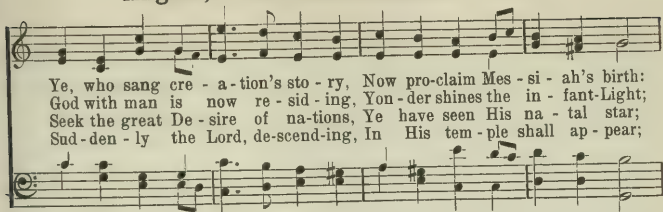
H. SMART



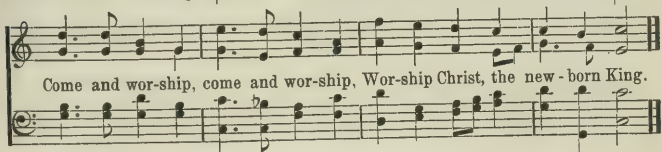
1. An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth,
2. Shep-herds, in the field a - bid - ing, Watch-ing o'er your flocks by night,
3. Sag - es, leave your con-tem-pla-tions, Bright-er vis-sions beam a - far;
4. Saints be - fore the al - tar bend-ing, Watch-ing long in hope and fear;



Angels, From the Realms of Glory



Ye, who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth:
 God with man is now re - sid - ing, Yon - der shines the in - fant - Light;
 Seek the great De - sire of na - tions, Ye have seen His na - tal star;
 Sud - den - ly the Lord, de - scend - ing, In His tem - ple shall ap - pear;



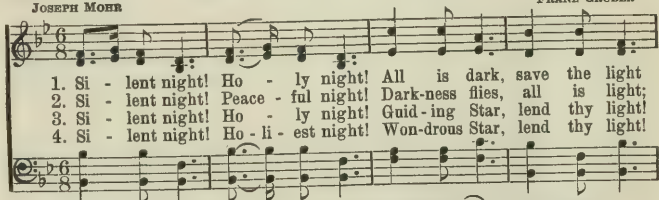
Come and wor - ship, come and wor - ship, Wor - ship Christ, the new - born King.

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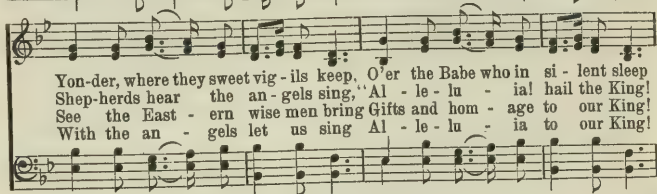
Silent Night! Holy Night!

JOSEPH MOHR

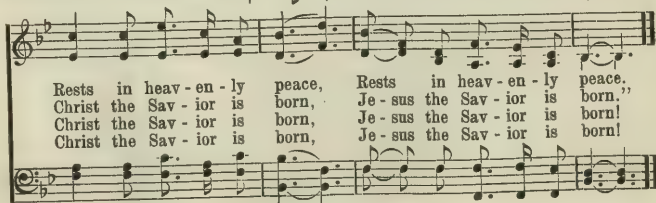
FRANZ GRUBER



1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is dark, save the light
 2. Si - lent night! Peace - ful night! Dark - ness flies, all is light;
 3. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Guid - ing Star, lend thy light!
 4. Si - lent night! Ho - li - est night! Won - drous Star, lend thy light!



Yon - der, where they sweet vig - ils keep, O'er the Babe who in si - lent sleep
 Shep - herds hear the an - gels sing, "Al - le - lu - ia! hail the King!
 See the East - ern wise men bring Gifts and hom - age to our King!
 With the an - gels let us sing Al - le - lu - ia to our King!

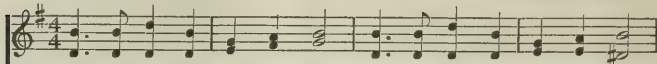


Rests in heav - en - ly peace, Rests in heav - en - ly peace,
 Christ the Sav - ior is born, Je - sus the Sav - ior is born."
 Christ the Sav - ior is born, Je - sus the Sav - ior is born!
 Christ the Sav - ior is born, Je - sus the Sav - ior is born!

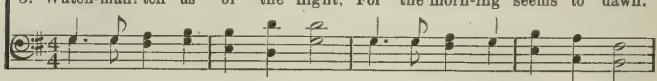

Watchman! Tell Us of the Night

Sir JOHN BOWRING

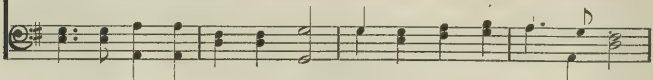
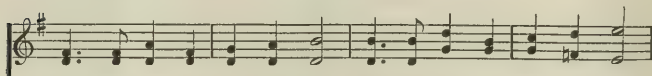
Sir GEORGE J. ELVEY



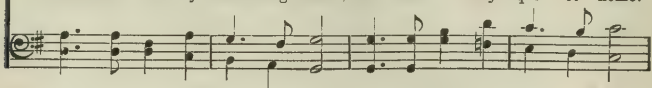
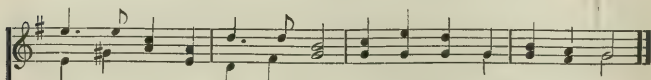
1. Watch-man! tell us of the night, What its signs of prom-ise are.
 2. Watch-man! tell us of the night, High-er yet that star as-cends.
 3. Watch-man! tell us of the night, For the morn-ing seems to dawn.

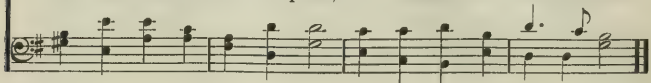
Trav-'ler! o'er yon moun-tain's height, See that glo-ry-beam-ing star.
 Trav-'ler! bless-ed-ness and light; Peace and trust, its course por-tends.
 Trav-'ler! dark-ness takes its flight; Doubt and ter-ror are with-drawn.

Watch-man! does its beau-teous ray Aught of joy or hope fore-tell?
 Watch-man! will its beams a-lone Gild the spot that gave them birth?
 Watch-man! let thy wan-d'rings cease, Hie thee to thy qui-et home.

Trav-'ler! yes; it brings the day, Prom-ised day of Is-ra-el.
 Trav-'ler! a-ges are its own; See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
 Trav-'ler! lo! the Prince of peace, Lo! the Son of God is come.





It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

Edmund H. Sears.

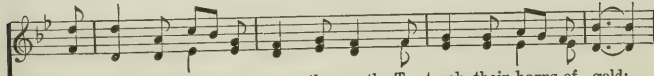
Carol. C. M. D.

Richard S. Willis.

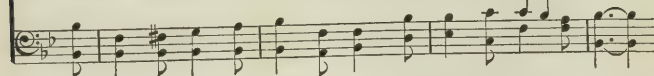
- 
1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo-rious song of old,
 2. Still thro' the clo-ven skies they come, With peace-ful wings un-furled,
 3. And ye, be-neath life's crush-ing load, Whose forms are bend-ing low,
 4. For lo, the days are has-t'ning on, By proph-et bards fore-told,



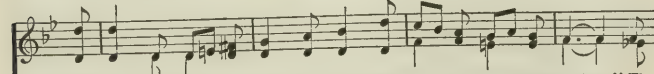
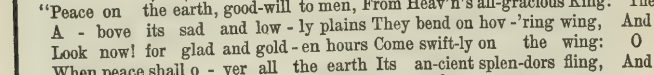
From an - gels bend-ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold:
 And still their heav'n-ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wear - y world:
 Who toil a - long the climb-ing way With pain-ful steps and slow,
 When with the ev - er - cir-cling years Comes round the age of gold;



"Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From Heav'n's all-gracious King:" The
 A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov - 'ring wing, And
 Look now! for glad and gold - en hours Come swift-ly on the wing: O
 When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an-cient splen-dors fling, And

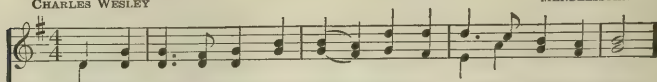


world in sol - emn still-ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.
 ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless-ed an - gels sing.
 rest be - side the wear - y road, And hear the an - gels sing.
 the whole world give back the song Which now the an - gels sing. A - MEN.

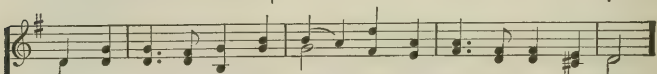
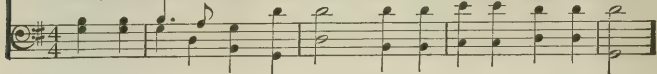



CHARLES WESLEY

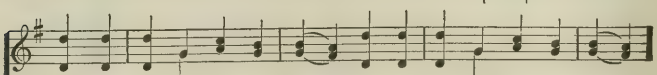
MENDELSSOHN



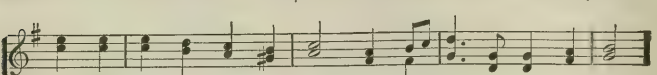
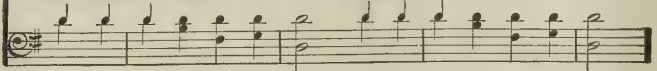
1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King;
2. Christ, by high-est Heav'n a - dored, Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord:
3. Hail the Heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of right-eous-ness!
4. Come, De - sire of na - tions, come! Fix in us Thy hum - ble home:



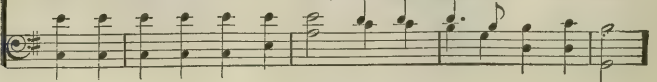
Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild; God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled."
 Late in time be - hold Him come, Off - spring of a vir - gin's womb.
 Light and life to all He brings, Ris'n with heal - ing in His wings:
 Rise, the wom - an's con - qu'ring seed, Bruise in us the ser - pent's head;



Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies;
 Veiled in flesh the God - head see, Hail th' in - car - nate De - i - ty!
 Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die;
 Ad - am's like - ness now ef - face, Stamp Thine im - age in its place:



With an - gel - ic hosts pro - claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem."
 Pleased as man with men to ap - pear, Je - sus our Im - man - uel here.
 Born to raise the sons of earth; Born to give them sec - ond birth.
 Sec - ond Ad - am from a - bove, Re - in - state us in Thy love.



Hark! the Herald Angels Sing

Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King."

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O Come, All Ye Faithful

Tr. by FREDERICK OAKELEY

WADE'S Cantus Diversi

1. O come, all ye faith - ful, joy - ful and tri - um - phant, O
 2. Sing, choirs of an - gels, sing in ex - ul - ta - tion, O
 3. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this hap - py morn - ing,

come ye, O come ye to Beth - le - hem; Come and be - hold Him
 sing, all ye bright hosts of heav'n a - bove; Glo - ry to God, all
 Je - sus, to Thee be all glo - ry giv'n; Word of the Fa - ther,

REFRAIN

born the King of an - gels;
 glo - ry in the high - est; O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a -
 now in flesh ap - pear - ing;

dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ, the Lord. A - MEN.

Joy to the World!

ISAAC WATTS

GEORGE F. HANDEL

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-
 2. Joy to the earth! the Sav - ior reigns; Let men their
 3. No more let sins and sor - rows grow, Nor thorns in-
 4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the

ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room,
 songs em - ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
 fest the ground; He comes to make His bless - ings flow
 na - tions prove The glo - ries of His right - eous - ness,

And Heav'n and na - ture sing, And Heav'n and na - ture
 Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat the sound - ing
 Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is
 And won - ders of His love, And won - ders of His
 1. And Heav'n and na - ture sing,..... And

sing, And Heav'n, and Heav'n and na - ture sing.
 joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.
 found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
 love, And won - ders, and won - ders of His love.
 Heav'n and na - ture sing,

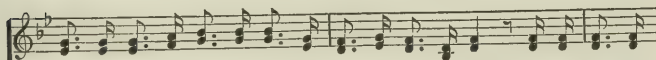
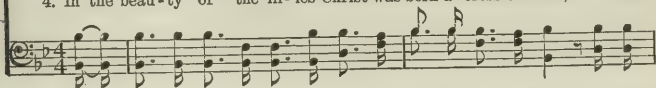
Battle Hymn of the Republic

JULIA WARD HOWE

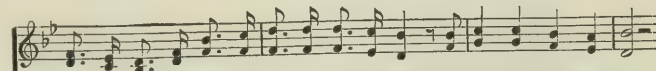
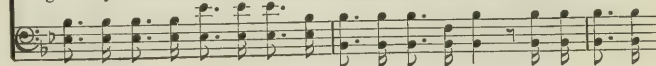
WILLIAM STEFFE



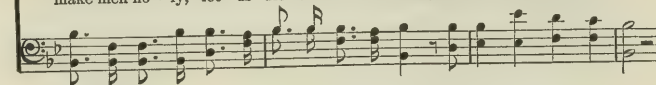
1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun - dred circling camps; They have
3. He has sound-ed forth the trumpet that shall nev - er sound re-treat; He is
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a



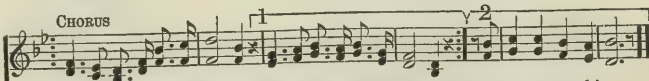
tram - pling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the
 build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dew and damps; I can read His
 sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment seat. O be swift, my
 glo - ry in His bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He died to



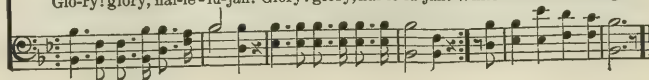
fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword; His truth is march - ing on.
 righteous sen - tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps; His day is march - ing on.
 soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march - ing on.
 make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free; While God is march - ing on.



CHORUS

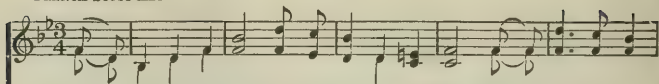


Glo - ry! glory, hal - le - lu - jah! Glory! glory, hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.
 Glo - ry! glory, hal - le - lu - jah! Glory! glory, hal - le - lu - jah! His day is march - ing on.
 Glo - ry! glory, hal - le - lu - jah! Glory! glory, hal - le - lu - jah! Our God is march - ing on.
 Glo - ry! glory, hal - le - lu - jah! Glory! glory, hal - le - lu - jah! While God is march - ing on.

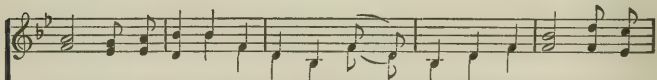
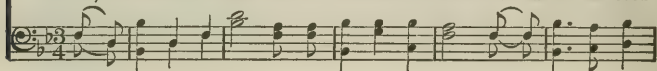


The Star-Spangled Banner

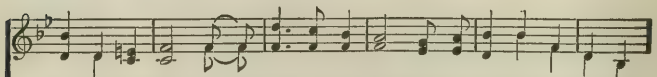
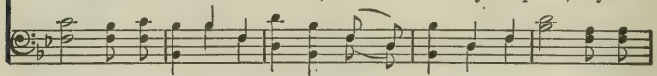
FRANCIS SCOTT KEY



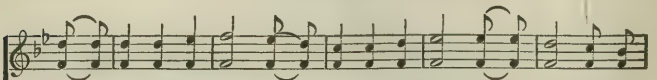
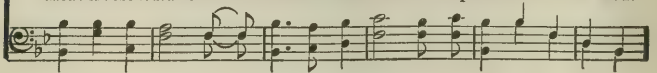
1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we
2. On the shore, dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty
3. And where is that band, who so vaunt-ing-ly swore That the hav-oc of
4. Oh, thus 'be it ev - er when free-men shall stand Be - tween their loved



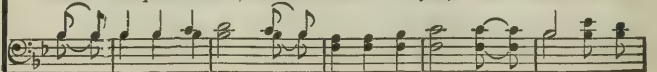
hailed at the twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the
host in dread si-lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the
war and the bat-tle's con-fu-sion, A home and a coun - try should
homes and the war's des-o - la - tion; Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the



per - il - ous fight, O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gal-lant-ly stream-ing?
tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis-clos-es?
leave us no more? Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pol-lu-tion;
Heav'n-rescued land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na-tion!



And the rock-ets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glo - ry re-
No ref-uge could save the hire-ling and slave From the ter - ror of
Then con-quer we must, when our cause it is just; And this be our



The Star-Spangled Banner

ff CHORUS *>*

night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that star-span-gled
 flect - ed, now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star-span - gled ban - ner; oh,
 flight or the gloom of the grave; And the star-span - gled ban - ner in
 mot - to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-span - gled ban - ner in

ban - ner yet wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
 long may it wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
 tri - umph doth wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
 tri - umph shall wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

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America

S. F. SMITH

HENRY CAREY

1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
 2. My na-tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love: I love thy
 3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song: Let mortal
 4. Our fa-thers' God to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our

fa - thers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev-'ry moun-tain side Let free-dom ring!
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a - bove.
 tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound pro-long.
 land be bright With freedom's ho-ly light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

KATHERINE LEE BATES

SAMUEL A. WARD

1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain,
 2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern, im - pas - sioned stress
 3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - at - ing strife,
 4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years

For pur - ple moun - tain maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!
 A thor - ough - fare for free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness!
 Who more than self their coun - try loved, And mer - cy more than life!
 Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam, Undimmed by hu - man tears!

A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw,
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine,
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,

And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing seal
 Con - firm thy soul in self - con - trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
 Till all suc - cess be no - ble - ness, And ev - 'ry gain di - vine!
 And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing seal

1. Day is dy - ing in the west, Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and
 2. Lord of life, be-neath the dome Of the u - ni-verse, Thy home, Gath-er
 3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of Love, en-fold - ing all, Thro' the
 4. When for - ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of

wor-ship while the night Sets her evening lamps alight Thro' all the sky.
 us, who seek Thy face, To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art nigh.
 glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as-cend.
 an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter-nal morning rise, And shad-ows end!

REFRAIN.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of

Thee! Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high! A - MEN.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Psalm 66: 2

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS

1. Prais - es, sing prais - es to Je - sus, our bless - ed Re - deem - er,
 2. Prais - es, sing prais - es, for glo - ry our bos - oms o'er - flow - ing,
 3. Prais - es, sing prais - es, our won - der - ing eyes shall be - hold Him,
 4. Praise for the grace which is a - ble to keep us from fall - ing,

Let ev - 'ry voice to Him now a sweet mel - o - dy raise;
 When in His full - ness the Com - fort - er comes to a - bide;
 When in His beau - ty King Je - sus de - scend - eth to reign;
 And to pre - sent us all fault - less be - fore the white throne;

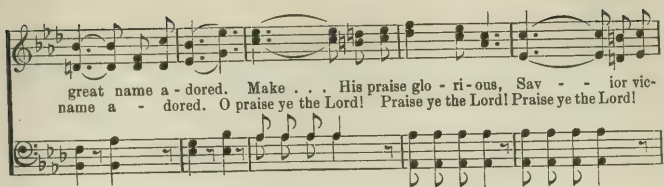
Come ye be - fore Him, O wor - ship and laud and a - dore Him,
 Ho - ly a - noint - ing, lost sin - ners to Cal - va - ry point - ing,
 Com - ing in glo - ry, O tell out the won - der - ful sto - ry,
 'Mid joys su - per - nal to praise Him through a - ges e - ter - nal,

Lo, He is wor - thy our high - est as - crip - tions of praise.
 Pow - er for serv - ice now free - ly and ful - ly sup - plied.
 Sing hal - le - lu - jah! the Sav - ior is com - ing a - gain.
 All the re - deemed ones, the blood - washed, His loved and His own.

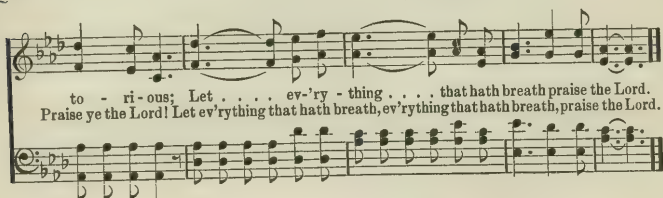
CHORUS

Make His praise glo - ri - ous, Sav - ior vic - to - ri - ous, Through - out the world be His
 Praise, sing prais - es un - to Je - sus, Be His ho - ly

Make His Praise Glorious



great name a - dored. Make . . . His praise glo - ri - ous, Say - - ior vic -
name a - dored. O praise ye the Lord! Praise ye the Lord! Praise ye the Lord!



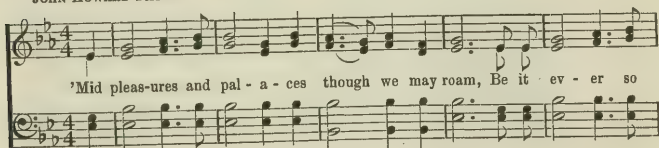
to - ri - ous; Let . . . ev - 'ry - thing . . . that hath breath praise the Lord.
Praise ye the Lord! Let ev'rything that hath breath, ev'rything that hath breath, praise the Lord.

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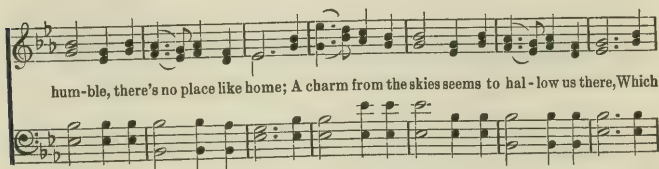
Home, Sweet Home

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

H. R. BISHOP

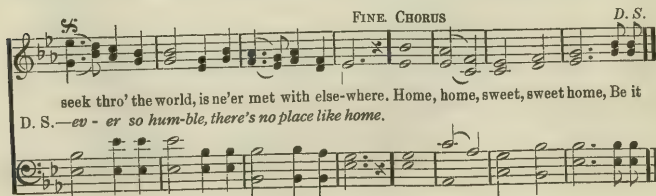


'Mid pleas-ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it ev - er so



hum-ble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hal - low us there, Which

FINE. CHORUS D. S.



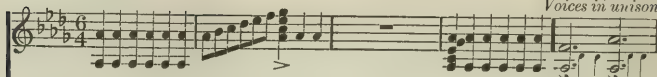
seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-where. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it
D. S.—ev - er so hum-ble, there's no place like home.

Crown Him King of Kings

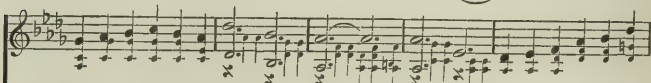
E. E. REXFORD

DELOSS SMITH

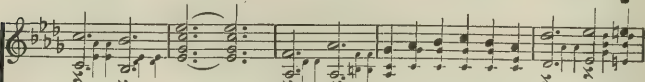
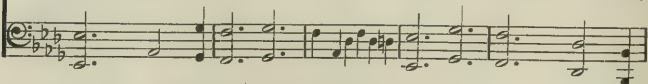
Voices in unison

*Introduction*

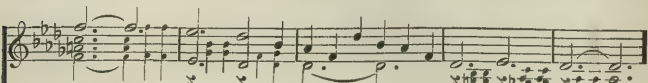
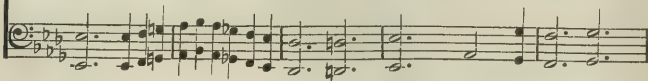
1. Crown Him,
2. He who
3. Praise Him,



crown Him with glory the King of kings; Praise and homage each heart as its
 reigns o'er the kingdoms of earth to-day, Sends His bless-ings to those in the
 praise Him, the King on the great white throne; Love Him, serve Him, who ruleth by



trib - ute brings; Sing, O earth, and u-nite in the might-y re-
 heav'n-ward way; Sing we prais-es with hearts that with love over-
 love a - lone; Up to heav-en the shout of the glo - ri - fied



frain— Christ, our Re-deem-er and King, will for-ev-er reign!
 flow— Glo - ry to Je-sus who conquers our ev-'ry foe!
 rings— Laud and a-dore Him, and crown Him the King of kings!



Crown Him King of Kings

CHORUS

Sing ho - san - nas, loud let the joy - ful an-thems ring, Land and
wor - ship Him whom the angels a-dore! Crown Him, crown Him, Sav-ior, Re-
deem-er and King, Glo-ry to God in the high-est—Glo-ry for-ev-er-more!

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Old Time Religion

Arranged

CHO.—'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, 'Tis the old time re - lig - ion,
1. It was good for our moth-ers, It was good for our moth-ers,
'Tis the old time re - lig - ion,— It's good e-nough for me.
It was good for our moth-ers,— It's good e-nough for me.

- 2 Makes me love everybody.
- 3 It has saved our fathers.
- 4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.
- 5 It was good for the Hebrew children.

- 6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
- 7 It was good for Paul and Silas.
- 8 It will do when I am dying.
- 9 It can take us all to heaven.

Prelude

1. A - wake, O Chris-tian, from thy sleep, And heed thy broth-er's call!
2. 'Mid deep - est gloom and dark - est night He lifts his help - less hands;
3. O save the lost, the sin - ner turn! To blind men send the light!

He cries to thee a - cross the deep, Where dark-est shad - ows fall.
 Can aught but Je - sus give him light Or break his cru - el bands?
 O let thy soul with ar - dor burn To lead them to the right;

From sin and guilt and wretch - ed - ness He knows not where to flee;
 Then send, O send the Mas - ter's word A - cross the wide blue sea,
 Then ush - er in that glo - rious day, The king - dom yet to be,

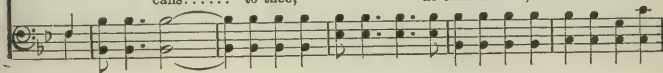
Go tell him how the Lord can bless! Thy broth-er calls to thee.
 Where Ma - ce - do - nia's cry is heard! Thy broth-er calls to thee.
 When all shall own the Mas - ter's sway! Thy broth-er calls to thee.

Thy Brother Calls to Thee

CHORUS



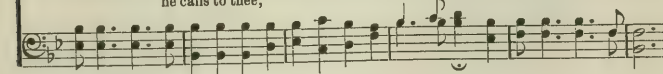
Thy broth-er calls to thee, Thy brother calls to thee; From lands a-far a-
calls. to thee, he calls to thee;



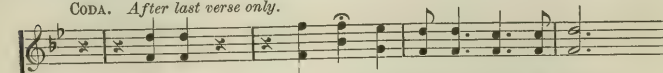
cross the sea He's calling, call-ing thee; Thy brother calls to thee, Thy
He's call - ing, call-ing thee; Thy broth-er calls. to thee,



broth-er calls to thee; O send the news, the joyful news, Thy brother calls to thee.
he calls to thee;



CODA. After last verse only.



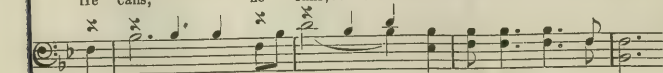
He calls, He calls, he calls, he calls, Thy broth-er calls to thee;
He calls, he calls, he calls, Thy broth-er calls to thee;



Chorus may be repeated pp.

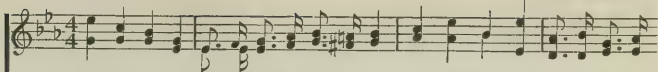


He calls, He calls, he calls, he calls, Thy broth-er calls to thee.
He calls, he calls, he calls,

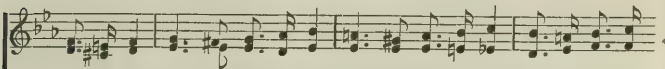


LIZZIE DEARMOND

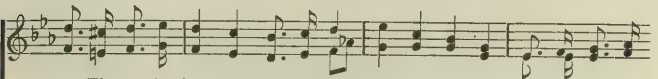
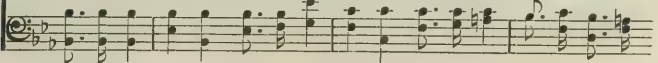
CHAS. H. GABRIEL



1. We are work-ers for the bless-ed Lord we love, March-ing up - ward to the king-dom
 2. Bat-tle brave-ly all the might-y hosts of sin; Where He leads us we can nev-er



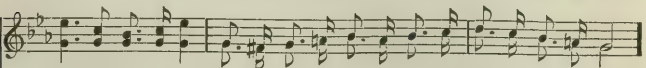
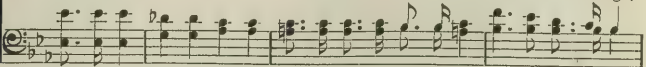
fair a - bove; Loy - al, brave, and true, strong His work to do, Stand-ing firm - ly
 fail to win; Wait - ing His com-mand, firm - ly take your stand, Up and join the



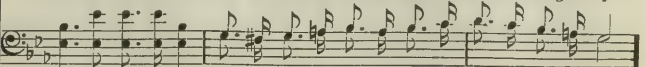
on His prom-ise God will help us through. On to vic-t'ry, wav - ing high His
 roy - al ar - my, help the Chris-tian band. Marching, marching! come and swell the



ban-ner bright, Faithful sol-diers, we shall tri-umph in the fight; In His steps we go,
 gal-lant throug! Firm, u - nit - ed, vic - to-ry shall tune your song; Lift His ban-ner high,

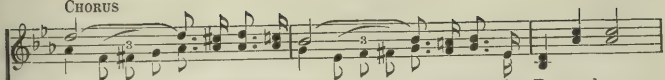


fac - ing ev - 'ry foe, Lift - ing up the cross of Je - sus, for His love we know.
 wave it to the sky, Yield al - le-giance to the Mas-ter, on His strength re-ly.

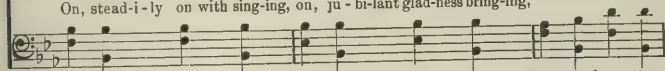


Conquerors

CHORUS



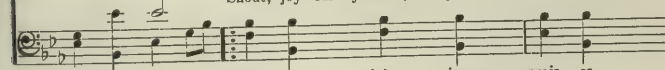
On..... with sing-ing, glad - - - ness bring-ing, For-ward go,
On, stead-i-ly on with sing-ing, on, ju-bi-lant glad-ness bring-ing,



On with sing - ing, glad-ness bring - ing, For-ward go to



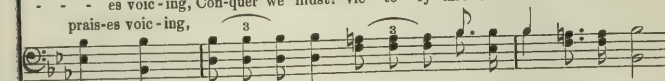
charge the foe; Shout,..... re-joic-ing, prais
Shout, joy-ful-ly shout, re-joic-ing, praise, glo-ri-ous



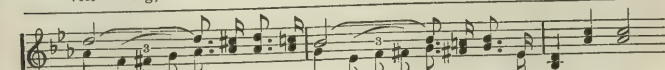
charge the foe; On! Shout, re - - joic - ing, prais - es



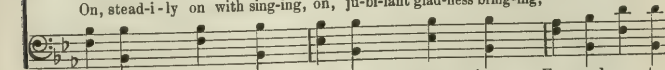
- - - es voic-ing, Con-quer we must! vic-to-ry thro' His name we shall know.
prais-es voic-ing,



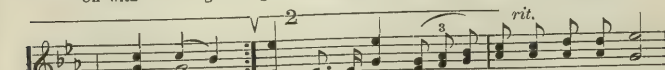
voic - ing,



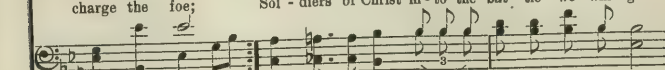
On..... with sing-ing, glad - - - ness bring-ing, For-ward go,
On, stead-i-ly on with sing-ing, on, ju-bi-lant glad-ness bring-ing,



On with sing - ing, glad-ness bring - ing, For-ward go to



charge the foe; Sol-diers of Christ in-to the bat-tle we will go!



charge the foe; On!

Wonderful Grace of Jesus

HALDOR LILLENAS

1. Won - der - ful grace of Je - sus, Great - er than all my sin; . .
 2. Won - der - ful grace of Je - sus, Reach - ing to all the lost, . .
 3. Won - der - ful grace of Je - sus, Reach - ing the most de - filed, . .

How shall my tongue de - scribe it, Where shall its praise be - gin? . . .
 By it I have been pardoned, Saved to the ut - ter - most, . . .
 By its trans - form - ing pow - er, Mak - ing him God's dear child, . .

Tak - ing a - way my bur - den, Set - ting my spir - it free; . .
 Chains have been torn a - sun - der, Giv - ing me lib - er - ty; . . .
 Pur - chas - ing peace and heav - en, For all e - ter - ni - ty; . . .

For the won - der - ful grace of Je - sus reach - es me.
 For the won - der - ful grace of Je - sus reach - es me.
 And the won - der - ful grace of Je - sus reach - es me.

CHORUS

the matchless grace of Je - sus,
 Won - der - ful the matchless grace of Je - - - sus, Deep - er than the

Wonderful Grace of Jesus

the roll-ing sea; Won - - - der - ful
might-y roll - ing sea;..... Higher than the mountain,

grace, all - suf - fi - - - cient for
spar-king like a foun - tain, All - suf-fi-cient grace for e - ven

me, for e - ven me, Broad-er than the scope of my trans-
me,.....

gres - sions, Great-er far than all my sin and shame,.....
gres-sions, sing it! my sin and shame,

O mag-ni-fy the pre-cious name of Je - sus, Praise His name!

Hallelujah for the Cross!

HORATIUS BONAR, arr.

JAMES McGRANAHAN

1. The cross it stand-eth fast, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! De-fy-ing
 2. It is the old cross still, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! Its tri-umph
 3. 'Twas here the debt was paid, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! Our sins on

ev-'ry blast, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! The winds of hell have blown, Tho
 let us tell, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! The grace of God here shone Thro'
 Je-sus laid, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! So round the cross we sing Of

cres
 world its hate hath shown, Yet it is not o-ver-thrown, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!
 Christ the bless-ed Son, Who did for sin a-tone, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!
 Christ our of-fer-ing, Of Christ our liv-ing King, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!
ff

OBLIGATO DUET Sop. (or Ten.) and Alto

Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah,
 Soprano and Alto*

CHORUS *mp.* Hal-le-lu-jah hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah,
 Tenor and Bass

*If desired, the Soprano and Alto may sing the upper staff, omitting the middle staff.

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Hallelujah For the Cross!

lu - - jah for the cross! Hal - le - lu - jah,

lu - jah for the cross, hal - le - lu - jah for the cross! Hal - le - lu - jah,

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble and bass staff in G major with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides harmonic support.

hal - le - lu - jah, It shall nev - er suf - fer loss!

hal - le - lu - jah, It shall nev - er suf - fer, nev - er suf - fer loss!

Musical notation for the second system, continuing the melody and harmony from the first system.

FULL CHORUS

f Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah for the cross!

Musical notation for the third system, starting with a forte (*f*) dynamic marking.

cres. Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, *ff* It shall nev - er suf - fer loss!

Musical notation for the fourth system, featuring a crescendo (*cres.*) and fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic marking.

*For a final ending, all the voices may sing the melody in unison through the last eight measures—the instrument playing the harmony.

MARY A. BAKER

H. R. PALMER

1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag-ing! The bil-lows are toss-ing high!
 2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir-it I bow in my grief to-day;
 3. Mas-ter, the ter-ror is o-ver, The el-e-ments sweet-ly rest;

The sky is o'er-shadowed with blackness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;
 The depths of my sad heart are troub-led; O wak-en and save, I pray!
 Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir-rored, And heaven's with-in my breast.

"Car-est Thou not that we per-ish?" How canst Thou lie a-sleep,
 Tor-rents of sin and of an-guish Sweep o'er my sink-ing soul!
 Lin-ger, O bless-ed Re-deem-er, Leave me a-lone no more;

When each moment so mad-ly is threat-'ning A grave in the an-gry deep?
 And I per-ish! I per-ish, dear Mas-ter; O has-ten, and take con-trol!
 And with joy I shall make the blest har-bor, And rest on the bliss-ful shore.

Peace! Be Still!

REFRAIN

p *pp*

"The winds and the waves shall o - bey my will. Peace... be still!"...
Peace, be still! peace, be still!

Wheth-er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de-mons, or men, or what-

cres - - - - - *cen* - - - - - *do*

ev-er it be, No wa-ter can swal-low the ship where lies The Mas-ter of

f

o-cean and earth and skies; They all shall sweetly o - bey My will; Peace, be still!

p *p* *pp*

Peace, be still! They all shall sweetly o - bey My will; Peace, peace, be still!

D. R. VAN SICKLE

CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, We cast . . . our crowns be-fore Thee;
 2. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, The ran - somed hosts surround Thee;
 3. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, Our ris - en King and Sav - ior!

Let ev - 'ry heart o - bey Thy will, And ev - - 'ry voice a -
 And earth - ly mon-archs clam - or forth Their Sov - - 'reign King to
 Thy foes are van-quished, and Thou art Om - nip - - o - tent for -

dore Thee. In praise to Thee, our Sav - ior King, The vi - brant
 crown Thee. While those re-deemed in a - ges gone, As - sem - bled
 ev - er. Death, sin and hell no lon - ger reign, And Sa - tan's

chords of Heav - en ring, And ech - o back the might-y strain:
 round the great white throne, Break forth in - to im - mor - tal song:
 pow'r is burst in twain; E - ter - nal glo - ry to Thy Name:

f
 All hail! all hail! All hail! all hail! Im-man - u - el!
 All hail! all hail!

All Hail, Immanuel

CHORUS.

Hail! Im-man-u-el! Im-man-u-el! Hail!

Hail to the King we love so well! Hail! Im - man-u-el! Hail to the King we love so well!

Hail!

Im-man-u-el! Im-man-u-el!

Hail! Im - man - u - el! Glo - ry and honor and majesty, Wisdom and power be
Hail! Glo - - ry and maj-es-ty, Wis - dom be

rit.

Hail! Im-

un - to Thee, Now and ev - er - more! . . . Hail to the King we love so well!

man-u-el! Im-man-u-el! Hail! Im-man-u-el! Im-man-u-el!

Hail! Im - man-u-el! Hail to the King we love so well! Hail! Im - man-u-el!
Hail! Hail!

King of kings and Lord of lords, All hail, Im-man-u - el! A-MEN.

J. E. RANKIN

W. G. TOMER

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain; By His counsels guide, uphold you,
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain; Neath His wings protecting hide you,
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain; When life's perils thick confound you,
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain; Keep love's banner floating o'er you;

With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Dai - ly man - na still pro - vide you; God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Put His arms un - fail - ing round you; God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be with you till we meet a - gain.

CHORUS

Till we meet, . . . till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet;

Till we meet, . . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Till we meet, till we meet,

RUDYARD KIPLING

ISAAC B. WOODBURY

1. { God of our fa-thers, known of old, Lord of our far-flung bat-tle line, }
 { Be-neath whose aw-ful hand we hold Do-min-ion o-ver palm and pine: }
 2. { The tu-mult and the shouting dies, The captains and the kings de-part; }
 { Still stands Thine ancient sac-ri-fice, An hum-ble and a con-trite heart. }
 3. { Far called our na-vies melt a-way, On dune and headland sinks the fire, }
 { To all our pomp of yes-ter-day Is one with Nin-e-veh and Tyre. }

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get.
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get.
 Judge of the na-tions, spare us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get.

304 All People That On Earth Do Dwell

WILLIAM KETHE

THE HUNDREDTH PSALM

Genevan Psalter

1. All peo-ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
 2. The Lord, ye know, is God in-deed, With-out our aid He did us make;
 3. O en-ter then His gates with praise, Ap-proach with joy His courts un-to:
 4. For why? the Lord our God is good, His mer-cy is for-ev-er sure;
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low;

Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell; Come ye be-fore Him and re-joice.
 We are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
 Praise, laud, and bless His name al-ways, For it is seem-ly so to do.
 His truth at all times firm-ly stood, And shall from age to age en-dure.
Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

RESPONSIVE READINGS

Selection 1

I WAS GLAD

Psalm 122; 95: 1, 2, 3, 6

I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem!

Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together:

Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.

For there are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of David.

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee.

Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good.

O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker,

Selection 2

GRACE AND GLORY

Psalm 84

How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord:

My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young,

Even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God!

Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee.

Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are the ways of them.

They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.

O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer; give ear, O God of Jacob.

Behold, O God our Shield! and look upon the face of thine Anointed.

For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand.

I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

For the Lord God is a Sun and Shield.

O Lord of hosts! blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

RESPONSIVE READINGS

Selection 3

THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S

Psalm 24; Revelation 19:6

The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein.

For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? And who shall stand in his holy place?

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive a blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

This is the generation of them that seek after him, that seek thy face, O God of Jacob.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors:

And the King of glory shall come in.

Who is the King of glory?

The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; yea, lift them up, ye everlasting doors:

And the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory?

The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!

Selection 4

THE EXCELLENT NAME

Psalm 8; 1 John 3:2, 3.

O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

Who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies,

That thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers; the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands;

Thou hast put all things under his feet; all sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be:

But we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him:

For we shall see him as he is.

And every one that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure.

RESPONSIVE READINGS

Selection 5

THE CREATION

Genesis 1 and 2; John 1:1-4, 9, 14

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.

And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

And God said, let there be light; and there was light.

And God saw the light, that it was good: and God divided the light from the darkness.

And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.

So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them.

And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.

And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the

earth, and every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat.

And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to every thing that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is life. I have given every green herb for meat: and it was so.

And God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day.

Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them.

And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made.

And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it: because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made.

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

The same was in the beginning with God.

All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made.

In him was life; and the life was the light of men.

That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth.

RESPONSIVE READINGS

Selection 6

THE SECRET PLACE

Psalm 91: 1-6, 9-12, 14-16

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust:

His truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness: nor for the destruction that wasteth at noon-day.

Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation;

There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him:

I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honor him.

With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation.

Selection 7

THE LORD MY STRENGTH

Psalm 27 : 1-7, 14

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?

The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear:

Though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after:

That I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life,

To behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.

For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion:

In the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me: he shall set me up upon a rock.

And now shall my head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me;

Therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy,

I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice;

Have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart; wait, I say, on the Lord.

RESPONSIVE READINGS

Selection 8

ANSWERED PRAYER

Psalm 116

I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications.

Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.

Gracious is the Lord, and righteous; yea, our God is merciful.

The Lord preserveth the simple: I was brought low, and he helped me.

Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.

For thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.

What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?

I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord: I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.

O Lord, truly I am thy servant; I am thy servant, and the son of thine handmaid: thou hast loosed my bonds.

I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and will call upon the name of the Lord.

I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people, in the courts of the Lord's house, in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem. Praise ye the Lord.

Selection 9

THE SINS OF YOUTH

Psalm 25: 1-12, 14

Unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.

O my God, I trust in thee: let me not be ashamed, let not mine enemies triumph over me.

Yea, let none that wait on thee be ashamed: let them be ashamed which transgress without cause.

Shew me thy ways, O Lord; teach me thy paths.

Lead me in thy truth and teach me: for thou art the God of my salvation; on thee do I wait all the day.

Remember, O Lord, thy tender mercies and thy lovingkindnesses; for they have been ever of old.

Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions: according to thy mercy remember thou me for thy goodness' sake, O Lord.

Good and upright is the Lord: therefore will he teach sinners in the way.

The meek will he guide in judgment: and the meek will he teach his way.

All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies.

For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity; for it is great.

What man is he that feareth the Lord? him shall he teach in the way that he shall choose.

The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him; and he will shew them his covenant.

RESPONSIVE READINGS

Selection 10

THE GODLY MAN

Psalms 1; 15

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season;

His leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous;

But the way of the ungodly shall perish.

Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor,

Nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.

He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.

He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

Selection 11

FRET NOT THYSELF

Psalms 37:1-11

Fret not thyself because of evil-doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity.

For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb.

Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.

Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.

And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday.

Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him:

Fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.

Cease from anger, and forsake wrath: fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.

For evil-doers shall be cut off: but those that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the earth.

For yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be: yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and it shall not be.

But the meek shall inherit the earth; and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.

RESPONSIVE READINGS

Selection 12

JUSTIFIED BY FAITH

Romans 5:1-12; John 3:16; Romans
8:31-35, 37-39

Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ:

By whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God.

And not only so, but we glory in tribulations also: knowing that tribulation worketh patience;

And patience, experience; and experience, hope:

And hope maketh not ashamed: because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us.

For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly.

For scarcely for a righteous man will one die: yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die.

But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.

Much more then, being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him.

For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life.

And not only so, but we also joy in God through our Lord Jesus

Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement.

As by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.

God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

What shall we then say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us?

He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?

Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth.

Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us.

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?

Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us.

For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,

Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord,

RESPONSIVE READINGS

Selection 13

HEALED BY HIS STRIPES

Isaiah 53; Hebrews 2:9; 4:14-16

Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?

For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.

He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised and we esteemed him not.

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted.

But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.

He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken.

And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death; because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.

Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief: when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand.

He shall see of the travail of his soul and shall be satisfied: by his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many; for he shall bear their iniquities.

Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong; because he hath poured out his soul unto death: and he was numbered with the transgressors; and he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

We see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honor; that he by the grace of God should taste death for every man.

Seeing then that we have a great high priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession.

For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.

Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.

RESPONSIVE READINGS

Selection 14

THE PERFECT WILL OF GOD

Romans 12; 13:10

I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, to present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service.

And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind,

That ye may prove what is the good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God.

For I say, through the grace that was given me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think;

But to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to each man a measure of faith.

For even as we have many members in one body, and all the members have not the same office:

So we, who are many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another.

And having gifts differing according to the grace that was given to us,

Whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of our faith;

Or ministry, let us give ourselves to our ministry;

Or he that teacheth, to his teaching;

Or he that exhorteth, to his exhorting:

He that giveth, let him do it with liberality;

He that ruleth, with diligence;

He that sheweth mercy, with cheerfulness.

Let love be without dissimulation, abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good.

Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another;

Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord;

Rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer;

Distributing to the necessities of the saints; given to hospitality.

Bless them that persecute you: bless, and curse not; rejoice with them that rejoice; weep with them that weep.

Be of the same mind one toward another.

Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate.

Be not wise in your own conceits.

Take thought for things honorable in the sight of all men.

If it be possible, as much as in you lieth, be at peace with all men.

Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves.

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.

Love worketh no ill to his neighbor.

Therefore love is the fulfilling of the law,

RESPONSIVE READINGS

Selection 15

NEITHER DEATH NOR LIFE

Romans 8:31-39; Revelation 7:12

What shall we then say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us?

He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?

Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth;

Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us.

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?

As it is written, For thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter.

Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through him that loved us.

For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,

Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Amen: Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen.

Selection 16

THE HOLY CITY

Revelation 21:1-7, 25-27

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea.

And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.

And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new.

I will give to him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely.

He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.

And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there.

And they shall bring the glory and honor of the nations into it.

And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.

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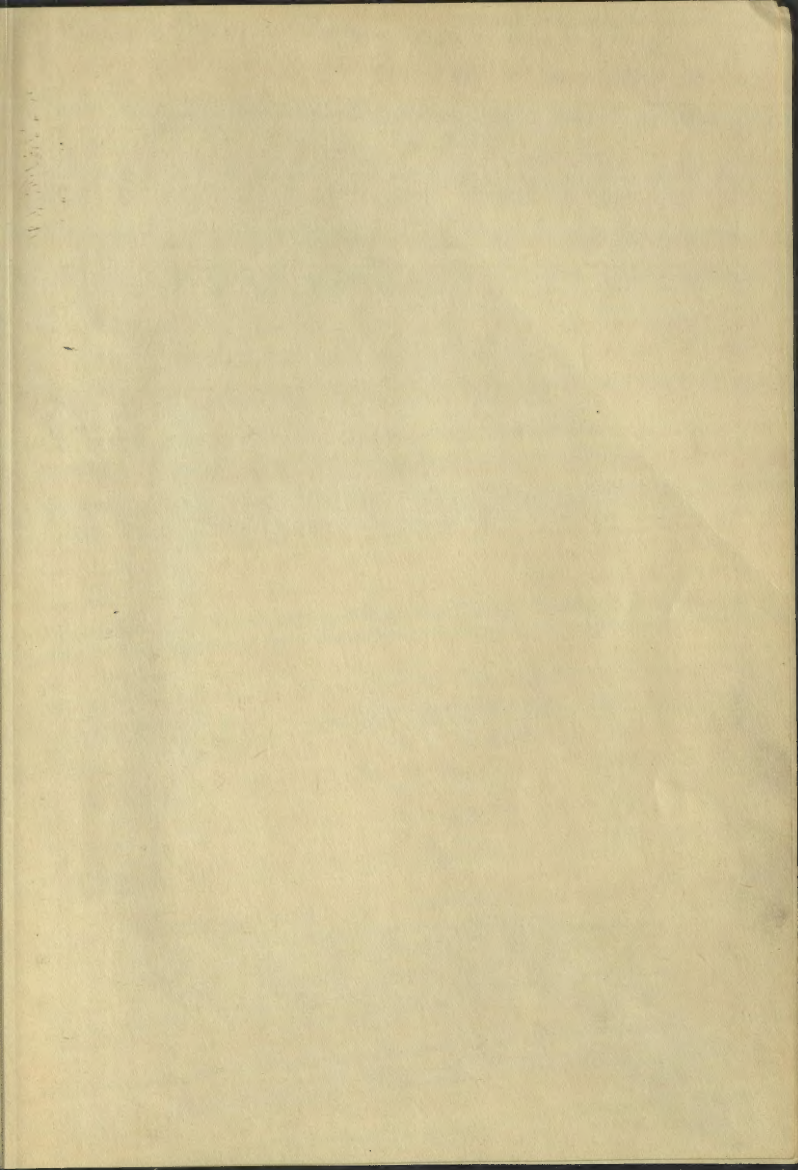
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